TRANSITION

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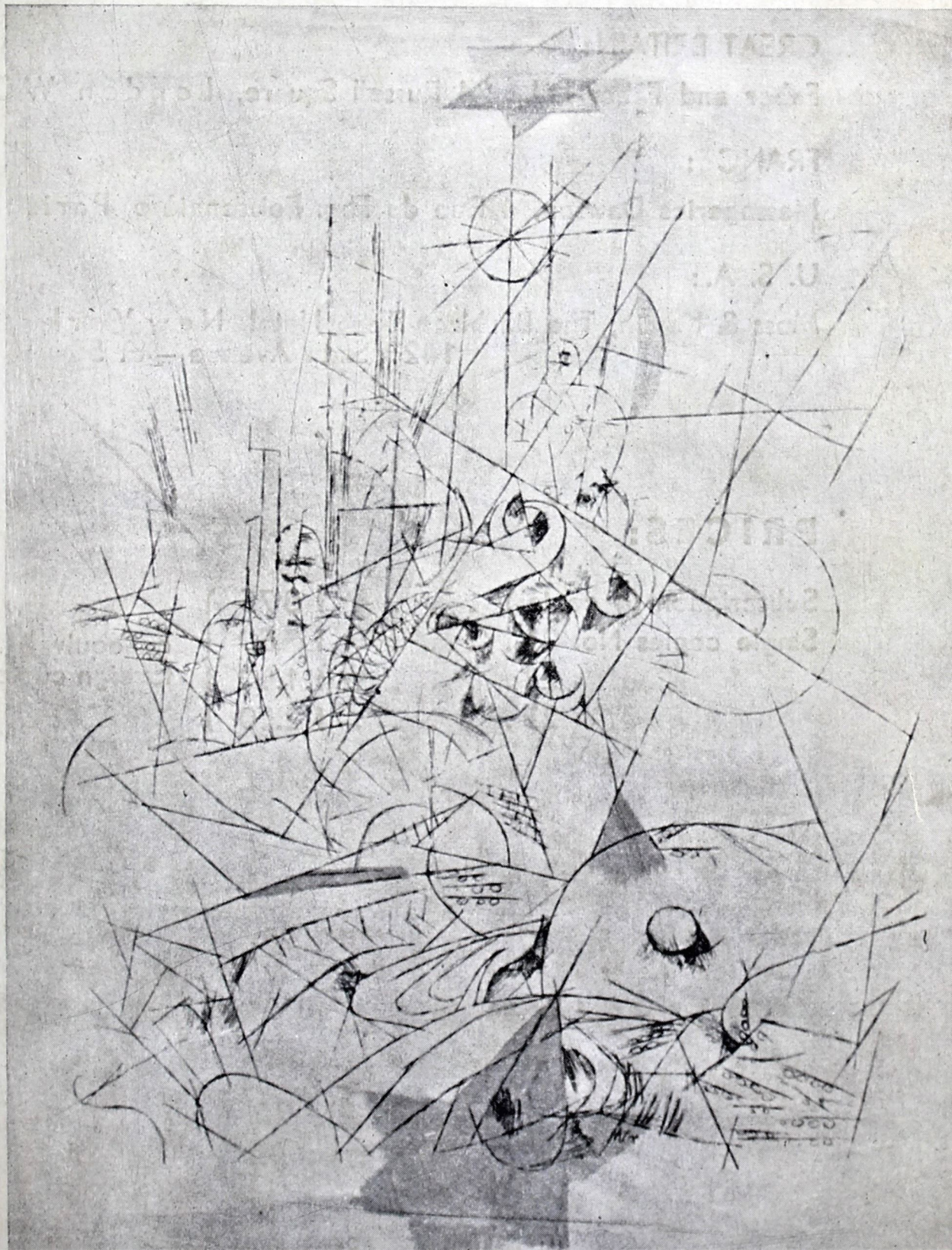
GENE JOLAS



-Klee

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TRANSITION

An Intercontinental Workshop for Vertigralist Transmutation

EDITED BY

EUGENE JOLAS

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VERTIGRAL

PARAMYTHS

(The literature of the future will have no interest in competing with the possibilities for photographic and acoustic realism offered by the cinema, the radio, television and similar mechanical inventions.

I believe, therefore, that the literature of the future will tend towards the presentation of the spirit inherent in the magic tale and poetry, towards the poet's exploration of heretofore hidden strata of the human personality. It will probably express the irruption of the supernatural, the phantastic, the eternal into quotidian life.

This mantic night-world will need new forms for its expression. What is now known as the short story, the novel, the poem etc. will give way to forms that are as yet unnamed.

I suggest the paramyth as the successor to the form known heretofore as the short story or nouvelle. *I conceive it as a kind of epic wonder tale giving an organic synthesis of the individual and universal unconscious, the dream, the daydream, the mystic vision. In its final form it might be a phantasmagoric mixture of the poem in prose, the popular tale of folklore, the psychograph, the essay, the myth, the saga, the humoresque.*

The language of the paramyth will be logomantic, a kind of music, a mirror of a four-dimensional universe.)

Eugene Jolas.

●

Wayne Andrews:
THE EVOCATIVE TREASON OF 449 GOLDEN DOORKNOBS

Dedicated to the perilous memory of Don Luis de Góngora . . .

Doomheavy, the innumerable headless heads of hair, billowing, evoked a Portuguese embassy. They billowed to an eccentric rhythm and the walls of the rococo room began to palpitate like melted soap. Then roses, petal-plucked, descended. "The atmosphere is

very *before*," said April, and her forty-one flunkeys handed her their forty-one gardenias bloated with black ink. Then April undid her hair, and petals grew on petal-plucked roses.

April undid her hair (her langorous locks.) All that music was very Eastern.

Then April, who was beautiful enough to change St. Petersburg to Leningrad, reclined on cotton sensuous enough to be forgetful. Her eyes, soulless like empty cisterns, were as terrifying as clocks that would never stop. Her breasts echoed a Japanese cascade, and in her sinuously Directoire dress she yearned for an aubade.

But as stars were still painted that evening, an aubade would have been unemotional. And as the Impersonal Past entered the room, the heads of hair, crazy with fear, were like seafoam. Was it the Impersonal Past who caused the moustache of Napoléon III, overladen with undue rain, suddenly to appear on a red laquer screen? And now little animalets, half-squirrel, half-raven, raced over the imitation marble floor that yielded to their pragmatic touch. There was fear in April: she kissed the radium teeth of the Impersonal Past, who never grinned but only looked at his black watch. His hours raced: the animalets kept an adorable tempo.

April then rinsed her hands in that "extraordinary" seafoam, April then complained of the Impersonal Past, April then dismissed him, gently; by lighting an unpleasant number of candles. The Impersonal Past departed, and the moustache of Napoléon III was only a display of undying affection for lighter sea dew and imperishable, and tragic, crinolines.

The entry, rather "solemn," to be sure, of 449 golden doorknobs cautioned a dreamheavy evening, and I listened to the inaudible words of April which thrilled the golden doorknobs into magic letters, so contemporary that one could no longer say

"Evening has fallen"

without a betraying blush.

Meanwhile, the 449 golden doorknobs had arranged themselves before a worn but purple tapestry with appropriate years for the more human exclamation marks and other fragilities.

Although April's lips, a cool adagio, were as slow as the more penetrating pendulums of timepieces on less tragic planets, the doorknobs beat a warm allegro.

"My harmony at present is not tragic," pronounced April. "I only tie my son to energetic wolfhounds when I take him for a walk in these Northern parks. Those energetic wolfhounds, a most unsymbolic symbol, have drawn me to ignoble destinies. I have been

complained of, and on that account the Impersonal Past pursued me. And then I told your watchmen of future gold in present banks that Peter was my son, which is true. And watchful men do allow the true when the quotation marks are not too flippant. So now I can take Peter, my four year old son, for countless walks in your ungentle parks, chained as he is to my comfortable wolfhounds. But that is not all my story, and as an ending, it is only worthy of newsprint.

"In these days when my living friends consider Jamaica an island, I love to recall one who cherished corpses there, and who made me know (and here the doorknobs shook before a suspicious rent in the tapestry) that a Palladian house with improved ruins is agreable with centuried anguish.

"My Jamaican friend," and here April's Elizabethan years were moving, "cherished rare food in rare company; thus he re-created. Insufferably he could only eat his baroque banquets with baroque barons. And thus he ate alone. He ate alone at his dining table with the wax and bloated figures of the Second Empire who ate their wax food as crunchingly as rain falling on the charred wreckage of the Tuileries. True, these wax figures had been scorched, and some singers declined to sing to so meticulous a gathering. But I was fascinated by the ashlike and falling bits of the ceiling enamel which daintily sheltered the more obviously bald men, wax though they were.

"In those days the Jamaican moonlight never shone for fear of the somber peace of my torrential hair. But I knew that I could never be a swoonful singer without certain knowledge that Bismarck, that suit of armor filled with graveled sand, would never approach the desired tempest of our dreams. But as my Jamaican friend knew that

'those ghosts of beauty wand'ring here reside'

he sensed that Bismarck was as fated to them in Jamaica as in the clammy reality of a century. His watch, it is true, ran in mechanical time at the mere thought of Bismarck's arrival, and he realized his incomplete destiny. Still, he forbade English to be spoken, as he was aware that that uncarved and ponderous statue was most liquorish after its advantage when it spoke that language.

"But on afternoons when the cringing cypress shadows made my Jamaican friend forget the watery boots of the man after Sedan, my Jamaican friend understood that in a world in which the depth of cool pools was not mysterious, the spirit of the baroque

would always be ill at ease. For the depth of cool dank cisterns on decaying autumn afternoons is the one solitary exception to the brown dullness of all that is actual. So he arranged a gentle island for me in the middle of a green lake, lit by purple sealamps. Then he (himself) sat on the too downy shore beside an essentially sensually real statue of Eugénie. Then I sang.

"One dawn, when even an aubade as antique as an aria of Lully seemed contemptuously new to the fleet floating island and the immersed sea lamps, I was singing some of the unknown songs of Couperin in my then torturous soprano. But so frenzied was my Jamaican friend, so ready to swoon beside Eugénie that he cried out (in English): 'Agonizing.'

"Suddenly. Then we both heard a crunching walk on the polite paths and allées that led to the estate. At first we thought it might have been one of his companions at the table, treading softly our soft sands at dawn. But it was not a walk, but a march. So we knew that it was not a spirit that was thus treading the uncrunched allée, but a Teutonic reality. Bismarck! Did any nightingale in any sonnet ever noon so real a word?

"And then what sea-wrack wrecked our Jamaican dreams!

"Later that morning, when, by dint of American swimming, I at last reached the pathetic shore, I found that my Jamaican friend was already a scorched and bloated and wax figure like his guests hungry only for wax food. Already the essentially sensually real statue of Eugénie had crumbled into the green lake, already the sealamps had gone out, already my island had sunk beneath lakeless waves.

"And already, from the mansion, green and red flames dismayed the Jamaican sky."

And now the heads of hair clouded April from my sight. I only heard:

> "Happy the man whose wish and care
> A few paternal acres bound,
> Content to breathe his native air
> In his own ground.
>
> Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread...."

●

Dorothy Boillotat:
SENSING

Frail clatter of porcelain makes a brittle singing to accompany rings of curling smoke and perfumes faintly blotted upon the air and birdshell voices of ladies lingering in arabesques of watercolor music. Layers of air are pale pastels as if each lady made a Botticelli with the pigment of her voice. Words tinkle like bells of thinnest glass and carry upon them a transparent ghost burden, fog skeletons sucked free of their bodies.

Whorls of conversation spin finer and finer amid amber tea until I know and fear the inevitable coition with abstraction. A diaphanous rope confusing as ether fumes strangles me and I am tangled in its multitudinous coil. I cannot breathe unless I break the fragile spirals and crumple the crystal webs and shatter with a bass discordance the too perfect shells woven, ring on ring, of conscious rhythms into faultless curves. Is there a door and can I flee from this mothwing world with its excessive refinement of these skeletons of the spirit?

A child, curious, I sat upon the floor in the classic pose like a premature Buddha with the sun bronzing the horizontal folds of my dress and creating the semblance of a crown upon my hair. With folded hands I looked upon the solid and impenetrable rectangle of wall and repeated seriously many times, "wall, wall, wall, wall," in vain attempt to hold a word, to break its shell and hold its quivering entrails in my hand. But I created a vacuum except for the empty skins which continued hollowly to fall upon the floor. Nirvana almost achieved, I was afraid. The chastity of the senses forbade the approaching coition with abstraction. I could not hold a word.

Fleeing, I found a door and escaped to lie in the fertilizing warmth of the sun and press my body against the earth. Again I leaped in joy and leaned upon an irregular wall of sunwarmed stone and lifted high a purple cone of grapes against the golden light and was a happy Bacchus with sunsculptured limbs.

I stooped to gather water, to cup my hands and overbrim them with clear water, to pour clear water down my throat. I escaped to make an altar with no prayer but only tactile idols. On it I offered a red stone because by it my hand could be resisted and defy with contour and weight the yawning spacemouth seeking to swallow all. Beside it upon my altar of matricular clay I placed a crooked knot of wood which could be broken but not dissolved by thought

into abstraction. And like a Buddha suddenly released to madness I wheeled a dance of sacred circles to the sun. In the bending and lifting and turning of muscle and bone I knew the modelling of my body and its ecstatic kinship with the cosmic rhythm.

Is there a door and can I flee the delicate architecture of words which will presently topple and crush me under its weightless burden? I will go out into the night, brooding like a tired bird and be covered with its endless wing. I will rest my hands upon the breast of the night and fold my unfulfilled body upon its curven length. But the drooping wings of the night are wet and crystal nails of rain drive into my flesh and I know it anew. Swift, steel hammers of wind beat upon me; long, cool knives of wind pierce me and I perceive my body with a strange, wild awareness.

Now does revulsion drive me back to the utmost, even so far, if it could be, as into my mother's womb, an embryo, that I might know in struggling to be born the first wild rush of air upon my body, the original release of arms and legs in free movement, the first indrawing of breath in futile opposition, and the great barbarous radiance beating upon my eyes. But I will be an embryo in the womb of life and sense all with the aboriginal shock of firstness. I will make for myself a primer of rudiments and from it will I in time construct my world .

I would revert to the amoeba and know all through the primal sense. I would fold upon and envelop completely the thing, not touch it merely with the tips of pseudopodia, which, sensitive, are presently my fingers. I would know it with the protoplasmic whole. I will go into the early areas among the stones, the curved and broken, and be a Sindbad in appreciation, treading eyeastounded on fractured diamond, and encompassing them with touch secure their textures. Thickness of one will stretch my fingers and hardness of a solid shock the unfamiliar nerves. I will press an oval stone eaten by the water between my palms sensing its wet and smooth, and its imperfect outline, assured of the reality of palm and stone by the thin wedgeplane of interception. My fingers will touch the warmth on a stone molded in the path of the sun and perceive again with the procession of the sun the splitting and falling away of the skin of warmth like the outworn husk of the caterpillar. My hands will linger with sensitive delight upon the coarse faces of the stones, and their granular textures will be absorbed into the memory of my fingertips.

Walking through endless treecolumned space beneath the branched entablature I press upon and armencircle a tree bole and am aware

of a diaper patterned roughness, cylinder curving, that resists me. I fingerfollow the bending rods that push out subtly into the great space mouth, and touch the smoothcased wands growing ever more slender in their bifurcated extension. Young green branches amaze my fingers with their bowbending pliancy. I gather ashgrey knots of broken wood sucked dry by the sun and they surprise with a brittle breaking and scattering of dusty chips between my hands. The shell is stripped away; the fibers are loosened; my hands are filled with fragments but they preserve the enigma of the wood. And then there rises a wind shaking the tree with rhythmic motion, rocking the trunk and rippling out upon the branches, multiplying its motion until the slenderest drooping fingers quiver and the muscles of my body are charged with the vibration.

Textures press through my fingers of sand flowing dryly and of moist, thick clay achieving flexibility nad endeavoring to plastic form.

Where great rivers go swimming to the sea I will dip into water and over me water will pour with a liquid flow, curling and eddying upon my flesh in spiral pools. Silver cool water crawling liquidly will perfectly mantle my body and discover for me a new apprehension of the flesh.

Flesh has touched the textures of the stones, and flexed the pliant wood, and bent away the water to insert its form, and now it seeks a contact with the mysterious petals of the flesh, it seeks by touch to penetrate the essence of its own reality in the ultimate plastic complement. Plane perfectly meets with plane; flesh on flesh quivers with electric shock; pulse rocks on pulse with barbaric rhythm.

These and the countless shapes and textures and motions without a name of stones and leaves and water will be to me a shock and a first sensing and a pagan joy.

Gradually from the protoplasm proceed a tongue, a nose, ears, eyes. I know against the palate the cool bursting of the grape, on the tongue the darkness of wine and bitterness of salt, and a new pouring of water against the walls of my throat

I am drunk on the first odors of rainsoaked earth, of sprouting fern and flower and sunwarm fruit. Sour and sweet within my nose intoxicate me and dankness rising in steam from swamps at evening like some dark secretion of the earth and spreading its fearsome odor of decay upon the air like a sinister stain.

My ears open to sound and silence. For the first time I listen to the silence of the night made alive and sorrowful with the calling

of the frogs. The wind animal cracks the air with his monotone; the black horseherd of the sea pounds through the night.

With the first lensal focus plaques of green are on the tissue of the leaves but shiver golden under the sun with manifold motion. Red and yellow lie like gloves upon the flowers and the lake is a block of blue.

Eyeknown shapes complete the knowledge of the fingers. Eyes ingather the discal figure of a yellow sun; purple grapes pend triangular; and I discover diagonals in white, windflung rain.

Anon the absolute of touch is gone and the senses infringe one upon the other and mingle in an intricate confusion. Out of the inadequacy of the simple senses, inadequate as single lines of melody, comes their needful fusion like a difficult harmony. Sound struggles into shape, and color has a sound — is not red a clash of cymbals and yellow a mild discord? Odors are in my mouth and textures are eyeperceived — coarse and smooth no longer need my finger for their comprehension.

The oval of the eye perfects itself, captivating the older senses. Among glasspaneled fragments of the stone and wood and clay and metal of Chinese art I outline a flatly molded cup of grey and orange jade and desiring, my eye as finger lifts it to my lip and faintly with no motion, I receive the impressions against my mouth and on sensitive handpalms of stone cool carven planes.

Textures are now absorbed within me, and forms and colors and sounds.

Now at last the outer eye closes and reveals the great central braineye with its memory fringe and limitless lens. Now I have traveled many paths and become a god with a god's creative eye. The external world drops like a husk and alone the memory of experience remains, coiled inertly like a great spiral waiting for the magic action of creation upon it. The braineye, desiring, creates pale memory eyes and extends synthetic hands like invisible antennae to senselessly perceive shapes and textures and colors. Memory nose extends like the proboscis of an elephant to gather the odors of the flower which I need no longer pick.

Finally is the complex time of symbols, the seed time, when meanings expand and the thinginitself contracts, when the tree complete, leaf, branch, and parallel root is concentrated in the infinitesimal of a seed. Now from layer on layer of accumulated memory knowledge with a mighty wrench of labor the essential word is born, experience grows articulate, and I hold the tool of immortality.

The word grows giantly like a new Gargantua to dominate the world and anon from the first greatstone words come the sand-numerous emblems of accurate expression. Words are now become pigments and tones and shapes and odors and weary of all experience I create with them my world.
Suddenly I am lost. Something has fallen from my perfect composition and I perceive the disease of words which will destroy the whole senses of my body. I realize the geometrical perfection of animals and their native harmony. Gauguin's animals are sleek and flow in perfect motion like a shape of water. Blake's great tiger burns on the night and with the crescent curving ram and the metal sectored scarab moves in secret symmetry. The catness of the cat, the antness of the ant, these are their unity and their perfection. A perversion of the antennae of my senses has caused their atrophy and something is subtracted from my selfperfection.
Words are empty shells at last and I would flee their gaping mouths. Is there a door, is there a door and can I flee?

●

Eugene Jolas:
PARAMYTHS FROM A DREAMBOOK
Musique de la Syntaxe Endormie

Dans l'atmosphère des frontières quand et la trance of the nighting thoughts wither the harvest of the word-sick is there no train fast enough to hurry up durch die dunkelheit ohne tunnel where fait image le fugitif éclore malheurs éclat vision ivre orage enregistre
and la bourgade how enfermé was the weltbild mais craquement les os sous la robe le nuage fouette l'insurrection des ich hoere weheklagen im korn und violinen flagellent le clocher
silence
explosion sur le talus les moines in kutten braun is it a réveil the sky is anguish-green les prières dans la cage and Buddha et les chapelets la liturgie of the and holds the night at bay
when all the sisters of mercy affamées that is une campagne sans mesures the breviary of in when eyes in flame the searching hands beneath im blaetterwald und wassersturz frohlocken une douleur de blasphèmes
was waren diese worte the duologue and all the kisses raining music the eastern chants of golden interlacing of the c'étaient des syllabes déchirées et

j'entends dans mon rêve la langue des plantes of stars und stone komm reiss entzwei den brouillard le printemps de la musique s'annonce the singers flee into a ballade.

Arrival of the Hallamoor

I tatterambled around London. I was a poor, down-at-the-heels, kicked-at beggar, looking for a place to sleep. I was very hungry, the lighted shop-windows lured me, there was a deep despaircry in me.

A bobby at a street corner blinkwatched me. I ragled down the street. My solitude became a physical pain. The city evening-rumbled against me.

The British Museum. It was snugwarm in the reading-room. My fingers trembled, as I picked up an anecdotereview. Gradually the room assumed the ambiance of a prison-cell. I walked from shelf to shelf. Crossed towards the philosophy-shelves. Read an almageste of Schopenhauer's.

A mirror. I swiftgazed and reeled. I no longer was I. A pre-historic animal, foamdripping and fanghissing, looked at me. I surprise-stared for a long time, then I seemed to take the transformation quite naturally, I tried to embarassmile.

I could see it now: I was an arboreal mammal with a long muzzle and a dark fur that tinklepalpitated with the percussions from the streetnoises. My eyes were disks sunglinting hugely. My paws were knife-protuberances.

What was more astonishing even was that my inner world apparently had not changed. For I was able to reason things out for myself. The librarian talked to me as if I were a customer whom she had seen before, and she eagerly and courteously gave me all the information I desired. She even smiled sometimes in a kind of tender understanding.

Suddenly I felt hungergrip. With a hop and a grunt I was on a large Oxford Dictionary that stood on a rotating desk. I began to tear pages from the volume. The letters L and N were soon in my muzzle, and I felt relieved, as I avidchewed the pages.

Noone in the room paid any attention to me. I heard the leafrustling on the tables. A cat blinkyawned in a corner. Otherwise there reigned eveninghush.

A woman came into the room, she was the librarian's superior, they held a whisperdialogue. Interesthaunted by my presence, they

called me over. They humbabbled something I did not understand. The librarian pointed to three men seated at a nearby table who were pageturning a mythbook called *Allah.* But there was no inworld perspective on their faces. They looked like property-wreckers.The women said to me:

— Executear them!

The three men, senseshivering with knowledge, edged toward the door. I noticed now that they were in rags, wearing really nothing but clothes made of tittletattlesheets.

I felt a pitywave rushing over me. I did not want to obey the command of the despotwomen. I gruntchurned my teeth and skelterhopped to a desk.

The three men could not leave the building, as the doors had been locked. They stared at me, tears trickleprayed for mercy, they papershivered with terror.

A child came running up to one of them carrying a basket of flowers.

All three men had to die. There was a shoutimperative from the two women who stood in the middle of the room rageswinging chairs over their heads.

I did not budge.

I walked out with the librarians, we roughstumbled over three corpses lying near the door, the little girl scattered roses over them.

— Go away, Hallamoor! irecalled the women to me.

I slouched into the fognight. A calliope troubleboomed from the river. A man hurried into a house. The city grew into me with somatic quakes of paroxisms.

Walk To Ascaton

In those days a great disquiet nighthaunted men and women. The monstercities fevercried, the remotest villages sensed the trepidation, ships on the high seas felt electric waves currentcrickling through their bodies.

Then from some mysterious source there came a message which said that the lucifernian possession could be conquered only by the recovery of a lost runeword from celtic days.

Stefan George and I walked into the mountains. Deep clefts had to be spanned, titanwalls had to be scaled, blizzards had to be vanquished. We finally arrived in a sunprinkled plain, it was like a vast canadian prairie, the vegetation was luxuriant.

Suddenly we beheld on a high plateau on the other side of the

valley, shimmercrystalhouses, mistemerging, serrated in the air. We walked through a high portal on which was the inscription:
You step into Zukuenftigkeit!
The streets were diamondpaved.
A great silence received us, the houses sungleamed apparently uninhabited, we walked up the ever rising terraces of the enigma city.
A series of castle-like structures stood overbeetling the main city.
As we came nearer, we heard a confusion of sounds, a festival was in progress, people were dancing on a wide, open square.
A band of young men and women received us ceremoniously. They were part negroid, part hebrew, and represented a beautiful race such as we had never seen before. They spoke in a singsongy language reminiscent of cascadefalling. We understood nothing, yet we had the inner feeling that we sensed the meaning of their vocables.
They led us through a building that seemed a newspaper-plant. We were shown machines of strangest aspect: they were in the shapes of cubes and triangles and parallelograms and ellipses and spheres and circles and spirals. They coulourdripped. They musicrotated. They emitted silversounds in an orchestration for which we had no anology. They produced swiftrolling screens on which we saw giant men and women agestepping from ligurian days. These persons talked with gestures.
My friend and I were wonderbound by the visit to the building, and did not notice that our cicerones had vanished. We found ourselves in deepnight. The machines had stopped.
Fearshouting we tried to get out of the labyrinthine darkness, we bumped against robot-apparatus, we stood before locked doors. Again and again we retraced our steps. There was no exit.
How we finally got out I do not know. We stood on the square again, surrounded by a throng, among whom there were many children and dwarfs. The latter began to execute a savage, liturgical dance, they vertigowhirled, they hymncried psalms and prayers.
Then there was silence. From the crowd stepped forth a beautiful girl, roseleaves wreathed her hair, she smilegreeted us. Then she unfolded what seemed to us an ageyellowed parchment:

This is Ascaton, with which our forefathers exorcized the world, she said.

She handed us the document, after having placed it in water which produced a bewildering smell of lavender and basil and thyme.
Diamondglistering before us stood the mountainbuildings that suddenly were lighted up.

Subhuman Pilgrimage

The mammothworld in which I was living had grown into a rotate-whorl. I said goodbye to the stoneworld. I chuckledtipped my hat to the alleyways and squares, where the afternoonsun looked like a tired old woman.

I suburbstood with leprous walls and rotting gardens. Soon, I said to myself, I shall be home, the lamplight will flare through the rivermist, an ancient folksong will welcome the wanderer.

My mother stood before me holding a heart in her hand. It was a Mal. She looked bewildered at the autumnsky. She walked with me through the huddlepark along poplarlined paths. Lotosflowers were easeshimmering in a little pond. A flock of owls stood on the roof of a house lazyblinking into the sky.

— This is the land of the very old people, said my mother.

She knew the environs well, for she had been living here for many months. She knew all the little nooks by name. She knew the ancient runesigns of every tree and flower, she was able to tell me the minutest detail of the history of the place: Gustavus Adolphe had stopped here on his way to Eger; Klein Zaches had lived here demonroot. Recently the place had been inhabited by a family of german émigrés who had fled from a Fehme sentence. In a cottage, at the edge of a pool, we found fascist and marxist symbols in tangleconfusion. A book by Staline entitled *Secrets of Man* stood on a shelf beside an album, the title-page of which contained what seemed a cubist portrait of Mussolini.

I began to feel saturnine. Clouds gloomrushed over our heads. We stopped in a cottage which was filled with paintings by Gauguin and with african oorobjects.

My mother walked over to a meadow and sat down on a bench. In front of her, on an oak-tree, there hung a *Marterl*, one of those triangular frame-boards containing a crucifix which one finds in Austria at every wayside. The Christ was bleeding. She stepped over and dried the flow of blood. Suddenly she burst into tears and began to diesiraewail.

The park opened up again. But we were now entering a tropical forest. Jaguars were bolerogambolling about. The air was sultry and like an insectwhorl. Green walls dusktowered around us. Lianae hung from flowergarlands barbarically in the treetwigs. A night-maresilence panicweighed on everything.

I knew that I was in the domain of the subhuman. I knew that this was the refuge of stonebirds and chimerapes and monsterlizards. I knew that here lived the mineralghosts and the lemurspectres.

The baldachin of green above us seemed to doom us forever to prisonstay.
We sat down on a knoll and watched menants rolling twigs and earthlumps about. We'll never get home, I sighed. My mother did not answer. From faroff we heard children's voices laughsinging in the greensilence. We continued to walk through the heatroubled brush. Suddenly my mother disappeared, I cried her name into the deepwold, I hollowroared against the treebarks. She was gone.
There was a clearing and I recognized without astonishment that the forest in which I had been was in reality a little wood near my hometown. I was walking on familiar paths beneath firtrees I knew. Through the branches I could see the gables of my house.
Die Heimat ist immer in dir, I heard a voice say. It sounded like my father's voice. I ran down hill, through orchards, past a ruined castle, hoping to find my father who was not dead for me. But soon I cobblestrolled in the mainstreet of my town.
It no longer was the same. As I whirlwindraced through the streets, I noticed that the hills roundabout had been transformed into a series of huge, snow-covered mountains. A volcano was firespitting. I knew that a geological revolution had occurred, the rind of the earth had begun to burst, there was a firesparklecrepitation. The houses were collapsing. An intense heat blistercrackled through the air. I ran in circles homecrying for my mother.
I came to a refugecottage in an open field. It was the house of my ancestors. My mother was seated by the window busily sewing and mending.
— There is so much to be done yet, she said. The poor are in rags. The sick whimper in the hospitals.
She wraithfaded into the lavamist.
I walked to the window. I could still see on the highest mountain the remnant of a little house that once had stood there before the hills had proteusflished. The road serpentining through the valley seemed sunken. A stormwind blastroared against the cottage, a faroff rumblebellow was heard, it was a night of forebodings.

Discovery of Hiera Ut

I was in a titancity at dayend, grey smoke drifted across the roofs, gargoyles eeriestared out of the windows. Was this Chicago? I could not say, though it might have been: for I heard many nordic languages crashmilling around me, and it was duskmisty. I recognized an object I once knew on Lake Michigan, it was a small, square, wooden structure with a balcony all around, a little dwelling place

for the noise-weary and the dream-hungry.

In a subtle metamorphosis I realized gradually that I was really in Geneva. Heightbodies whirled. The Jean-Jacques Rousseau Isle stood before me. But how curious: I wanted to buy a railroad ticket to another city located in a South-African republic where I had a rendez-vous with a scientist.

I asked a tram-conductor in English when the next train would be leaving. He began to speak to me in allemanic patois and I had a certain difficulty in comprehending him. I finally answered in another patois and he seemed to understand. The train, he said, would leave in a few minutes. I raced to the platform, but there was no train. I was told there never would be a train for South-Africa.

I felt gloompalsied, left the station, hired a taxi to join friends in a suburb. The trip lasted a long time. I was now in London. The cab-driver, like a Cook's guide, unravelled for me the sociological problems of the Soho district through which we were riding. I suddenly realized that I had left without my purse. I felt fear napecrouching on me. I was in the power of the driver.

— I'll take you where you don't want to go, he said and flitleered at me. He looked now like an astrologer, an albigensian magician. He pointed to a few official looking houses in the distance.

— That's the War Department he said, and over there, the one with the green porch, is the Laboratory for the Night-Owls.

I saw apefaces gibbergrimacing through barred windows. Swiftly I grasped my suitcase and plunged out of the car while it went hobblespeedriving through the dusk. Somebody kept at my heels. I heard shouting and whistling. The traffic was being halted to permit the authorities to catch me. In and out of alleys I scarewound myself.

I arrived at the port. The S.S. Finland blackspumed smoke. Mastforests swayed. A shooting-star hisscrashed into the water. I stopped. I crowdreeled.

Now I saw a funeral in progress. Men and women in mourning clothes came out of the little cementhouses along the pier. Some of the faces were familiar from childhood days. A brassband jazztripped chopinplaying down the street. I decided to join the cortege. Someone beside me said in French: *Dommage.* A gentleman with a sharply pointed moustache, pommadestreaked in the manner adopted by the philistine heroes in a Sternheim comedy, came up and tried to explain what was happening. I heard nothing. The noise of the grief-music was too loud.

Then I found myself on a boat that landed at a tropical island. I walked through a palmtreewaving little town. I heard afrosinging and fluting. A feeling of heartbliss came over me.
I wandered around the island. In the market-place I saw negro women with colourful kerchiefs wound around their heads standing over their merchandise. They sold mostly extraordinary crabs that they allowed to run around at will. These marinebeasts climbed up the wooden planks and from above looked mocklaughing at the customers.
A bell from a wooden church nearby began to peal with a shrill-tinkle. The sea answered with surfroar. I suddenly became impatient, for I remembered that I had a rendez-vous.
— What's the name?, I cried to an old woman who sat drinking a native brandy.
— *Li-bas*, she replied in créole French.
I was irritated, for I wanted to know the island's cacique name.
I ran around through the earthquakerocked streets. Mantic signs were hugepainted on shopfronts. In the middle of a square full of palm-trees and bougainvillier flowers, there stood a blackboard on which was written in gothic blackface letters:

HIERA UT

The mood of the island now became more and more seraphic. A deep blue sky trancevaulted itself above sea and land.

The Grala

My friends had invited me for dinner in their Auteuil home. It was brumewinter. The city rumbled as if struck by vague apprehensions. Their apartment was warmquiet.
Bread and wine were on the table. Both were happy to see me after a long absence beyond frontiers. There was lighttrialogue, and then my friend's wife grew nervous and had tears in her eyes. He smiled obstinately and talked in long, melodious phrases about Beaudelaire.
I looked up from the table and saw, opposite me, on the studiowall a large, white animal that was slowly moving glittering in the lamplight's shaft. It's a spider, I mused. As I looked more carefully I noticed that it was not of flesh, but of marble or skullbone.
A stubborn silence came over us. I could not understand what had happened. My friend looked at me and tried to smile. I observed that the animal did not attract the attention of my friends. A hurdy-

gurdy began to play from somewhere in the street outside. Then silence again like a menace.

Now the animal seemed to grow bigger. It continued to slowroam on the wall. At one time it tried to fly. But its wings apparently were glued to its body, for in spite of a violent effort, it could not move.

I had the feeling that the animal belonged to the household, for the indifference to its presence on the part of my friends seemed to indicate that they were accustomed to it. I tried to ask a question about it. But my words lipstuck. I could not, try as I might, recall the French word for "spider". I grew iresome. Finally I stammered, more to interrupt this intolerable silence than to get any information: . . Die Weisse Spinne.

My friend looked up and laughed. Only now did he become aware of the chimerapresence on the wall. He got up and walked over to a book-shelf where he hastily thumbed a Larousse. But he evidently did not find what he was looking for.

The telephone shrilljingled. My friend came back into the room after he had answered it and informed me that a writer named Galsworthy wanted to talk to me. He pronounced the name with french phonetics and it took me some time to understand it. Then I thought of the word: *Justice.*

I phonehallooed, but there was no answer. I whinecried. I bellowsqueaked. I wrathshook schimpfnouns into the receiver. The silence wirehummed spectrally.

My friend was sitting alone in the room, his face in his hands. He starewondered at a white page in front of him. Then he wrote, swiftfingering, for a long time. I did not interrupt him. I stood near the window watching children playrunning in the street.

The silence in the room grew terrordark. I was no longer able to bear it. I took the Larousse and, turmoilblustering, looked at the animal pictures. There was nothing there resembling the genre on the wall.

I tore the inkburdened paper out of my friend's hand and read in endless repetition:

GRALA GRALA GRALA GRALA GRALA GRALA GRALA . . . .

I flashsaw: I was face to face with the apocalyptic beast. I awestared into the past and into the future. The room turned vertigomad around me.

Exit The Devil

My brother and I received a telepistle giving us official notice that

we had been appointed to drive the devil out of the Americas.
We laughsneered at the document, because we had always had the impression that Beelzebub had once been deported on the ground of moral turpitude. We were told, however, that he had recently escaped from Ellis Lsland to the Mainland.
We were in a byzanthine cathedral incenceflooded. My brother organ-played gregorian chants, a gloomonk deepthroatmuttered exorcistic words, the crowd began to deprofundiswail.
A catafalque with blackmass grotesqueries sketched on the cloth stood in the aisle.
The monk mounted the pulpit carrying a Webster dictionary on his back, opened it and recited all the words beginning with S.
I stood beside the organ, when a masked man handed me a sealed letter. In it there were signs and figures indicating that someone was trying to convey esoteric knowledge to me. The number 35 occurred in every paragraph. The letter was signed: S.
I had the feeling that I knew the man who had written the note, but could not for the moment recall the name.
My brother organroared ecclesiastesmusic, while the devil was being carried out in a cheap pine coffin, and dumped on an ash-heap outside.

Heraclitean Daydream

The Metz-Sarrebruck train was filled with home-strugglers. They had tarried vin-gris-tippling near the Cathedrale. It was a sultry afternoon in June, the cars were packed, I had to stand in the aisles.
The station collapsed. I watched the Moselle town evaporate. I tried to think of the school where I had spent my boyhood, the clerical climate invaded the windows, the Great War was an illusion. I thought of the afternoon of my arrival. It was just a few hours ago. I went awkwardroaming through the ambulacrum. My father lingered talking with the maître d'études. Dusk came. I was alone. I was frightened.
Now the train passed the convent of Sablon. It puffed past the Château of Urville. The hills began to green. The Nied shimmer-sparkled. Peasants were haying in the fields.
I listened to the people speaking my Lorraine patois. Burghers and mercantis and peasants with baskets and bags. I snatched phrases in the frontier-grammar. The dialogues became polyvocables. The frontier-psychosis meditated subterrannean war with the

breviary of the village priest. A philosophical platitude nodded beside a proverb in pink. An erotic phantasma purpleglittered above a toothache. Maxims rescued from the Thirty Years' War became entangled with a jazz-age neologism.
A blueish dusk flickered over the village-gables.
Proverbs fled into silence. Philosophy began to doze. Politics stared into utopias.
I was going home on my first vacation from the clerical boarding-school. I drifted into a music of release. Life was an adolescent myth. An archaic song hummed above the counter-point of the trainwheels.

●

Franz Kafka:

FRAGMENT

Four sagas tell about Prometheus:
According to the first, he was chained to the Caucasus, because he had betrayed the Gods to man, and the Gods sent down eagles who kept gnawing at his ever-growing liver.
According to the second, Prometheus, tortured by the hacking beaks, pressed himself deeper and deeper into the rock, until he became one with it.
According to the third, his treason was forgotten in the millions of years that followed the act. The Gods forgot it. The eagles forgot it. He himself forgot it.
According to the fourth, everyone became tired of him, for his existence was without reason. The Gods grew tired of him. The eagles grew tired of him. His own wound grew tired and closed.
There remained the inexplicable rock-mountain. The saga tries to explain the inexplicable. Since it stems from a basis of truth, it must return to the inexplicable again.

(Translated from the German by E. J.)

●

Jean Paul: [1])

WALT'S DREAM

.... Way back in the distance there arose worlds, like little balls of vapour, beneath a far off, veiled solar body. In the middle there was a spinning wheel which turned round and round, to which the stars were attached in a row by a thousand silver threads, and which spun themselves down from the sky ever nearer and smaller. A swarm of bees were hanging from a lily. A rose played with a bee, and they teased each other with their barbs and their honey. A sombre nightflower rose greedily toward heaven. A spider raced about in the calix of a flower weaving industriously in order to hold the night with threads, in fact, it was weaving a pall for the world. But all the threads were dewy and shimmery, and the eternal snow of light lay on the heights....

Suddenly there appeared in the sky a brightly flashing little star. It's name was Aurora. The ocean, as in a trance, opened up for a moment. Instead of the dusky plain, I saw before me a broad streak of lightning. Then it closed again, the dusky land awoke, and everything was changed. For the flowers, the stars, the sounds, had only been slumbering children. The high sculpture of the thunder-god stood in the midst of the land. One after another the children flew into the arms of stone and put a butterfly upon the living eagle which circles around God. Then the children, apparently lighter than air, flitted onto the next cloud, and looked down upon the others who lifted amorous arms. Surely God, before whom we are all like children, accepts our love. Afterward the children played at love among themselves. "Be my red tulip", said one, and the other became a red tulip and allowed itself to be pinned to the first one's breast. "Be my star", and it was a star, and was pinned to the other's breast. "Be my God", and "You're my God"; but at that moment neither of them became changed, for they looked at each other a long time, with a great love, and then vanished, as if they were dying. .... "Stay with me, my child, when you go from me", said the one who remained behind. The one who had left began to change into a little dusky red ball, as it disappeared, then into an evening star, then, as it went deeper into the land, there remained only a moon-shimmer, and this when there was no moon. Finally it became lost, farther and farther away, in a sound of flutes.

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[1]) Nom de plume of Friedrich Richter, 1763—1825. Fragment from *Flegeljahre*.

But opposite the dusk the dawn was now rising; ever more wonderfully, dawn and dusk roared towards each other like two choirs, in a wave of sound instead of colour, as if unknown, blessed beings were singing their songs of joy behind the earth. The black flower with the spider bent down convulsively until it almost broke asunder. The stars wove into a lily wreath and spun down from heaven. The all-pervading sound had ripened the flowers to trees. The children had grown to adults and at last they stood there as gods and goddesses looking very gravely towards morning and evening.

The dawn choirs now struck up a song clashing together like thunder, and each note lighted another still more powerful one. Two suns were supposed to rise with the sound of morning. As they were about to reach one another, the air became quieter and gentler. Amor flew up from the East, Psyche from the West, and as they met high in the middle of the sky, and the two suns arose, they were only two delicate tunes, dying side by side, and awaking in each other's arms. Perhaps they sang: "You and I"; two holy, yet terrifying tunes, snatched from deepest eternity, as if God had spoken the first word for himself and replied similarly to himself. Mortals could not hear it without dying. I slept, but while I was drunk with sleep, it seemed as if I were enveloped, poisoned even, by the flower-scent from a paradise flying nearby.

Then suddenly I found myself on the beach again; an evil old woman was standing in the water. She shivered as though she were icy-cold, and anxiously pointed to the smooth sea behind her, saying: "Eternity is past, the storm is nigh, for the sun has stirred." While I looked on, immensity fermented into innumerable hills and sky-high storm; far away behind the edges of the horizon a gentle morning light came rolling towards me....

(Translated and adapted from the German by Eugene Jolas.)

●

Georges Pelorson:

LE MOMENT DE PARSIFAL

„Mève-toi," qu'imondice, „mève-toi, cap' to dève et rouille."
„Sège", qui-dis-je, „mèvo..."
La noce brasillait, chareuse, pochavent, cavèe dor fulimiéres.
„Croche," quinai-je, „l'est roide."
„Roide ou soude," sadisent, „n'abot: mève..."

Dehorbe trapèsait, calume; les masses massonnaient, paupes doses, innudées palmement phar le tric des trollets; câprement, les paupes s'enouvraient, folletaient, puisqu'avor la nausaine, hautelantes, — camor toumaient, morves, souf les tales femmières.
„Mitrou?" calai-je.
„Tamivon. Mève!" cadissent. Et câfaient drur.
Piétorne sinura, èn masses despacèrent, vessant les tournipointes, et les paupes clapièrent cro les vèbes toulantes. D'alfres vèbes y annaient, çalasses et rougeailles, nêtues à la fissière, à maine de ma raut, saffrant à nos tuères moïr bouelles glignantes. Saureenais à tout huire, brochant nar la phanelle...
„Crap!", salèrent, „ourigan!", voutant de bramiforts et corant à la rosse:

„Verboten!
forbidden!
interdict!
prohibido!
POU-LA!!",

nor les vèbes piaunèrent, sulantes à toison, crabant comme des soufres et foussant des onires, saliprant touffe à tousse na soudance mâlène:

„Nami-han soubélaure
nami-han ma trèfonde
mani-hourne feulance
gaufe,
gaufe,
la nueur immérante".

Dor mâtai sapputer tiap-tiap, sol: „Mève!" fulèrent, „mèlavent, crap'ticheur!".

Mèvai doc. La rune s'affoulait, torpidante et mulère. Paulément, des mouves chapelèrent, et les vèbes moinèrent, grimabées de tapuces chamisant de rideur moïr filèvres chaconnes. Les masses unaient futaines et toquaient lonement dans la noce, de ruc à bec, gâpaient comme des taudes: „rrouââ... rrouââ... rrouââ...", et leur hâne mouquait, fadait soude à mon plône, capuchuante.
Phocutan, patipai poutrement, sopant les patrimouves et froquant les tapuces, oubli la garelu bricka tan qu'à fumières et mulit la ptomère: „vouououououou...", nri: „.. emboîture!! emboîture!... djeugadjeugadjeugadjeuga...", cor: „.. plissez-vous! plissez-vous!"
Dor pleutai, moute à mouves: „Craputant toumci mouves, nope?"
„Hoche, grab' ta dève, et hoche!"

„Col, col . . . manitrais cane mour”, kissai-je obélisquant.

To les mouves hochèrent, loquant phallubrement ma rautière pierrante, si le que foutremai, saugeant une manaille, — sol bragua le tigare, niflant de sa retoule: „Shrrrrrrrriiiiillllllllll!”, si les mouves culèrent, trombissant plus que fisses: „Patenoutre! godillou! julep!julep!”, crossant plu digues et fallant à cronière, piouroutant câli vèbes et chevant maltica talègues paletantes, çalasses et fêtues de filaines rougeailles.

Mutaine solivai, loffé de malirères et poisant ma chantaine. Paulément, les mouves cradelèrent, soubis la calumeur et la chanve traînière:

„Salence . . . plissez-vous!
Mèrine . . . . plissez-vous!
Seinunur. . . plissez-vous!”

djeuga

Nri: „Emboîture! Embbb boî ttttt URE!”

Glimaçante la tire cîmait à la hontante. La noce brasillait, podée comme une nave et seullène clopant tictic calami ses bruîlantes.

Pacrêne solsticiait.

La tire surbita. Les mouves s’écrabèrent, couichant de tirela, salpêtrant moïr troupettes, mouchavent, bélîtrant tamatame, foulant nous ècreucher, na poutiaient ma crempière tamitrou cyclonai: „La haye! la haye! mouvetons! croupez-vous, palmebleu! tramezvous piludieu!”

Sol: „Hoche!” hissèrent, „mève!”

Et mèvai, counant ra la plantorme.

Nor la plantorme arait badraine, da piatra, mamerrante, altiguait l’heckelise, bradillante et navée, coupli la nocerène, clamiquante de marves, encliquée de palummes.

Et criquant la touère, salmivai couchement, cari mes gardelures.

Toum était soliman et crapi de cuchères et pâtrai poutipan, clapant la tirelair et bradant mes cuchères: „Tor, mouves! flippez-vous, cadigans!”.

To les mouves flippèrent, diguant catanapuces et frossant à cronière, cheuderant, chimmerant:

„O Marve
omarve tulérant
brafort
omutant la sentière
maniquant thécelé
braphare

matricier salamer
ovan ter liebe
sonufre de soudeur
O Climant Mythamor",
et triquant ti que tan, malarant les fulumes, chiquant moïr pendechaures, bisque tous y annèrent puisqu'avor l'heckelise.
Cor ventri l'heckelise, phulamines gloumaient, trémorts lutaines, crémers gésantes, da la crosse cogeait, putrès le claquemur. Et mèvai loutrement, cami les couchemouves, marvant à la hochance na chorusse tondrante:
„*O Marve Mythamor* . . ." ta guélaine.

Tolaphor sacrimant les mouves s'évèbèrent, trouquant phar la hautière, souquenellant d'avor, équelunant d'afteur tou qu'api la grueur, foulacul l'éparaphe, chignant carapatou la blissure églimante, pierrassant, pétrouillant, chovelant, blinant à tourbegouille na carène d'avor, phalunant tanqu'apuce:

a la la hhune, —
plice!
a la la chau, —
lyce!
a la la syphe, —
flice! .... ta guélaine bisqu'à tondre nave,

tami la sombriquaient,
lastiquant: „mââ . . . mââ! manillons, manillons! braniquons, braniquons!", — troque la, chupant leurs entreloques, tio mouves émalées chaupitraient la greloque, clinant la tique piaudre et cheulant: „beûeû . . . beûeû!", souquant les enfiller.
Soc, paupiai faloutrement nombri la gloumelise, hânant lombriquement tou la crêne à l'omblic,
cor,

Druc, la crosse mèva, tourilant chanterêve:

„C'EST LE MOMENT DE PARSIFAL!"

to les mouves tramèrent, cali tonnés de froumm, et trupai ma garaut, fulgente avi la meur asseulée de blinummes,
et la crosse mèva, drofta nar la plantorme,
et mèvai clamourant et cièlant ma garaut puisqu'avor la plantorme

.....

hoha!

.....

hoha!

.....

hoha!
biasemoi lissameur

.....

Hoha!
Hoha! ho!

.....

Et dumière monta la diésère ligaine bisqu'un blave drouna, bluant la manteleur, et la crosse digua, faulant la chanterène toun

dropp!
pieuta le blave à mour.

Nor crampai soutement, torvai la chantelair, sounivant, calpeutré de toulair, sobant cali trainu, clopant troc à muchère...
La noce brasillait, femmante, pochavent, cavine toumirère, et la voume hochait, soliréne a châlant na soudance malène

●

Hans Schiess:

BETTER THAN OBLIVION [1])

....I hear the unpleasant sodden sound of bullets hitting human bodies.
The fight waxes more savage every minute, and I have to resort to three other weapons besides my cudgel — for this is my supreme revolt — a leg of the programme-table, the professor's bracelet and one of the small columns which in my fury I smash to pieces in turn, when suddenly I seem to recognize, though transfigured with a black beard, the face of the captain.
I rush up to him and see at once that the nucleus of a general staff has formed itself around him.

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[1]) Extract from a dream-novel.

There are the doctor, Captain Swanson, the miserly little grocer, briefly, all those whom I had been obliged to scold severely. They all stand in a group looking on at the fight.
Catching sight of me, they are visibly perturbed.
"Do you still oppose our claims?" screamed the grocer furiously without standing upon ceremony.
But another cuts him short with "That fellow, ah!" and plugs me in the stomach with a dose of lead from his gun.
"I'm sorry but you're making an ass of yourself," I said firmly as the stage collapsed burying all the fierce leaders in a cloud of dust.
But everything now seems to turn in my favour: one of the clubs, "Suburbia" writ large upon its banners, comes to my assistance.
And those whom they assail with their crushing blows shrink away.
"Come!" says an old lady, and seven young mothers echo her words.
"Come! Geva is waiting for you, Victory is yours!"
But then one of the policemen, hand in hand with the revolutionaries, discharges his gun at me at close quarters.
The first bullet splits my forehead open over the left eye.
The second fractures my right shoulder and the third lodges itself in my throat, but I feel no pain.
My blood flows in a clear crimson stream and, falling upon the floor, writes a word there in 16th century arabesques.
The theatre staff is now promptly executed.
The fat King in his nightgown is led in and pelted with dung.
But from under the ruins of the scenery emerges the captain wearing Geva's feather boa proudly round his neck. Accidentally his eyes fall on the floor and he reads there what my blood had written... He turns pale to his very lips and takes to his heels.
Everyone now reads the Word and scatters in a panic.
The eyes of the dead glitter like diamonds. There is a rank smell of death. A tiger-hound is seated upon a drum. There is a distant murmur, a lulling whisper, as of a brook, and I plunge into rustling whirlpools of shimmering water.
Of shimmering water that darkens as the wind sways the trees over sombre pools.
Bright flames seem bound together in sheaves; and there are sheets of fire and the clash of cymbals, while terracotta figures crumble to pieces.
"Come!" says somebody behind me, "that is the way!"
Overhead an organ swells under a lofty golden dome.

In giant letters easy to decipher is writ the Word:

"PEACE"

framed on all sides by the dying and the dead.

(*Translated from the German manuscript by George Reavey*)

●

Margaret Shedd:

MY UNCLE'S SHOES

The lid rotates. It is a merry-go-round. Hell is a merry-go-round. Not my hell but my uncle's. It is easy to imagine hell as a merry-go-round; the picture is too clear for much description. Devils scream, the damned scream and Satan walks around the opposite way that the platform turns, to collect the fares. But they never get anywhere; they cover immeasurable distance. It is a round platform fastened on an axis.

The ones on the giraffes committed murder; those on the golden rams were caught in adultery, stir up the fire for them. There is a fire under the merry-go-round. This hell is only the lid to something else; its axis goes down into the bowels of this moment and of eternity. Underneath the lid there is something else.

There is no flavour to this flat hell on top. It is a pity that the damned should suffer so little. True, Satan can always get inspiration from some mad preacher exulting crazily in his pulpit or a tent, and there was the Inquisition; but now my uncle says, "We must not visualize hell in terms of dreadful tortures!" He thinks the wicked will howl enough at the dizzy monotony of the merry-go-round, and as for the unavoidable suffering on earth, that for the blessed is a purging fire, a spiritual bath. He does believe that wickedness will be punished in some sort of hell by pain of some vague sort; here the living agony around us is for another reason, but he is not sure what that is and he shuts his eyes.

I cannot shut my eyes. I feel the world's anguish about my loins. Just now, as my heart caught a fragment of time and let it loose, I knew that in that second was welded of the then transpiring torment of the earth, a lash, thonged, which must beat upon me momently with the beating of my heart.

The lid is lifted clear and the silly figures of the giraffes and devils and the obliging damned who know their parts so well by long

rehearsal lie tilted up on the motionless merry-go-round, a very pitiful hell.

Underneath, there is a hole, cavity most earthy yet not of space, a cruel cessation of nothingness, a vortical abyss which rotates eternally. It is bounded and almost filled by a moving road, like an escalator downward and conically spiral. And a compulsion fills this hole; so the moving stairs are peopled. I too descend, in the spaceless centre of the cone, thus ultimately surrounded by miseries rotaliiform.

There is the constant shuffle of old shoes.

A city is a labyrinth of hard doors and asphalt. A woman lets them put their hands through the half open door, "Lady, could you use this window stop I made of wire?" "Lady, I paid ten cents for this case of needles; pay me what you can." "Lady, I thought you might have a little work."

She lets them put their hands through the door and then she shuts the door very fast. She has a pile of hands inside the hall. Her uncle collects postage stamps; she collects hands.

A wave washes up to the door, recedes, returns, a wave shod in misfits. At the dark of the morning they distribute broadsides to advertise six dollar and sixty-nine cent dresses. They are wearing my uncle's old shoes. Once suffering left blood on the snow; now the Salvation Army sees to that. No blood on the asphalt. So much cement put down and stamped. Constractors sign their asphalt Contractors are paid to make the pavement hard. Wear it down. Wear it down. A city block is a geometrical figure with slits at intervals. Doors.

No!

A piece of bent wire to stop your window?

No!

I make it myself?

No!

Something to hang up your telephone book?

No!

This wave hurls itself at the door. It meets that which is stronger than pain and recedes.

So many feet in misfit shoes come down the stairs at once that they are a chorus. Feet, ill-shod, are good stock in trade, all comedians know that. Contractors sign their asphalt.

The last man didn't come near the door; he stood off, "I thought you might have a little work," apologizing, "I don't mind doing anything. Anything." He apologized to me for asking to work. The

tears are pouring down my face. But his feet have passed me now. He is one of the chorus on the staircase, all moving downward with the infinite and inexorable rhythm of despair. I do not know where they are going. And their descent is precarious because through ever-revolving reaches, narrowing rotation and to that unmitigated point where ends the cone, ends road. Phalanxed downward, weary feet in misfit shoes, and is their goal destruction? I follow seeking answer.

Not all are tragic choruses somnambulent; not all appear at the stairhead, then pause at a door and a door to retch forth unwanted wire oddments. Some emerge voice only, and like an invisible snake extend descending, filling at one breath the sequenced layers of the cone. Rather, at each intake of the breath the voice surges through another segment of the escalator. The cry is a snake hurrying along the road. Distant, more distant, it meets here a pocket of the night that holds it momentarily, until the coils are massed into twitching, slimy, apexed sound; then it slides away in haste, frightened by its own excessive agony. Now it lies quietly filling every measure of the revolving stairs with an even, low and horrible monody. I in the middle shaft encompass strangle. My eyes are closed. Each vibration is a shuddering coil. The snake twitches and new eddies of horrid sound arise and are sent wholly up or down.

It is not necessary to know all the components of this voice.

Partly it is the bloody choke of him they tie naked in a latrine at Sunbeam Chaingang Camp, so that his feet are barely not touching the floor; the fat guard Higgenbotham says, "The rope aint tight enough, he can still swallow." Higgenbotham spits on the dirt floor. The boy had run away, naked then too. He hid in the swamp through a night of waiting and he was naked then too. They brought him back, the morning is hot too. His mother lives in Jellicoo. The other guard spits on the floor too. The boy can still swallow. He screams too.

And partly it is the old cry, so often heard it no longer claims attention, of one impaled by war. His fingertips alone retain humanity; one hand and a little of the arm is correlated flesh in this pulped mass. His yellow fingertips make reflexed contact with the earth, seeking the warmth of rotting loam they soon will be; he lives only in the twitching hand because his cry, a burbling slime of sound, has become too horrible for pity. It must not be admitted to be human sound. Catch the polecat for his skin; lots of stenographers have skunk fur on their everyday coats. I don't know who all wear soldier skins. And there is bound to be noise

when the trap clicks and there is no trapper with a club to stop the ebbing dying rising screams. A job for God who must have a club handy, or at least a club handle.

And in among the assorted cries of pain which have made this hole their own there is a great barking of little dogs. This sound makes tiny waves in the wake of the longdrawn, highpitched inhumanity of man in anguish. Hundreds of dogs in little coops and rows of coops. Kind dog catcher. Nice pound wagon. A little dog smiles up at me, shaking his head and rump. He wants a friend. The pound smells strongly of disinfectant. And slow-dying soldiers are waiting for the trapper, and the parade goes past me, sound forming into ranks again.

Here is a man with a basket full of doughnuts. He breathes hard, a rasping inhalation exhalation at each step down the escalator. His wife came the other time. We live on a high hill. His wife is sick now, but she got up early in a cold room to fry these miserable doughnuts. She has seen the machines they use in windows where doughnuts are dipped, fried, so perfectly, so meticulously, so deilciously. But she doesn't know what else to do so she goes on frying doughnuts. How horrible the smell in an empty room, cold. No breakfast. Now he takes the basket. I didn't buy any. She crawls back into bed. There are not enough covers.

She and he are decent, tall; one wears glasses; he was a shipping clerk once; she taught school. Knowing, loving trees in lanes and gentle spring they have been grateful to God and even the street car conductor for their small Sunday outings. Now he clods downstairs with the doughnuts. If he sells them, food. But there could never be enough money for another blanket. He does not sell them. Doughnuts in a cold house, cold bed. Goodnight.

When the county hospital receives her emaciated carcass, starvation written on the chart, he, also starved but not yet in mortal throe so no business of the doctors, looks faintly down the lane of beds and his whisper sidles through the convolutions of the vortex and is held, "So far to go. Ellen is dying —" each word in its slow emptiness caught static in the intensity of the vortex whirl as a leaf that remains terribly long at the brink of the maelstrom, "so far to go —" But another voice eclipses his faint sibilence, coming from above, coming from all sides, bass, honest and cold, "I cannot say there will be no starvation here this winter."

Governor of a black colony, since this is his admission his also to pronounce who is to live and who to die. The negroes are filling the abyss.

"You," and he speaks to a man whose hand is damply clutched by a blacker, smaller hand," are to feel the vile distention of your belly and the then incaving until the sides adhere, and you die ultimately."

"Yes, sair," the black head nods, but not perfectly comprehending. Two chosen. Two more: the woman with the red sash who carries a baby crying because his teeth are coming in. Two more, a hundred more, a thousand more, ten thousand more must be selected. And is there hope still in their tread? They enter swiftly, and silently, surrounding the shipping clerk who looks upon them with pity and offers them his doughnuts, which however not being a loaf and fishes are of no account.

The ten thousand are moving quietly toward the bottom of the stairs; now in profound stillness their eyes are lifted all at one time. Ten thousand negroes raise their eyes at once: dear God! must I be thus pillowed in the soft brown eyes of doomed savages? They are gone. They ask nothing. Their eyes have vanished; remains only the glint on a pair of nose glasses.

The shipping clerk has been carried by the voiceless submission of the negroes and by the magnet of the vortex struggling into the last loop. He can see now what is the absorbtion point to which he has arrived, and a final flicker of strength animates his bones, rushes up faltering but somewhat strong to rouse him against the insistence of the escalator, making him fight upward on bony hands and knees. His pale eyes are uplifted and his face is clothed in such heartbreaking terror as human face was not molded to convey; but then his face is reclothed by a thought which has no home here — that there is hope even for him whose feet are already in the pit. It is something he sees in the spirals beyond my sight which has given birth to his hope. To him there must be vision, even comfort; to me there is only the long shadow of a crucifix that falls athwart the throbbing coil of stairs, screened distorted transverse the gulf.

Nevertheless, my eyes, bowed first to the desperate insect struggle of the shipping clerk and then raised to the cross, forget the slipping clattering clutching there below, and when I look again the glint on the nose glasses has vanished. I forget because of the voice, marvellous and pitiful, that follows the undulations of the cross, saying, "Suffer the little children that they come unto Me," trailing agonized through each rotation of the stairs to the very bottom.

And children's feet are coming down the stairs in answer. They are answering the voice. They can go faster than the escalator. But

where are they going? There is only the pit ahead. The tender voice, like a movie organ but much sadder, is repeating, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not."

Bad boy, bad boy, he's a wicked boy. That ever a son of mine should be like this! Since his father's death I was mother and father to him, both. You'll end in jail. You'll end up hanged. I am in jail. I'm in the reformatory forever. I drownded a kid in a swimming pool. I held him under. They talked to me. I said yes I done it. But I didn't look at them when they talked to me. I looked at some sun coming in the window.

The ugly little girl is Nappy. She is five. She has been placed out for adoption several times but she is always sent back. She and the worker are going to stop at another door. They have rung the bell. The worker has got Nappy a new hat and they both know why. Nappy is looking at the door. It opens . . . .

The one dressed like a child movie star is the daughter of a halfwit murderess. How fast she runs! Her face is terribly white and her curls, sausages, fly behind her. The mother broke open her sleeping husband's head because she liked the husband of the housemaid better. In jail she decided to confess the crime to her daughter. The reporters thought this had human interest and stood by while the vapid fatty woman pawed over and muled over the child, she standing like a stone and then suddenly running away, an animal crying.

How lightly their feet cover the rotations of the abyss! In front of them, half way down the cone, a crowd has gathered making crowd noises, looking with aimless lethargy around the heads and shoulders of each other; but the children do not lessen their pace, push through to reach the crucifix. And it is this, swaying, moving rapidly, down carried in speed, Christ nailed to His cross that is the object of the crowd's attention. Someone has put a purple sateen bag over His head, like in Lent, and over each hand. But the sight merely of His feet, with the nails pounded between the bones, would shake a world or even a bigger planet. The thieves are carried after Him but their bodies are very stringy. Those who bear the roods are dressed like misericordia brothers, and ahead clearing the way there are men who hold up long placards. These men wear my uncle's old shoes. Their faces are as always grey and anxious to please. They march abreast in lines, each line with a banner, like states in a nominating convention. The banners read THE CRUCIFIXION!

Some say this is only a movie prologue for a picture called *The*

Sign of the Cross. Certainly all the happy little children who have a dime rush away after the banner bearers. Their parents have something else to do and the children are a bother; besides the movie shows a boy of twelve put into a pit with a huge black torturer and appropriate instruments where he screams to the satisfaction of all. They have to hurry if they want seats. The theatre will be filled.

The crowd is glad the children have gone because the escalator has to be cleared for the walkathon. Everyone thinks this is a wonderful place for a walkathon: the contestants can go around and around giving the patrons a chance to see from above and below as well as straight ahead. But it is hard to get the space cleared. There is always someone coming in from the top.

Now it is Marvin who stands looking dazed at the crowds around him. On Christmas eve the Elks gave a party at the Orphanage. Marvin took his candy canes and toy autos and hid them under his bed in the dormitory, but he couldn't really hide them. The matron explained loudly to later visitors, "I don't know what's the matter with that new boy, Marvin; he even tried to hide his icecream under his bed!" Marvin heard them because he was coming down the stairs from the dormitory. "Suffer little children."

The patrons of the walkathon shove Marvin out of the way and let out a shout. Billee, in shorts and a brassiere, and her partner, in shorts, are ready for the sprints, a special added attraction to the routine "twelve hundred hours of sleepless perambulation."

The announcer's fecund blather fills the cone, "Four couples . . . . Billee and Herbert . . . . Marie and Gaston . . . . the girls may run but the boys must walk. If one member of the team passes out the other must make twice the distance . . . . Doctors, nurses and restoratives are being placed in the centre . . ."

I am Billee. I am fifteen. I hitchhiked from Peoria to Sacramento, California, to my aunt's out there, but my aunt's husband didn't like me. He said he supposed girls were pretty free nowadays but not by God every night under the front steps. At the clinic they said I had ghonorrhea. My aunt and I went in out of the hot sun and it was dark in the clinic. Yeah, they said, she has it. Is it catching? Because my aunt has three kids. Yeah, they said, sure, very.

They wanted to put me in some kind of a home in Oakland to cure me, but my boy friend says, hell, kid, we'll enter the walkathon. They'll never figure to look for you there. All you need is an extra pair of shoes. You can take a pair of your uncle's old shoes. You

walked from Peoria, you ought to be able to walk five six weeks more.

"Her boy friend'll never make it around twice" . . . . "I'll bet he goes out on the long stretch there" . . . . God, look at her, shes holding him up" . . . . "There he goes, pooped out on the first time around" . . . . "She'll have to run now" . . . . "Look she's going to wheel right up against the rail here" . . . . "Ready, kid" . . . . Billee stumbles again and again against the girding . . . . Laughing dumbells gather there to buttress her nakedness . . . . Each impact throws her back into the ring and a little forward . . . . "Hey, doc, you better get her. She's clean out" . . . . "Look, she's going to fall" . . . . Legs and arms uncontrolled she is put on a bed in the centre . . . . She is kneaded into reactivity amid the dumbells' plaudits . . . . Words in the foul air above her . . . . She fights not to hear . . . . "Swell show but get up and keep going" . . . . "Aren't you going to fasten her brassiere?" calls out a woman patron.

Automaton on her giddy feet again she tries to run. Each time around is a coil nearer the vortex. Why does she make such destroying effort to get there?

"To come unto Me and forbid them not." Some are entering now with a dragging and a scraping. These, now parallel with me, are too terrible to behold. Yet here in the abyss I am forced to put my eyes upon them to know their agony which is so great that after the seeing I find myself covered with wounds, from head to foot, which I doubt will ever heal. Two little boys, brothers, walked together every day to school. A soft pink creature, partly male, of perversion beyond perversion stole them away, but they lived on for weeks.

Oh my God return me for one moment to the orchard near my mother's house that I may reach up my face to the down drifting petals; I will bury my tortured loins in the delicious loam and die.

The little daughter of a father was stolen and returned to him piece by piece, and the newspaper sales rose to unprecedented heights. DISMEMBERED BODY FOUND IN SUTRO FOREST. WOMAN FINED IN BOY TORTURE. Extra, Extra. PIPE DISCOVERED IN MURDER BUNGALOW. Extra. (On a park bench some vacant misused idiot reads watering-mouthed and the headlines groom their own next actor.) Extra. EX-SOLDIER BLINDS HIS PARAMOUR AND KILLS HER WITH AN AX. Extra. Extra. Extra. JURY OUT IN LAMMSON CASE.

And rustling fills the vortex because additional pictures will be

found in Section 2, and every commuter turns to Section 2. Rustling then quickly finished because two hundred thousand wrapt attentions have fallen on the picture of a dead woman in a bathtub. The vortex is a conical stadium where the cheering section has turned up the signalled placards for a bleacher stunt, two hundred thousand pictures of a young woman dead in her bathtub.

And then "Michaelson has been reprieved several times. One execution date fell on his birthday, another came on St. Patrick's Day and the last during the bank holiday. The governor said he was unwilling to have any man hanged on those dates." Even when the bank holidays are over how long they take to hang him. How measuredly they lead him down the escalator. Toward the bottom they have to drag him, but death is beyond the vortex; first, for the pleasure of the man who reads his paper every night, he must be dragged, loop by loop. After that death is nothing.

Into the cone are pouring now murderers whose crime is a vaudeville act, trial a passing of hours and knitting for the sansculottes — "and there was evidence found by the police that Mrs. Perdue had deceived her husband as to the reason for her refusal of his attentions on the night of the tragedy" — and whose death and rotting bodies are delicious carrion for the carrion eaters. In this procession each killer holds on his back or in his arms the killed. Both are fair sport.

The burdened dead and the burdened living who convey them have not vanished from sight when the patrons leave them and crowd to the top of the cone because the newsboys are calling extra again. But this time it is something special, Extra. Extra. NEGRO ATTACKS WHITE WOMAN.

Cries. Cries again. Cries fill all of the hole and the snake is stirring again. First it is the voiceless pant of one pursued and then following hard after, catching the first cry and letting it go, catching it again, comes the horrible roar of the many pursuers. They join shouts with the shrill newsboys, Extra, extra, NEGRO ATTACKS WHITE WOMAN, but their sound is a hoarse animal clamour, bestial, a voice at last released. They are the men at the doors. They are the placard bearers. Him they pursue to tear asunder is barefoot, a negro, but they are not barefoot. They are wearing my uncle's old shoes.

Down the stairs they pound, beat of feet and beat of voice together, "The black son of a bitch. He violated a white girl. He violated a white girl."

They hang him on a tree and before he can die cunningly they

cut his fingers and his toes and his hands and his legs, dissect them joint by joint. This happened today; this happened on the escalator. I saw it.

And then they carry him, not dead, they howling with the joy of achievement, down the long reaches of the staircase. And as the gory band march fast and faster down the final slopes to the absorption point there rises one to meet them. They carrying down their black burden on a tree, son of a bitch, hacked violated, meet the Son of Man who has no place to lay His head, who returns from the pit of human suffering because the pit would not stomach Him. Himself carries His tree and His feet skeletonous are still so beautiful as to move the orbit of the sun, but the negro has no feet left.

So there cross each other there on the escalator a red thread of horror as sharp as a knife and the white throbbing of a nameless disappointment. God stumbles up the stairs he once descended to mount finally I do not know what flat goal, even the merry-go-round, and the vagrant crowd goes down to throw its negro into the abyss. But afterwards they are afraid, the place is very dark, and they clatter away with haste and tumult.

Then quiet is the vortex, a quiet Christ upmoving and a million miseries go down. These are the multitude of unknown sufferers. They pass me now as they must have always been moving by, unseen before because so shadowy amid the garrish horror of the other. Many of them come in from space beyond space that does surround the vortex, clustering in: women in postures of unattended travail; women who work never stopping for disease or death; long sequences of miserable sick for whom there is no love; little groups whispering together in the whiteness of true despair; and infinite numbers of human creatures who throw their beautiful human effort, strain and mar their minds and bodies at some trivial silly task, because they must, because they must.

We are very tired. Sound is gone. Everyone is covered with wounds. This stillness is the irrevocable fading of activity into inactivity, finding of the point where moaning and gnashing of teeth have no longer any cogence. Lifting of a hand, which because the body is so tired, is tearing of the bowels and destruction of life must none the less be accomplished in silence.

And now I can no longer defer the surveyal of that final vortex into which they have all descended, leaving me alone, atomic against the moving precipices around me. I know I must look down, force eyes to behold, for if these are the transpiring

happenings of the world to which one is born then either to mount a high cliff in the most distant mountains and die hurled self impelled into jagged space, or otherwise one must descend, survey, and if there is no strength left to rise again then there remain, wounded beyond health but at least not blind. And so by effort like the lifting of a mountain I lower my eyes into the hidden abyss.

Pitiless! Pitiless! There is no pity. And pity therein poured is merely a trickle of water in the perpetual churn of flaming oil. But none the less I pour my pity there; I open a vein in my heart and pour in the little dribble of blood and love. It does not reach them. I see the doughnut man, but without his glasses now and ground almost into oblivion, maimed, clutching his empty basket. And all the children are there; the moving staircase on which they descended, now like an inexorable drill is dismembering them, tramping them down, crushing them not into the loam from which they may have risen and which man may always know as friend, but into a mass, useless, hideous, ultimately nothing but slime, like the spittle of a Behemoth.

LITTLE MANTIC ALMAGESTE

To illustrate the line which I have tried to follow, regardless of the ever-changing fashions and snobisms of contemporary literature, in my own personal development, in Transition *and outside of* Transition, *I have made this little selection of gnostic, mystic and romantic texts for those readers who are interested in the new* Transition. *My main purpose in founding the first* transition *was to liberate the imagination, both in its idealistic and its verbal form. As early as in the third number of* transition, *in 1927, I called for a "new magic". As I rejected the estheticism and naturalism of my age, I came to the conclusion, which today is an inner conviction, that poetry is identical with the* ecstatic *way of thinking, that it is the expression of a* cosmic *sense, that it manifests itself in liturgy and mythos. It is the eternal way of thinking (which was temporarily buried beneath the positivistic débris during the last century), an inner, subjective-objective thinking, a visionary striving for identity, the struggle for a* phantasmagoric reality. *This* mantic *or* esoteric *way of looking at life and nature is the aim of* vertigralism.

Eugene Jolas.

William Blake:

I have written the poems from immediate dictation, twelve or sometimes twenty or thirty lines at a time, without premeditation, and even against my will. The time it has taken in writing was thus rendered non-existent, and an immense poem exists which seems to be the labour of a long life, all produced without labour or study.

Jacob Boehme:

Art has not wrote here, neither was there any time to consider how to set it punctually down, according to the Understanding of the Letters, but all was ordered according to the Direction of the Spirit, which often went in haste, so that in many words Letters may be wanting, and in some Places a Capital Letter for a word; so that the Penman's Hand, by reason he was not accustomed to it, did often shake. And though I could have wrote in a more accurate, fair and plain Manner, yet the Reason was this, that the burning Fire often forced forward with Speed, and the Hand and Pen must hasten directly after it; for it comes and goes as a sudden Shower.

(Quoted in Evelyn Underhill's Mysticism, *Methuen & Co., London)*

Dionysius Areopagita:

But if you are seriously striving for the visions of a mystic illumination, abandon the sensual perceptions, the results of abstract thinking, the intellectual things, all being and non-being, and rise, through the refusal of all experience and knowledge, to the union with him who is above all essence and cognition. For only thus will you be led to the ray of the divine dark.

Emerson:

All things mount and mount.

G. TH. Fechner:

(From: Zend-Avesta)

Our mythos of the angels seems indeed to me like a child's prelude, a lovely premonition, an anthropomorphic simile for the true doctrine about the angels.

Gnostic Hymn:

Sigils in my hands, I shall descend;
I shall make my way through the universal aeons;
I shall reveal all the mysteries;
I shall manifest the forms the gods show,
I shall give the name of gnosis to the secrets of the holy path,
And I shall hand them on...

Madame Guyon:

As soon as I began to read Holy Scripture, I was caused to write the passage that I had read; and at once, the interpretation of it was given to me. In writing the passage I had not the least thought of the interpretation. Yet no sooner was it written, than it was given to me to explain it, writing with inconceivable swiftness. Before writing, I knew not what I was going to write: in writing, I saw that I wrote things which I had never known, and during the time of this manifestation it was revealed to me that I had in me treasures of knowledge and understanding which I did not know that I possessed...

(Quoted in Evelyn Underhill's Mysticism, *Methuen & Co., London)*

Hamann, The Magus of the North:

Language is a sacrament.
Poetry is the mother-tongue of the human race.

Herder:

In general we may say that all imaginative peoples have always had a powerful dream-life... it is more than likely that dreams were the first muses, the mothers of fiction and poetry.

Hymn of Jesus:

(Gnostic Text)

I am the *Word* which did *play* and *dance* all things.

Sir James Jeans:

There is a wide measure of agreement, which on the physical side of science approaches almost to unanimity, that the stream of knowledge is heading towards a non-mechanical reality... the universe begins to look more like a great thought than like a great machine.

St. John of the Cross:

(From: The Ascent of Mount Carmel)

The third kind of interior locutions are the substantial words. Though these are also formal, inasmuch as they are formally impressed on the soul, they differ from them in this; the substantial locutions produce a vivid and substantial effect in the soul, while those locutions which are only formal do not, though it be true that every substantial locution is also formal, yet every formal locution is not substantial; but only that which really impresses on the soul what it signifies. Thus, if our Lord were to say formally to a particular soul: Be thou good; that soul would immediately be good. Or, Love thou Me; that soul would at once have and feel in itself the substance of love, that is, a true love of God. Or, again, if He were to say to a timid soul, Be not afraid; that soul would on the instant become courageous and calm. For "The Word of God" saith the wise man, "is full of power." Thus, what the locution meaneth, is substantially accomplished in the soul. This is the meaning of those words of David:

"He will give to his voice the voice of power." Thus, also, dealt He with Abraham, when He said unto him, "Walk before Me, and be perfect". Abraham was then perfect, and ever walked reverently before God. This is the power of His word in the gospel by which he healed the sick and raised the dead, by a word only.

Justinus Kerner: [1])

(From: Die Seherin von Prevorst)

From this inner seeing of the deepest states of nature and the truest qualities of things have come those pronouncements and proclamations by somnambulists, as well as the inexplicable knowledge of primitive peoples. Thus the time measure of the clairvoyants has an analogy with the ageold systems of numbers, especially with the numbers which occur so often in the Books of Moses, and, applied to religious subjects, appear as sacred numbers, as 3, 7 and 40, for instance; it also resembles the numbers with which the prophets predicted the future, as can be seen in the mystic time-calculations of Daniel and his 70 weeks.

Soeren Kierkegaard: [1])

Men must have lived much more simply in the days, when they believed that God showed his will to them in their dreams. Even from the dietetic standpoint, they must have lived more simply. An idyllic pastoral life and mostly vegetable food — that made it possible. Look at life in the big cities and the way men live there: is it to be wondered at that men attribute their dreams to the devil or to demons? . . . . The former, more simple ages had a pious belief that the unconscious in men was the predominant and the deepest element of life.

Lao Tzu:

Without going out of doors, one may know the whole world; without

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[1]) *See also my translation of "The Inner Language" from the same book in* Transition: 1932.

[2]) *This greatest and most personal of the scandinavian metaphysicians has not yet been translated into English, as far as I know. Excellent german translations have been available for a number of years. I understand the* Nouvelle Revue Francaise *is preparing the publication of a French translation.*

looking out of the window, one may see the Way of Heaven. The farther one travels, the less one may know.
Tao says: there is nothing which is not objective; there is nothing which is not subjective. *But we cannot start from the objective. We start from the subjective.*

Louis Claude de Saint-Martin:

I heard flowers that made music, and saw notes that shone.
Numbers are nought but a translation of the truths and laws the basic text of which is contained in God, man and nature.

Novalis: [1])

The first man is the first seer. Everything appears as spirit to him. Are not children the first of the race? The child's first look is more sublime than the visions of the greatest seer.
We must romanticize the world. Thus do we find its original meaning again. To romanticize is nothing but a qualitative potentialization. The lower self is identified in this operation with a better self. Just as we ourselves are such a qualitative potency. This operation is as yet entirely unknown. By endowing the common with a higher sense, the ordinary with a mysterious aspect, that which is known with the dignity of the unknown, the finite with the appearance of the infinite, I romanticize the world.
The imagination is that sense of the *marvellous* which can replace all our senses and which is entirely in our power.

Pascal:

L'an de grace 1654, lundi, 23 novembre, jour de Saint-Clément, pape et martyre, veille de Saint-Chrisogone, martyr et autres, depuis environ dix heures et demie du soir jusques environ minuit et demie, — FEU!
Dieu d'Abraham, Dieu d'Isaac, Dieu de Jacob, Noms des philosophes et des savants. Certitude, Certitude. Sentiment. Joie. Paix. Oubli du monde et de tout hormis Dieu. Le monde ne t'a point connu, mais je t'ai connu. Joie! Joie! Pleurs de Joie!
(This stammering note was found on Pascal's body after his death.)

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[1]) *See also my translations of his* Hymns to the Night *and his aphorisms on the dream and the fairy tale in* Transition 18 (1928).

Jean Paul:

The dreamer endows the persons playing on the stage of his dreams with the most extraordinary language....

Philo:

The Godhead can be known only in corybantic madness. All higher cognitions are mysteries and orgies. The philosopher introducing us to them is a mystagogue and a hierophant.

Max Piccard:

If man has once loosened his relation to his own *vertical*, to the vertical of his own form, he no longer feels its meaning. He no longer feels that there is an *Above*. He no longer feels heaven, the stars, which move vertically towards him, he no longer feels the inhibiting force with which this vertical falls into the hurrying horizontal.

Plotinus:

Three phases has knowledge: opinion, science and illumination. Ecstasy — the flight of the Alone to the Alone.

Schelling:

(From: System of Transcendental Idealism)

If the esthetic perception is only the transcendental perception become objective, it is understood that art is the only true and eternal organon and document of philosophy which continuously and always anew proclaims that which philosophy is unable to represent externally, to wit, the unconscious in action and production and its original identity with the conscious. For this reason art is the highest form to the philosopher, because it opens to him, as it were, the Holy of Holies, where that which is separate in nature and history burns with one flame in an eternal and primal union. The view of nature which the philosopher creates for himself is the original and natural one for art. What we call nature is a poem that lies hidden in secret, mysterious writing. But we could solve the riddle, if we could recognize in it the odyssey of the spirit which, marvellously deluded, seeking itself, flees itself... Nature is to the artist what it is to the philosopher, to wit, the

ideal world appearing under continuous restrictions, or only the imperfect reflex of a world that exists, not outside, but inside of himself.

Swedenborg:

I intend to communicate a number of examples of correspondences, together with a vocabulary, containing the terms of spiritual things, as well as of the physical things, for which they are to be substituted. This symbolism pervades the living body.

St. Teresa of Avila:

These words are very distinctly formed; but by the bodily ear they are not heard. They are, however, much more clearly understood than if they were heard by the ear. It is impossible not to understand them, whatever resistance we may offer... The words formed by the understanding effect nothing, but when our Lord speaks, it is at once word and work.

Vedanta

(Gaudapadiya Karika):

The condition before sleep and the dream are one, says the Sage;
For they equally manifest the multiple, which is an evident proof.

William James:

I have myself, as American agent for the census, collected hundreds of cases of hallucination in healthy persons. The result is to make me feel that we all have potentially a 'subliminal' self, which may make at any time irruption into our ordinary lives. At its lowest, it is only the despository of our forgotten memories; at its highest, we do not know what it is at all.

C. G. Jung:

Only the psychic has reality, every form of the psychic has it, even the 'unreal' representations and thoughts that relate to no 'outside'... Our highly praised reason and our immeasurably overrated will, prove powerless in the face of 'unreal' thought.

Rudolf Kassner:

It is quite obvious to us that man's stature which has a *vertical*

relation to the earth indicates the tension between the earthly and the celestial, between below and above.

Henri Bergson:

L'humanité gémit, à demi écrasée sous le poids des progrès qu'elle a faits. Elle ne sait pas assez que son avenir dépend d'elle. A elle de voir d'abord si elle veut continuer à vivre. A elle de se demander si elle veut vivre seulement, ou fournir en outre l'effort nécessaire pour que s'accomplisse, jusque sur notre planète réfractaire, la fonction essentielle de l'univers, qui est une machine à faire des dieux.

FOUR PRIMITIVE DOCUMENTS

Gustave Barroso:

ASTRONOMICAL LEGEND [1])

A long time ago the women left to gather corn in the fields. They had a meager harvest. So they thought of having a young man help them with the work. The latter used this chance to hide part of the harvest in his quiver.

When he came home, he gave the corn to his aunt who made cakes out of it. Friends were invited to eat the cakes. The young man and his friends suddenly realized that the old woman might tell the story to their mothers. Stricken with fear, they decided, therefore, to cut off her tongue and arms. In that way she would no longer be able to talk or to make gestures. Finally they became still more frightened by the crime they had committed and they decided to try to hide in the sky.

For this they called the Pioddouddou [2]) and gave him a rope saying:

— Attach one end of this rope to this liana, and the other to the sky.

The bird did as he was told, and they began to climb up to the sky. On their return to the village, the women looked everywhere for their sons, and they finally saw them climbing up into the sky. They called them with soft voices, but in vain. The mothers, therefore, decided to climb up also.

The corn-thief was the last on the rope. When he saw that his companions had arrived in the sky, he cut the rope, and all the poor women fell down on the earth and became changed into animals.

The heartless youngsters were condemned to remain forever in the sky, their eyes fixed on the earth trying to see what had become of their mothers. It is their eyes that are the stars.

(Translated from the author's French arrangement by M. J.)

Alejo Carpentier:

TWO CUBAN NEGRO PRAYERS

The two prayers which I transcribe here — without taking any liberty other than that of putting aright the punctuation, the absence of which renders the original texts almost incomprehensible — are published in Cuba by village print-shops, and are sold

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[1]) *Collected among Bororo Indians in Brazil.*

[2]) *Humming-Bird.*

in the countryside. Composed by negroes, these prayers are inspired by a religious sense which invokes, without distinction, all the divine powers for delivrance from the cruelties of daily life. They help in the effort to pacify a jealous woman, to drive phantoms away, to paralyze evil tongues, to lighten the pains of childbirth. For this the Virgin is as useful as the anima sóla *(the damned soul), or* Babayou-Aye, *the divinity imported from Africa which is represented in the Carribbean as having the features of the Catholic Saint Lazarus. But the prayer is only the first phase of confidence. If events are not foiled by prayer, the negroes go in search of the witch-doctor who puts in motion the terrifying action of the* embos *and counter-*embos *(voodoo and counter-voodoo).*

The first prayer is destined for pregnant women, and also serves to drive phantoms away:

"LONG LIVE THE VIRGIN OF CHARITY!

"This oration is a copy of the one which the Virgin of Charity of Cobre left behind, when the three Johns were sailing on the sea. A storm caused their bark to capsize, and they were about to drown, when they called for her aid; for they were faithful to her and wore her image in a reliquy suspended around their necks. She appeared above their canoe, saved all three of them: John called Hate, John the Indian and John the Slave, and said to them: Know you, my sons, that I am the Queen and Mother of Almighty God, and those who believe in my great power and are faithful to me will always keep my portrait in a reliquy with them; they will never be pursued by phantoms, nor suffer a sudden death; no mad dog or wild beasts will bite them; they will be free from all accidents and never see any phantoms, if they say: 'May Charity accompany me, as well as her Son, with the four Qospels and the Cross on which He died, Amen!' Then she said to John the Slave: John, I leave you this prayer so that when a woman is about to be delivered of a child and sore in pain, in those sad and bitter hours, let her place this prayer on her womb and make the sign of the cross in memory of the seven sorrows I had to suffer. From heaven God's benediction will then descend on the new creature, and while a Credo to God's great power and a Salve to the Very Holy Virgin of Charity is said, the woman will be delivered without danger. Amen.

PRAYER TO THE DAMNED SOUL

"Sad and lonely soul: Nobody calls you, I call you; nobody needs you, I need you; nobody loves you, I love you. Since I suppose

that you cannot enter into heaven, because you are in hell, you will get on the best horse, race to the Mount of Olives, cut off three branches from a tree, and rub the abdomen of Mr. N [1]) so that he may no longer be able to stop anywhere, to sit down, to eat, or to sleep, and so that no negress or mulatto may be with him, and so that he will run after me like a wild dog.

"This prayer must be said every day, at noon and at midnight, while a lamp is being lighted and placed on the ground behind the door."

The last prayer is composed for the jealous woman whose lover is about to leave on a voyage.

(Translated from the Spanish manuscript by F. L.)

Leo Frobenius:

DAY AND NIGHT, A YORUBA FOLKTALE

An old woman had three children, all of them girls. They were very beautiful. Many men came and wanted to have them for wives. The mother did not give them to any of them. The Osi [1]) said: "I want to have Odedere Mamiu, Odedere Osuli and Ogdiba for my wives." (These were the names of the girls.) The mother said: "I'm not going to give these three girls to anyone for wives". The three girls had not yet known any men.

One day the three sisters came to their mother and said: "We would like to go to the market". The mother said: "That can't be done. You must stay at home." The three girls said: "Let us go to the market." The mother said: "That can't be done. You must stay at home." The girls said amongst themselves: "We have to go to the market once." Afterwards, they went to the market, without their mother knowing it. Ahun [2]) saw the three girls at the market. He raced to Osi and said: "The three girls you would like to have are at the market." Ahun was Osi's slave. Osi said to Ahun: "Go and bring them to me." Ahun went to the market. He saw the three girls and said to them: "Come with me, Osi wants to talk to you." The girls went along with Ahun to Osi. Osi asked them: "Do you want to sleep with me?" The girls said: "No, we don't want to get married." Osi asked: "Do you want to sleep with me?" The girls said: "No, we don't want to marry you." Where upon Osi had all three of them killed.

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[1]) *Here the lover's name is inserted.*

[1]) *The King.*

[2]) *The Turtle.*

When evening came, the mother looked for her daughters. She asked everyone who came from the market: "Have you seen my daughters?" Everyone said: "I don't know where your daughters are." The woman had two hundred and one Ados (Odu-calabashes). She took the two hundred and first Ado. She went out. A thousand people stood there. The old woman said: "Odedere Mamiu, Odedere Osuli, Ogdiba Ossosi. Who has seen them? Where have you gone, my daughters?" The thousand persons said: "Osi has killed them all three." The old woman took an Ado, beat it on the earth so that it burst, and called: "May all these thousand persons die!" The thousand persons died. The old woman went to the Bode (guardians of the gate) in the royal city. She shattered an Ado and called: "May all the guardians die!" Whereupon all the guardians died. The woman went to the market, destroyed an Ado called: "May all the people here die!" Everyone died. The woman went into the royal palace, destroyed an Ado on the floor, and called: "May all the people here die!" All the people died, even Osi.
Finally there was only an old woman left alive. This old woman had the same Ogu as the mother of the three girls. The mother of the three girls could not kill the other woman.
When one of the old women shattered an Ado, or calabash, everything turned into light. When the other one shattered an Ado, darkness came. They threw away their Ado calabashes one after the other. When they had finished, they changed into two shrubs along the road. Since that time day and night exist.
(Translated from the author's German arrangement of the African text by E. J.)

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TEXTE ENFANTIN: [1])

un jour A est allez ce promener elle a rencontrer B tien dit A tuveu prendre le thé chez moi oui dit B Oh dit A voila C qui vien nous rejoindre Bonjour C c'est a quelle heur est ce que nous venons dit C a 4 heur dit A Oh je vais rentrer Oh nous aussi: apaine A etait elle rentrer la sonette sonna A alla ouvrir Ah bonjour D comment sa va bien dit D tien je vais ouvrir les vollet Oh coucou EFGHI vous vener pour le thé oui aller J ne me tire pas ma robe Oh bonjour J dit A bonjour A dit J mais K did J tu va a la fete de A oui oh dit L voila J tien J je t'ai acheter ton corset merci dit J oh dit J MNOP vienn tien bonjour MNOP et voilà ancor QRSTU ding ding ding dong il est 4 heur vener dit A oh du chocolat ils dise voilà on sasoit oh les gros retardadeurs UWXYZ asseyez vous

[1]) Age 7.

F. M. Huebner:

POSSESSION

The first phases of endogenous processes are, for the most part, less noticeable in themselves, than through the emergence of a secondary phenomenon. The actual malady seems to be covered up, whereas the accompanying phenomenon is visible and tangible. It exists in a feeling of indescribable apprehension, indescribable because it is without cause, without direction, without content, a state of purely existential anguish. The person suffering from it is somewhat astonished at his feeling of intoxication, his feeling of increased power, it is as if he were giddy because of his tremendous self-assurance, somehow he is conscious of the danger of his condition. Now he begins to worry about his own rapture, he would like to put on the brakes, he would like to stem himself against its roaring drive, to get a foothold somewhere, in order not to be hurled to the ground. But the fact that he arrives at nothingness in himself, that his intelligence leaves him in the lurch, as it were, disquiets and frightens him the more.

The fluidal veil which clouds the sick personality more and more, increases constantly not only in mass, but in magnetic power. Its attraction becomes more and more definite, reaches farther and farther, the patient sees himself placed in the vicinity of events that are entirely alien and incomprehensible to him, indeed he even feels that he is taking part in them. The protest by the intelligence, even though it occur, proves powerless. The patient suffers without resistence at being wrenched back and forth within the regions of a perfectly illogical existence, which now emerges enigmatically from out the dark, saturated and illuminated by the gleam of this excited aura.

Hallucinations appear. If already in the early phase there have been relationships of all kinds made visible, as if the world had awakened out of its magic sleep and begun to speak, these relationships now assume the sense of intentional messages. Everything gives him hints, there is a signal that comes from every object and event. The patient captures the messages, and since he understands the secret key, he understands their meaning. Only he knows less and less how to adjust all this to his real life. The objective world disappears. It escapes behind the curtain of the fluidal rays which have sunk between the individual and the real world.

Strindberg first discovered the earliest embodiments of his aura on his portrait. Here he suddenly saw something in his face that

resembled two goat-like, satanic horns. What happened here, of course, was the realization of a case that had progressed a good way. In general the aura models first of all the features, which in no way impress us as senseless, but nevertheless as the natural property, as it were, of the mediumistically inclined personality. Thus there can flit over the face of a man at the height of his life the reflections of phases of his former evolution, expressions which the person in question had years before, features of his youth, of the childhood ego, with the result that for a longer or shorter period it is no longer the person in question, but his former personality that is in the room.

Observations of this kind may have given an impulse to the existence of the doctrine of reincarnation. Does not man feel, even in his normal life, states and impulsions go through him that come from farther away than from his strictly personal life? Influences and reflections from ancestors which cannot be warded off, which cannot be overlooked. Only they remain for the most part within quite vague sensations, with quite unreliable memories and feelings of *déja vécu*. But the phenomena of psychopathic possession proves visibly and concretely, as it were, that man carries within himself the life-mass of former personalities, and these show a tendency to return to him, to reincorporate themselves in him.

The penchant of the psychopath for the re-incorporation of formerly existent and alien lives increases in places where events of especial violence have occurred. Rooms in which a crime was committed, houses, castles, ruined walls in which treacherous massacres occurred, landscapes in whose earth rest the dead from murderous wars, produce in the psychopathic person an almost apoplectic appearance of fluidal transmissions. It is as if the spirits of the dead suddenly plunged into the aura of the person in question, full of an unspeakable desire to nibble at this magnetic fluid and with its help, to be present again, to show themselves, to reconstruct themselves. The psychopath himself sometimes feels the pressure of the dead about him quite distinctly. Some have reported that they are not only emotionally informed of the presence of the alien chaos, but that they have also received visible proofs, as for instance in the mirror, where they suddenly see beside their own reflection that of somebody whom they are unable to name, although he makes familiar signs to them.

When the swarm of human beings which congregate for personification, are exhausted, as it were, there comes a moment when the aura is filled with phenomena from the world of animals. At first

there come the milder creatures, representatives of a safe and tamed variety; these are followed by the heads and maws of animals from virgin forests and deserts; finally the reptiles and the larvae appear, loathsome and fearful. These phenomena by no means lead a merely subjectively delusional existence, but are objectively perceptible. "In the gravest cases of dementia", says K. Jaspers, "there occurs the creation of caricatured states, transformations in the sense of beasts of prey". For this reason these patients were formerly locked up and chained. The birth of these animals, however, is not always associated with grave cases of dementia. In the less serious cases of possession one can also see the emergence of the inhuman, prehuman, the primitive period, the way it was shown in numerous documents collected by the Inquisition in the Middle Ages.

The fact that men can acquire animal faces, this fact demonstrated by the view of people in rapture or possessed, is probably the origin of the fact that pagan peoples represent certain of their gods with animal faces. In Egypt, as well as in Greece (Zeus in the form of the bull and swan) among the African Gramants as well as with the Mexican Aztecs, in all the cults of Asia gods are represented with the heads of lions, elephants, rams, jackals, hawks, serpents or scorpions on human bodies. These people saw a proof of the truth of their celestial conceptions in the earthly, for which reason we are not faced here with merely allegorically conceived creations. What happened here was the rendition of the experience of possession, an experience they deemed sacred and which revealed to the faithful immediately transcendental relationships.

After the animals, further down into the Hades world, into the aura of the possessed come the monsters, the nightmares, the hobgoblins, the satanic grimaces. They are formations which, when examined at close range, reveal themselves as apparitions from prehistoric days. The similarity of these grinning, horned, mongrel demons with the creatures of the saurian age is obvious. Their descriptions tally among all races everywhere; they are the same with the pious hermits of the Thebais (St. Anthony) as with the early Dutch painters of hell or with William Blake. Here, too, we have to consider that these descriptions, paintings and sculptures in which the devil is presented as a prehistoric, fire-spitting, clawing, winged being, are not to be taken in their allegorical, but in their literal sense. Nor should the story of Christ's temptation by the Prince of Darkness be taken as an allegory, but as a testimony to the fact that the threatening, demonic face of the world entered

the aura of the Godman.

The stigmata of the demons, in the middle ages, caused the person thus struck to be cursed. There are numberless rules of conjuration which were used to drive out evil. The power of the priest wrestled with the power of the monster who often was victorious and infected the exorcist as well. During the fight against the epidemic of possession in Loudun 1637, three of the best and most pious exorcists, three priests, Surin, Lactance and Tranquille, fell victims to the daemonic infection. Surin remained mad for the rest of his life. Tranquille died, after fearful pains, in a state of possession. Even if exorcism was successful, the person convicted of having had relations with the devil was nevertheless executed, because he had been in contact with the adversaries of Christ, the demons. In modern times the practise of exorcism as a therapeutic measure is beginning to be taken up again. Dr C. Wickland, an American psychiatrist, proceeds exactly like the servants of Christ by using interrogations and prayer. He addresses the other consciousness which has taken refuge in the possessed, gives him kind or strict admonitions and tries to transplant it from the aura of the sick person into the aura of an immune carrier (positive medium). I understand that this manipulation has been rewarded with success in many cases.

The process of disintegration is the same as the evolutionary process of the world which is reproduced in the reincarnations of the possessed. The spectator sees phantasmagorically in the space of minutes what in reality has happened in the space of many millions of years. That which with his power of imagination he has never been able to think out (who can ever think out nothingness?) now peers at him in all its terrible reality from out the trance of the psychopath. Shall he try to interfere, shall he try to resist the aeonic process? He is forced to abandon the brother who has vanished behind the dream of the world, the dead man of flesh and bone, who stumbles into nihility.

Having returned to nihility, the possessed teach and demonstrate whence comes all creation, in what abysmal depths lies the beginning from which the formed things rise to ever higher, fairer and purer perfections. On the bottom of the world madness broods, it is the primal, possible form of existence, its fundamental parts, even when the formation escapes from darkness, make themselves independent and lead a life of order and well-being. In the madman we see the split downward to the bottom of the heart, he himself is this split, this schizophrenic decay which gnaws in the kernel of

the fiery stellar masses as well as that of the quivering protoplasma, in the kernel of the rigid measure of a crystal as well as in the polish of a significant thought.

(Translated and adapted from the German by Eugene Jolas)

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Lothar Mundan:

VERTIGRAL POETRY:

The Third Eye

One of Grimm's fairy stories tells of Little One-Eye, Little Two-Eye and Little Three-Eye, and mentions, among other things, how Little Three-Eye's two "normal" eyes were sleeping, while his third eye, the eye in the forehead, was awake watching the extraordinary secret of its sisters. In the mediaeval romantic literature of adventure we frequently meet with such optic abnormalities, and we also know that Odysseus made the unpleasant acquaintance of the one-eyed giant, Polyphemus. A fable even relates that primitive man had three eyes: beside the two ordinary ones he had a third one, the so-called pineal or parietal eye which permitted a perception of the metaphysical being; an extreme mystery to our modern conceptions. With the progressive adjustment of man to his material world and its needs, this miraculous eye has disappeared, the fable states.

Now, is this a mere fable, or one of our dark memories from primal ages? Dragons, too, were formerly believed to be mere fabulous beings, until archeology proved them to have co-existed with man, in the form of saurians, during pre-historic times. And the parietal eyes in the fairy tale — which is also a fable — are intuitively connected with the fontanella, that bone-fissure which we find in infants above the frontal or occipital bones. Nor does it require much audacity to sense a vanished reality underneath this fable. Scientific pioneering activity has often shaped the most improbable things beyond the wildest dreams of earlier humanity into things that became self-understood in the end. It is a fact that the parietal or pineal eye is well-known in zoology and anatomy. In New Zealand there exists a curious lizard, of very primitive form, called Hatteria punctata, with a bright spot on its skull, underneath which there is a rudimentary parietal eye. The same observation has been made in the cases of several other species of lizard, and it is most likely that it existed originally with all lower

vertebrate animals. This may be shown in the frequency with which a small hole has been discovered in the skull. A cut through such an eye shows that it is supplied with nerves from the mid-brain. With many vertebrate animals (petromyzon, saurian), the epiphesis (a growth in the back of the mid-brain) is found in the form of an uneven parietal eye which probably still functions as a sense organ. This is the more interesting in that the embryonic mid-brain also forms the mother-soil from which the retinae of the two eyes evolve.

Those who know the metaphysical direction in the work of Eugene Jolas will not be astonished to see this poet return to the creative source to be found in the concept and hypothetic purpose of the parietal eye. His *Hypnolog des Scheitelauges* is a practical demonstration of the theories which he has been propounding for some time, especially in *Transition*, in *Vertigral*, and his *Language of Night*. They are belligerent manifestoes against the philistine, reportorial, horizontal quality of a superficial lyricism, in favour of a vertigral poetry that is directed towards the zenith, not a poetry of the brain, but of the parietal eye. This poetry is an immediate expression of rapture in an immediate intuitive apperception of the cosmos, and must, therefore, be a-logical, that is, not constructed according to human logic, but based on magical laws, like the universe itself. Linguistically, too, it will have to go back to the time when man was still in possession of the parietal eye, which means: it will have to destroy the logical, old-fashioned language, which, in the final analysis, has become inadequate, in order — this may sound paradoxical — to speak the language of the twentieth century, which has now become a necessity, and which will constitute a bridge to the age of the parietal eye.

(From: *La Voix de Lorraine*).

Thérèse Aubray:

(Peut-être faudrait-il, pour marquer la vèritable place que doit avoir dans notre vie la poésie, disposer d'une sorte de langage magique qui nous servirait aussi bien à communiquer avec les Dieux que nous entretenir avec cette portion de nous-mêmes que trahit le vocabulaire quotidien, déshonoré par tant d'usages approximatifs. Il était beau que les décrits des Frères Arvales fussent écrits dans une langue inintelligible aux Romains. Le monologue poétique, qui est toujours un dialogue entre le connu et l'inconnu, méritrait, lui aussi, une langue sacrée, soustraite aux profanations du tous-les-jours.

En tout cas, doit-il, dans ces moments où la défaillance d'un vocabulaire unique risque d'amoindrir la communication merveilleuse, recourir à tous ces vocables empruntés aux langues non-maternelles? Vocables impolis, résérvés aux grands accomplissements et aux grands sacrifices, mots-mystères que la mémoire inconsciente retrouve dans le silence propitiatoire, mots magiques et rituels, mots de terreur et de joie, que nous ne pensions plus connaître et qui reviennent sous notre plume, avec leur pureté nécessaire, leur force de choc inentamée, leur vertu de miracle.

C'est cette vertu de miracle que je rencontre dans les poèmes anglais de Thérèse Aubray. L'éblouissante adéquation du mot à l'émotion, ce mot et aucun autre, d'aucune autre langue, cet enchainement de cadences, ces rhythmes fatidiques qui sont nés en anglais chez ce poète français, tout cela témoigne de la grandeur du mystère, de la majesté de cette éclosion énigmatique qui a voulu, inconsciemment, une langue inhabituelle, pour s'exprimer. Je songe à Beckford écrivant "Vathek" en français, *parce qu'il n'aurait pas pû l'écrire dans une autre langue.*

Ce que je trouve de plus admirable et de plus bouleversant dans les poèmes anglais de Thérèse Aubray, c'est justement qu'ils n'auraient pas été *cela* en français. Aussi leur valeur de communication est-elle d'autant plus grande qu'un plus vaste mystère les encercle, qu'une plus puissante lumière les illumine. Il ne faut pas considérer ces poèmes commes des "expériences de laboratoire": ils sont bien au delà, puisqu'ils viennent de cette zone ténébreuse de ces messages, de la mémoire instinctive, de la prescience qui se souvient . . . — qui sait? Ce cercle d'ombre appartient, lui aussi, à leur beauté d'incantation.)

Marcel Brion.

The great believer of an unknown faith am I
Dare you approach me, you, sun lovers, and god lovers, and self lovers
You all, the unfair players of an untaught game
The glory and the sin of death be on me
Life's hollow conquest is falling away
Falling into nothingness like thin air.
Yet I am clutching to something unknown unfelt
Something sweet and strange as the touch of a woman's mouth on
airy sand.
It is as if life were burning in me still
But I had no flesh to resent the pain
And felt only the strength of it
The beautiful dancing undying strength.
Must I leave you behind my darling, my earth love?
I loved you and left you, must I do it again
Feeling and groping and clutching at that unknown faith
That made me shun the light of life
And turned me on the way of hell or sky
The beautiful unknown.

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A face is burning into me
A man's face so pale and strange.
I hardly know him, yet he is taking my very limbs for his own
As I take his bruised sweetness and all his forsaken splendour.
The world is pining for our love
Stretching higher and higher as we strive along you and me
Our faces upturned, waiting till our eyes close
And our heads swim, and our nerves ache,
Waiting for all that is to come to us
Happiness and dread, and jealousy's fearful unrest.
And the soaring upwards from abysmal silence
Until death's peace be on us
And behind us.

●

You shall have to go to him and cling to him
And beg for his love as he begs for yours
You shall have to forget all that has been;
Stricken to the core of your life with the burning brand of his desire
I shall be with you though.
Feeding your desperate thriving
Feeding and famishing your want of life and death.

Go to him with your beautiful nakednes of body and soul
He shall enclose you in the pure dimness of his life
He wants you as you want him
As far as any love can reach, you shall reach.

●

That whisper in the night
It had a dying sound . . .
Dead hands, one in the other locked
A wistful garland for your brow.
Lost memories go plodding through the mist
That thickens in the midst of your wild blown love
Love grown wild and love blown dead
A yearning heart is beating to my breath.
Go back to life as I go back to hell . . .
A helpless whisper, that whisper in the night.

●

Arthur Cummins:

ANGELIC INSURGENTS FLY INTO SPACE

When evening comes and the mists gather round the bread,
and the mind is in a grove of Gethsemane,
I hear a dialogue with Death and a leaf tumbling.
Acid bites the plants of half-sleep,

the lacerated star and the sphinx of knowledge,
the mangled feet and the franciscan brain;
black blood drips from a wound of music,
does' eyes stare for mercy and oil-trees.

I make assault upon your gates,
stricken in the sonant surf-weeds I cry;
Held back by the prodigal's convalescence
the litanies bubble in the unageing shadow.

Chaos surges from unfathomable stories.
The walls sing like hymns at vespers.
The windows are blind with frosted waiting.
Rooks seek invulnerable solitude.

Hold on, tranced choristers of fear!
I hunger in a migration to wonders,
there is a treble from strangled nocturnes.
Angelic insurgents fly into space.

●

Homer Jeffries:

WORLD END

this is the delirium of motion
the fair records hold valour at bay
knowingly we plunge into sacrilege
there is a mongol in the sacristy
when you climb the ladder walk slowly
an icy rung is slippery with pitch
men are not hurt by the cherubim
the flight of gulls is not disorder
though all the exodus remains a hymn to succubi

●

Eugene Jolas:

MOTS-FRONTIERE

POLYVOCABLES

malade de peacock-feathers
le sein blue des montagnes and the house strangled by rooks the tender entêtement des trees
the clouds sybilfly and the neumond brûleglisters ein wunder stuerzt ins tal with
eruptions of the abendfoehren et le torrentbruit qui charrie les gestes des enfants
les étoiles s'apprêtent à flamber in the ritual of the stone-age and the loneliness of the fearworld sickers into
the moisson of the hirondelles les vagabonds s'arrêtent am lichtrain it is seraphic in the syllabes of the
evecome and the amoureux are happied by yoreverbs that light-chantent and whirltournent in la possession du sang and
the annihilated time faintshivers softlipped a prayer glides upward the ogres de la paysanne rôdent autour du moulin and
the track of brookmusings flees into felszacken a cloche whimpers there is a grosses fluestern dans les
yeux des jeunes filles the fables have no perplexities but les coeurs ne sont pas fusillés for
c'est the moment when l'opulence der liebessuechte finds its fire-grammar sans les entraves des discours and
the solitude of the companions darkbleeds the roots of the chênes halt the marche et les ombres adoucissent les larmes
but where is the nail and the hammer where is the vinegar tree the urchins bramblewalk dans un allegro and now

I hear them stolpern through the bruised chanson of the ancestor
toutes les maladies de la frontière sont enterrées et
je me souviens d'un flameday dans une vallèe des dieux un feuerruf
virevoltait autour de moi les chimères
woke up in phantomrout les esclaves saignaient dans les couloirs
de saphir les bouches étaient muettes
A pavot balbutiait des mystères of death la violente image se
nourrissait with sulphur et sleep and coma everywhere and
now I stand in the wounded prairie the rhythms of a glocke in
my hands and the aeons lie hymnic over the gables les
lallwords darklehaunt the heart and the corybantic lightmusic
s'enfuit dans les ombres and the caverns hide the mueden voegel
and
je monte au-dessus des forêts a snowstorm dans les cheveux

●

SERAPHIC ASCENSION

the seven archonts hold the keys
slaves look at the distressed sky
we want to storm the gloomgates
we want to hear the gleamwords

upward we rise through the brume
the sunyears crashthunder in pain
the sunyears spheremirror music
there is a praisechant of organhyms

we flitflutter out of timejungles
we luminousrise into cloudforests
the milky way meltflickers past
a cometroar bursts in our hair

titanbirds floatwave wonderblessed
they carry fairy-tale gardens in their beaks
they carry palaces of marchpane and stala
they come from far far away

asteroidbushes flishflash in springsmiles
the zodiac whorldances a roundelay
the orian glides into a platinumpond
there is a shillerflight in etherchaos

silversyllables shimmer to our eyes
lovevowels flitter mothwings
harpwords go ringaling through space
go timenaughtwinging through the light

flamewhirling rise our hungers
we pyramid through planetdust
we are hypophets with angelic choirs
we are drunken with the hymnodies of knowing

●

DANSE TROPICALE, COSMOGRAMME

I.

Dans la Vallée des Prieux j'attends la vertigralité qui me révélera les vocables de feu. Je m'embourbe dans le marais de la flaune filtreuse. Je m'égare dans les gorges chaudes de Notre Dame de Hurakan. Une cristafée apparaît dans la nuée. Elle chante un hypnologue à la pyramide de la lune. Elle dansillotte au rhythme d'une légende crépusculaire.
Moi: — Où est la route qui mène à la cime?
Alors elle rit. Longtemps encore j'entends ce ridélire dans la Vallée Broussailleuse des Prieux.

II.

Les bougisseurs se massissent sous le ciel de violettes. Les vegébeaux se phallussaillent. Ils se lancent, ivres de poisons rouges, dans l'air métabolant et croquetèlent la crousse. C'est un jardin de vertigéants, de sèvetards, de monstreflèches. Je m'arrête sur la sente. Une portépine s'ouvre.
— Que machétessez-vous ici? C'est un petit bouboulot qui m'aztèquasse dans une étrange floussiballe. Je le flixe. Je le rouspitaille. Il me rorabille.
Moi: — Je cherche la pyramide.
Lui: — Entrez donc dans la cactusaille.

III.

Les zopolotes incendient les épines. Un d'eux me fait signe et m'emmène vers une fontanelle qui bruitcoule moussamment devant

la plaza des bassilacs. J'entends des voix fracasaillir l'horizon. Un iguane sort d'une caverne de sucactus et tonibruit aux zopolotes:
— Charognards, je vous annonce l'insurrection des tentacules de fer. Laissez-nous plongiruer dans les solernes où les mantagogues n'ont pas encore remué la terre rouge.

Je suis uburoide de terreur. Soudain un homme-aigle apparaît et croquasse les maliturnes. Il y a une grande mésatrophille de silence dans les gaspidailles des rues.

IV.

Tandis que j'arpente la plaza de caoutchouc, je vois un tigrillo qui rodanse à travers une ruelle. Ses yeux brulâtrent. Il guette quelqu'un dans l'obscurité des sastaruphes. Une plastiquette sort d'une cavernelle et se rue sur le tigrillo. Buffta! Les malastes se ressitent. Bisto! Les gostis s'érasent. C'est une bristipadore de ralacris. C'est une vélorie de sang. Je m'approche en explorateur bien intentionné. Mais le tigrillo, laissant l'adversaire déchiqueté dans la routonnière, me crastihurle:
— Balladigez-vous pronto . . .
Je me balladigue.

V.

Dans une gargote à l'enseigne de Vitziputzli je trouve un gastaroupis qui m'invite à trinquer ferme. Le liquoriste verresille un cactusac rouge qui bouillit. Nous le trinquavalons. C'est alors que je vois le gastaroupis changé en macaw. Il commence à chanter dans une langue miraclophone. Il vole à travers la pièce en papriquant les gustiques. Un vampiratoire hissebourdonne et cherche la fille du liquoriste. La gargote vacille sur le volcan de la Grand'Mere du Titziyaqui.

VI.

Dans la Calle de las Candelabras je vois des nains qui émergent des racines. Les cactus sont sémailleux. Un tapir se toupit dans la rue. Les nains m'entourent en chantillant. Quand ils s'arrêtent, je me trouve sur un square couvert d'herbes et de calebasses.
— La cime est près de vous.
En effet, dans la prairie où la cactusaille a maintenant disparue, j'apperçois le triangle d'une pyramide qui se massélève vers les planétards. Dans la brumade l'homme-aigle se fond sur un escalier où sa tête flammaille démoniment.

VII.

Je laisse le polygone et je montigrimpe. Le triangle chancelisse. La pierre est battue par l'ivresse d'un rayon qui pluieflotte sur moi. J'entends une musique sortir des murs, une musique d'orgues où les baisers sonnent. Audessus de moi, je vois alors une danse de cactus, de cristafées, de bougisseurs, de zopolotes, de l'iguane, de l'homme-aigle, du tigrillo, de la plastiquette, de la gargote, du gastaroupis, du vampiratoire, du volcan, du macaw, de la Calle de las Candelabras, des nains, dans la Vallée Broussailleuse des Prieux.

LE SUJOBJET A 15 HEURES

Les ralladures bombissent dans la seulitude des ormes.
Une brumade flotille dans la vallée.
La grande angoisse s'élève dans les gosiers des rusticards.

La rivula glisseglousse spectrement.
Quelle ralagale de miolutes!
Les glaraflousses s'amanalassent dans les ondelettes des boulalures.

Astalome!
Les longues silençailles se glustrent.
Elles flamellètent les heures de coules dans les moladiles.
Un ahalu meronne vers l'erlapointe.

Les villadelles s'arastent.
Les baraquettes mortes monattent une brastinguette.
C'est la rullalille de la molle.
C'est la glastatelle des ristes.

Rulamelles d'éxile!
La phalange des rileaux gristabelle les maladromes.
Une balladine neige sur les rignons.
Les phlastèmes se touchamettent.

Les balstamines ne sont plus visibles.
Une gonalèche s'abimaille dans les miraphones.
C'est un crassemilard.
C'est un boulagrone qui ne se perdra jamais.

La galopade des lampes-à-cercles attire les orbites des cruficiés.
Une pamanole minaraille très doucement.
Les polenattes toulent et croulent.
Une maverne de grandes essorations flixe la rastagne.

Les phuramèles ont les gris de phules.
La mévière se noie.
Une milance marche droit vers une destinée de larves.
Les allègrommènes se cachent dans une malilaille.

La caladruse des libalos singeote une halallée.
C'est une moie.
Toute la rustarole est en révolte.
Les milsesses sont galurèmes avec leurs roulagrailles.

Une calarèche se duste dans un jalin.
Les balarèmes rulent émolûment.
C'est une grande allalilosade de phoplexes.
C'est la philosophie des aérobates.

Les meladromes sont les baslagènes qui coucousaillent les inconnus.
Les coeurs se blustent.
Les lumières grûlent et grâlent.
Les villas aux mille arabras se crouchent ensemble.

C'est une amérade de sourires.
Les roms s'estrilèlent.
Les moularailles des radaroumes s'arrêtent.
On attend un tremblement de terre.
Les vallanoses clustent tendrement dans l'eau de la Marne.

HYPNOLOGUES

Crackleflame and the circle the snapop and the implosion the volleybang the whirtatoo in the
sandring
up stood the man and yawned his cheeks roseflickering his hands drumrapping the atlas and
his hair began to simounflash it bonfired africa red blazesheaves sweltered then his
clothes seethesmouldered summer there was a terra caliente fume siroccosheets twirled upward and

his head fell off it parchflushed on the ground his upper muscles twitched and boiled his abdomen roseblushed
a legstump danced in sheetflame
it flitflew into rumbarhythms till it nothingturbilled
the sandring moved
birds flipwinged low they aerocruised right to the edge they dipped and lipped and driftdripped to the flame they
were heatblown in whirlwaft and then the cinders and
the birdsong incantating planetcarols in a burst of phoenixmusic

Whirlsnow and peakwind and the room mutedrimmering the mufflemotions in the house
I slowlooked the panestars the starlights merrydroomed there was a
midnightweariness in me the letters faded into zerosigns the eyes slipshut the walls were blighting into feverflowers into shadow-blooms the
chairs mistetched the gobelinclothes and gnomefaces there was a pipevoice and a jarscream and a piercenote
a tearmoan languished whimpershaking in the night there was a niobewhine a deathchant
the blood icechanged the pulses flew into a throb the puletears deprofundiswailed and then
the hand I felt the hand it jellysought my neck it glueslushed on my arms and face the hand the gelatineskin palped breast and knees fleerpawed the belly groped to the foot there
came a madlunge and a stick a stone a sword the pain invaded me the cudgelblow deepstunned the nerves and then
I saw the whirlsnow and I heard the peakwind and the night grew demonstrained with ague

Violetmountains and eveningfading and the torrentblubber nearby and the halloohalali of the goatherd
the sleepish eagle lazycircling over the jagcrest and the faroff snow-fire and the cliffrocks and glacier
a woman walked horizoning across the pass hugefluttering her hair flamenetted and
I saw the lustreyes upon her shineface moongleamglowing
nearer she came snowthudding through the quarterlight lovepalsied shook the olivetrees the
pneumawoman stopped
there was a crash and clink

trees nenuphars and roses sprouted from her body
they brumeduskrose titanic
her hair grew leaves her hair grew cypressleaves flitfluttering in the nearnightwind
a silverbird lovenested in the branches
a silverbird lovesang among the rustleleaves and then
the woman walked bigmothering down into the torrentgulch into the drugworld of forgetting

WELTANGST EN CHEVAUCHANT UNE FRONTIERE

The earth is troubled es geistert dans les cavernes les dialogues der darklings lopent through the griefhours it is so icy in the eyes in the world of and streets are tired with waiting for kinderlieder et hymns
singmourn the legends le matin is droguegrey die hirne hungern nach paradis the lonely hunting horns are tenebrating in the miserere of rooks dans la chronique de forces dans le désert évanoui
a voice sings worldendghosting into the pilgrimday les arbres sont wintering die brunst der leiber schwelt noch la grande angoisse der zuegellosen et die sehnsucht of the poor is not
which trembleclangs in the churches in the suburbs where the gardens rot a holy sign is trodden underfoot les yeux dévastent les heures des bergers et les mains zittern in the eiswind der generations
les orgues schreien sich zu tod the beasts of prey go roding through the vieux parc glacial are the faces that we see in the après-midi of horror in the hours sick with the hallucinated future staring at them
the pupils of the eyes are loud with désespoir the joues are pallid the lips twitch with convulsed crying for the great mother-night is not yet here le sang des opprimés coule sous les ponts
for the cymbals nicht mehr as once the slaves live in asche partout les prières weinen die amis verlieren sich im schweigen es wimmert ein arbre dans le mouvement de la tempête de panique
the chords are shrill the drums peitschroar the qual des manifestes désespérés es sprueht from the tribunes des saints and heroes the subterrannean cities grumble an agonied heart grins the children funkelweinen
in einer roechelsavanne a litany of corn flows over youth les couleurs tenthousandfold a mouth is blooming into time and trance it

is the greyest afternoon in this century the blasthouses lie dormant et
the black daydream drips into mes yeux the wintersleep lies over the irdische wort the basaltfaces naughtfear the foenlicht les arbres leisrauschen à travers la géographie des spectres
wo ist the road ins mutterland so weit les armes des frères attaquent les monuments le volcan grandit la fumée apporte sa chimie la peur et la peur und die furcht und fright et la peur and the angst et la grosse angst
des larves

DESCRIPTION OF THE DEMONS

I.

Drumrumbling pants the villagenight. Hallucinated masks whirlbob beneath the trees. There is a panicsnort from madthroats. The blazeyes flash into the light. The square resounds from tomtom rhythms. The incantations of the conjureflesh rise fever. Ligurian giants dance into a drugextase.

II.

The mooralunes prastilane the palla. It is chaosmusic and moola. The gallers flick and flake. A hastigrale mustires the bloobissay. Polemears rise ginstersheening in ralathings. All the ballarales blick the glistaboon, and a rooldeegraster blinks in the hoolira.

III.

The gnostiranes gillfill the blist. The calagremes moocry. It is a pattigrane and tuttilune. The prillvirone now gastucates the allas. Briscalavenes fillroon. The mounders maind the cleads. There is a dind croostiming in the leetrample of the florn.

IV.

What a mensure of moladures! The wreathgirls crisslame the balladines. Thymealgae flitfloot in maze. There is a lustflame in the eyes. The balsadores acool the rook of the tately. A mull mustles the turry. The gubble moves the lug. Birools bill the bellocity of the timtide.

V.

Boost comes the gaw. The darkvale blusters noisterous with torrents. Is is so mauk and moot. The flisterroons begin to mamble. The goolitards are helt. The hastagreeds are cringling. A touchery and a measel mate the lace. A gralofin goes rallering into the liebesnight.

VI.

Ruckly reel the bustagraphs! Watch wildness and tratch. The nuse blistergropes. All the disty mields a dould. The toyish snap of the lipsip chases the tears. The latty groles in the massino. What is the moancry for?

VII.

The stars bimp from the skyment. They limptimble flishy-flashing into a mistlake. The air is clusty. Trunkarrows river in a sagaworld. Joannites sheenrustle. Lunes moon for them. They mune for the runes. The bastarales hugedance in the roolama of blust.

●

John Frederick Means:

THE APOCALYPTIC HOUR

The treason of the sorceress bereaves wonder.
There is a traffic of rotting kings.
There is a mildew of servile wits.

Are we not cankering in fear?
News of secret miseries thaws.
The lecherous army obeys the command.
They play at dice in the barbarous barracks,
Where the bell never rings requiem,
Where the grief-stricken have no hope.

All prayers have died in the nettles,
And the bracken awaits the hideous cadavers.

●

Georges Pelorson:

ONTOGRAMMES

CONNAISSANCE

Les Dieux avaient crié
leur volonté de voir

La femme se leva
le ciel avait fait taire
le signe de ses jambes
elle a monté ses yeux
ses épaules chantaient
une grande vapeur
s'éleva de la mer
quand elle eut découvert
les saisons de son corps

Les Dieux se regardaient
riant comme des sourds
et cognant sur la table

La terre se taisait
et le ciel en sueur
cessa de travailler
s'arrêtant sur ses hanches

La femme se taisait
et regardait les Dieux
oscillant sur ses hanches

Les Dieux riaient toujours
se penchant pour mieux voir
le signe de ses jambes
la terre se ridait
sous le poids de leur rire

Ils se mirent debont
et leur rire se tut
comme une grande fleur
éteinte sur la table

La femme en souriant
s'appuya sur le ciel
les Dieux la regardaient
se poussant pour mieux voir
le signe de ses jambes

L'homme alors se leva
les Dieux le reconnurent
à l'ombre de son ventre
il tenait dans ses mains
la jeunesse du ciel
comme une grande fleur
la terre se creusait
sous l'effort de son ventre

Il dit:
"C'est moi
c'est moi
c'est moi"

Et les Dieux reculèrent
dans la grande vapeur
qui montait de la mer
les arbres se couchèrent
sous les poings de la peur
l'homme leva le bras
en nombre de puissance
et le ciel se baissa
sous les poings de la peur

La femme souriait
dans l'ombre de la mer
et ses mains s'éteignirent
elle ouvrit lentement
le parfum de ses jambes

L'homme alors s'avança
dans la force de l'ombre

Et l'on n'entendit plus
que le dur de la mer.

SEMENCE

L'eau blême ruisselait sur de plus hautes plaines
et les bras en tombant faisaient signe à la Mère
gémissante et debout élevant sur sa tête
l'auréole brûlée

Et la pluie consumée retombait sur la mer
laissant traîner dans l'air la cendre des cheveux

Le soir était un rocher gris
et le vent dépeuplé
s'arrêtant çà et là poussait dans l'herbe noire
comme une douce-amère
ou naissait lentement entre deux vagues closes
comme une herbe noyée
dont les fleurs transparentes
laissaient dans l'air embrun de pétales souffrances

Dans la forêt les fondrières
molles battaient leurs cheveux nus
et tressaillaient parfois aux échos de la terre
au vent lourd d'un cheval
au pas gourd des guerriers
dont la marche éveillait la serve dans les arbres
et les feuilles montantes

Le soleil pourrissait sur des tas de fougères
comme une lune tiède
et les grandes orties
les blanches
les piquantes
debout comme des filles
au milieu des clairières
déchiraient de leurs ailes brûlantes

la soie blême du vent
la joue sale du soir

Ils étaient seuls parmi des pierres
sous la roche du soir
d'autres avec les arbres
ou debout sur la plaine
et leurs gestes montaient s'agrippaient au lierre
qui rongeait lentement la façade du ciel
ils avaient enterré la main noire du feu
et noyé le soleil au sang noir de la terre
déchiré les orties la robe haletante
et leurs bras desséchés s'enfonçaient dans la terre

dans l'ombre crépitante et jaillie des semences
les racines fuyaient s'enfonçaient dans la pierre
sifflaient comme l'effort aux langues de vipère
et suçaient la rosée de leurs lèvres sorcères

Puis le ciel s'est couvert des nuages du soir
et c'était jour encore
sur l'herbe calcinée
la mer a soulevé ses épaules brûlantes
comme au temps de l'offense
et très loin sur la plaine
de grands lièvres bleus
franchissaient d'un seul bond des fumées de silence
et le ciel fut profond comme une rose grise
les étoiles germèrent
comme naissent aux yeux les larmes de l'amour
tuméfiées de blancheurs

C'est alors qu'ils ont vu se lever sur la plaine
la fille aux larges voiles
aux lèvres de terreuse
humide et soulevant les vapeurs de la terre,
à l'heure de la terre
ils ont vu les semences
se lever de la terre
et le vent s'élever comme un bras de terreur
les graines consumées retomber sur la mer

Gémissante et debout
comme une rose grise et brûlée de silence

●

Theo Rutra:
PRAYER

o thou that seest my griefnight in the convulsions of and when the babelring stormwhorled stands over herbland the gloomverbs lingermourn with the sobheart and the lallaballade girdles the loneness of the wimpelbird and the glowstars go naughtreeling into strangledreams do not forsake my darklepilgrimage and send me mothermusic and pityrain

●

Camille Schuwer:
METAPHONÈMES

I

jeux de mots
jeux de maux

comme aux souvenirs de la mer
musique métaphonème
j'ai mis l'oreille aux coquillages
aux métaphores de l'oreille

l'hurle des coquillages et l'ourle de l'oreille
font un seul cri de couleur
trilobites témoins des naissances du monde
et des douleurs de la vie

II

quand la fenêtre d'en face s'éclaire comme un signal
que la voie est libre
que la voix est libre
que les choses tues
que les choses tuent
la femme nue derrière un store qui ne sait pas qu'on la voit
et qu'on l'écoute chanter
range le soleil de Juillet
avec un peigne d'écaille
au fond d'un tiroir

III

la douxleur la douceleur
a peur de la trop heureuse
âme ensevelie torpeureuse
durant la saison des dormeurs

le sang coule elle oublie
de rougir ses lèvres

au café la mélodie
à dix sous l'heure
adoucit l'heure

IV

odorante et dorée
l'adorante Dora trahie et dorlottée
dort à côté de Dorothée

V

à l'orée des bois
la maison à vendre
à l'homme de loi
quatre clefs à rendre
ah laurée des bois
j'entendrai souvendre
l'automne du toit
couler et pleurendre

VI

la fleur en pleurs quand l'orage l'arrose
la femme ouverte à l'homme qui l'heureuse
font au soleil un éventail de chaleur
de rire et de larmes

VII

la mer au bout des sources
la mort au bout des courses

VIII

Rouletabulle
balle et billes
sur les cables des vocables
vous imitez les soleils
chancelant d'un ciel à l'autre

IX

dépistant les armes des larmes
et les miroirs pour les calandres
le poète est infaillible

en ses airements
comme il t'appelle Iltelie
noeud des rivières
noeud des routes
noeud de l'amour
noeud des pendus
noeud de bouline
noeud d'ajut
noeud d'anguille
noeud de griffe
noeud de drisse
noeud d'orin
noeud marin
noeud des lignes de la main

lui qui ne sait pas lire
les noms écrits sous les feuilles

X

vienne la mort délivre les chétifs
de male terre et sa crainte cattive
de nous laisser dans ces garennes
ô joueur déjoué
qui jouais de la flaute
poète aux mains des anges
remise de tes fautes

vienne le temps qu'on cassepille
à regommasser la vie
pour soufferir et gaudir

●

James J. Sweeney:

SAXIFRAGE

Twine white round the mast
loop a moon in the breaking
let the wells run no water

silence is fibre
drought is truth

emptiness
is the key that winds the comets
winter
alone will stanch
the rasp and splatter
that the gravel makes

Who puts Afra teats
on cold elephants
spins no blue
shells are
what the wind will not woo
only the slow knife
finds home.

up up hand over hand
crumbling
words out of lips
lips out of hands
eyes
a glove may have two thumbs
like a gas-flare in the wind

through a glass
the feet show
and the knees

in the sun's rind
the cliff buttercups
are invisible
torn hands
torn side
dead feet

not a bird's face
nor the sea's
nor the clangour of a red tongue lolling

but a torpor
like the silence on the heels of a siren's shrieking
crowding nearer nearer nearer

dead
standing dead

on a blue lintel grass stands
for hands
that climb

VISIT

Not dew and birdsong here
out of the wheat-bellied day by slotted door
blue navel of our growing in
where minnows swim
sun-painted on a broken floor
but here
stone of loneliness
refreshes

Not to flee
but to seek
and for the ecstasy of assignation's moment
a green couch of sweet fern
plaited each twig with eye and finger

— O cool on beating wrists
of pools most inner
when laced fingers pluck along your marges
blooms to offer

DECAYED ARE MINE EYES

(for the Whore once more by the shore sings
weaving her hair in the honey glare
and my eyes
that will not bleed one salt word
to the Five Mouths
have gone stink on her)

Wan;
and the mists of the waters wrap me in till
I had all but forgotten the moon:

O Queen, Huntress, Virgin —
Mother of the Twice-Born,
Star-of-the-Sea —
draw up your waters

to drown, cleanse, kindle —

Decayed are mine eyes.

THREE ROMANTIC-MYSTIC TEXTS

(Hugo Ball, the co-founder of Dada, poet, essayist, mythist, completed, before his recent death, a hagiography, based on the lives of three saints of the early christian period. It has frequently been pointed out that our age shows astonishing analogies with that epoch. The gnostic-neoplatonic wave of thought that swept over the Byzantian regions, together with the wave of mystic theology, as shown in the lives of the desert saints, has its analogy with the tendencies toward an expansion of consciousness today.

Franz Werfel, one of the earliest expressionists, poet, playwright and romancier, astonished his hearers in Vienna two years ago when he declared himself against the naturalistic rationalism of many of his contemporaries. He had the courage, in the city of Freud, to make a frontal attack on the psychoanalytical credo. He came out in favor of a new belief in a transcendental view of the world.

Franz von Baader played a dominant role among the romantic thinkers of his age. But intentional ignoring of his influence on the part of those whom he had led, and the arrival of the mechanistic-materialistic mode of thinking in the latter half of the last century militated aginst his influence. Schelling, usually considered the quintessential exponent of the romantic philosophy, owes certainly the basic ideas of his later system to Franz von Baader.)

Eugene Jolas.

Franz von Baader:

FROM: EXTASIS AS METASTASIS

...I regard extasis as an anticipation of death. In every extasis we observe a transitory separation of the physical, mental and psychic being of man as the cause of the metamorphosis. Only through such a dissolution of concreteness can the extatic condition be produced in man... Extasis differs from death and every other transformation in so far as the suspension of these three conditions in separation is not a stationary one. We see, for instance, that the greatest exaltation of the spirit or soul in the magnetic state never leaves any trace in the non-magnetic state, which also applies to the depressions corresponding to that exaltation. If we assume now that these states are more or less anticipations of death, we comprehend the fearful

impression its phenomenon must make on the man of mere common sense, and we also comprehend the wrath and disinclination of those who are ever ready to disbelieve, and who deliberately close ears and eyes to the phenomena. For this reason we are not disturbed or astonished when we observe that, throughout the ages, persons who were enraptured or other visionaries, were placed in the same rank with demented persons. (For does not Paulus, or even Plato, speak of a divine madness which yet is wiser than non-divine wisdom?)

●

Hugo Ball:
GNOSTIC MAGIC

What was understood by magic, and which were the forms of worship that were considered particularly magical? The ancient believer could imagine the connection with God only in a magical way. The entire religious service is magical. Yet, even in ancient days there seems to have existed a religion for the crowd and a religion for the initiates. The lower pictural grades of worship are accessible to everybody, but the higher spiritual grades are only known to the priests.

The mystery celebration proper consists of a sequence of inexplicably exalting procedures. An inexhaustible meaning inheres in the rites and ceremonies. Lanterns and lights in gleaming symmetry; a primitive mixture of animal and children's sounds; a music which rings in cadences that have disappeared long ago; all this shakes the soul and reminds it of its first home. The spirit is seized by a longing for first beginnings, it is submerged in the long forgotten paradises of the over and under world. Strangely masked presences bear astral signs and symbols, turn in a circle and with their motions bring the gentle image of the stellar sphere right into an earthly space. The choir leader is called "Creator", the torch-bearer "Sun", the priest standing before the altar "Moon". There is even a "Writer of the Sun" whose task it is to take care of the ritual books. The inside of the temple itself is an image of heaven. Zoroaster is said to have been the first to make geometrical divisions in a cavern. They represented the various parts of heaven and the elements and thus imitated the order of the world in nuce. It is generally known that there was a stairway in the Mythras mysteries with seven steps, with rooms of seven divers-coloured metals,

(corresponding to the planetary spheres through which the soul ascends and the gods descend). The sects also cultivated architectonic and astral magic. Saint Epiphanius describes such a mystery rite: In the Coreion, at Alexandria, the gnostic society keeps watch before the image of the Virgin during the night to the accompaniment of flutes and chants. Then, at cockcrow, they bring up a carved work from the crypta. It has five golden crosses. Chanting hymns, they carry it seven times around the image of the Virgin. The magical mysterium represents the birth of the Aeon Christ and his dance around the higher wisdom, the Hagia Sophia. It was during these and similar rites that those magic hymns which are attributed especially to Bardeison and Valentinos were sung.

Magic is thus the belief in the astral symbol. The spirit is considered irresistible, if it nevertheless rises in highest concentration as light and presence. It then has the power to change man and to elevate him. Magic is also the sacerdotal application of this force. One might call it the active, the productive wisdom. It teaches detachment and the ascension to God. It reawakens the world of the blessed primal beginnings in pure light; the wonder of those spaces that lie before birth and behind death. Magic is finally the supernatural in all its communication. It brings about the liberation of the spirit from every chain. Thus in the old Orient it is also redemption. It is the only worship worthy of divinity. Without the use of magic which builds the bridge with God man cannot be saved. If he wants to escape error, decline, extinction, he must strive to become a particle of the Godhead.

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Franz Werfel:
FROM A DISCOURSE ON THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

This, the deepest human experience, embraces thousands of degrees and scales, ranging from the simplest nature-rapture to the *unio mystica* of the saint with God. It rests on the intuitive perception of a suprasensual opposite in the sense-dim mirror of our consciousness. When, in the melting moment of the sexual act, the I and the you become one, and death moves away, we find that in the religious extasis death not only moves away, but is without object, there is no death. And the human I is not obliterated, but suspended. But this in the profound sense of the words: *suspended, dissolved, saved, sublimated.* Here language ends, or rather, it

shies like a wild horse. It is hardly possible to describe a musical experience in words. Technical expressions like dominants, cadence, tonic, do not translate a melody. But a language translation of the deepest of all spiritual experiences is out of the question. [1])
A philosopher once said very spiritedly that there existed religiously unmusical men. He means by that men who have as little attraction to the religious experience as others have to the musical one. I deny that there are really any a-religious people, just as I once denied that there are any hopelessly a-poetical men. The truth is that for many reasons the basic values of life, for the millions, are not mined or else heaped over with slag.

When we view the entire revolutionary and reformatory movements of the last decades on the intellectual plane, especially the radical works in literature, we undoubtedly come to the conclusion that these alleged deeds of liberation are nothing but the passionate attempt to safeguard and bar off the nihilistic state of the time-spirit and the general state of consciousness from the metaphysical peril. The revolutionaries of psychology, literature, the sexual question, etc. are revealed on closer view as being archconservatives who defend the traditional intellectualism and its expansion with a mordant rage. They walk in the worn tracks of traditional values and their intoxication with the idea of progress is only an intoxication with the speed with which they race from one station of nihility to the other. The true fighter for liberty can today only be he who leaves those tracks. Only the immeasurable longing for the charismatic depths of life can give us the strength to destroy nihilism in us.

(Translated from the German by E. J.)

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[1]) Plato confesses : "I have not written anything about this, and I shall never write about it; for it is not comprehensible like other subjects of teaching; but when a man has lived with it a long time, it suddenly rises in the soul like a light that comes from a flickering fire and soon nurtures itself from its own force." (Plato: Epist. VII).

Stuart Gilbert:

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD: NOVELIST AND MYSTIC

The literature of the supernormal has hardly yet recovered from the surfeit of "terror-romanticism" which prevailed at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. The exponents of that limited and ambiguous form of art were, in England at least, for the most part sceptics. They scientifically exploited their paraphernalia of spectres, dungeons, haunted rooms and charnel-houses for the avowed purpose of making their readers' flesh creep. One of the most famous exponents of the gruesome was Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of 'The Monk', and it was said that when his highly successful play 'The Castle Spectre' was produced at Drury Lane Theatre (in 1797) "if Sheridan had not advised him to be content with one ghost, he would have marched a whole regiment of them on to the stage." It is difficult to believe that Horace Walpole, Clara Reeve, Ann Radcliffe, Maturin and the other writers of "Gothic" romances were sincere — genuinely moved, that is to say, by the visions of horror they tried to conjure up in the minds of their readers. A great many people in the eighteenth century (including Dr Johnson) firmly "believed in ghosts", but the treatment of the supernatural in the terror-romances of the period seems strangely mechanical; there is too much of the *procédé* about it to induce emotion in any but the most nervous readers. The attitude of the educated public towards them was, one gathers, rather like that of intellectuals to-day towards detective stories — an attitude of half-humorous enthusiasm.

Fiction, in any case, was not taken seriously, and the novelist was not asked to be anything more than an entertainer, "the idle singer of an empty day"; 'serious' ideas were reserved to poetry, sermons or learned treatises. Even to-day, indeed, imaginative writing is commonly regarded as in a way less valuable, less significant, than works which deal with scientific or social problems. By way of apology for their art, certain novelists aspire to justify their fictions by giving them a didactic character, a definitely propagandist turn. The usual argument in favour of this method is an assertion that the 'pure' artist in such times as ours is a useless — not to say, pernicious — creature, a Nero fiddling while Rome burns. But if indeed, as they aver, Rome is burning, the cause of the catastrophe is surely the fierce cupidity of modern man and his reluctance, after the extravagances of the War, to foot the bill

of costs, rather than any real worsening of the conditions of his life. It is as much a matter of psychology, of philosophy and metaphysics, as of economics or politics. The ancient belief that happiness, the Good, is not to be found in any adjustment of material conditions, but in an attitude of mind, an "energy" of the soul, holds true as ever.

Surely the function of art to-day, in whatever medium, is the opening of windows, the letting in of light into that house of bondage, the mind of modern man, slave of his vaunted emancipation. And the less didactic art is, the better it serves this purpose. For it is not propaganda but enlightenment that men need to give their lives a meaning and a value. "Between nature and ourselves," as Bergson puts it in a famous passage of his Essay on Laughter, "nay, between ourselves and our own consciousness, a veil is interposed: a veil that is dense and opaque for the common herd — thin, almost transparent, for the artist and the poet.... Life is action. Life implies the acceptance only of the *utilitarian* side of things in order to respond to them by appropriate reactions; all other impressions must be dimmed or else reach us vague and blurred.... What I see and hear of the outer world is purely and simply a selection made by my senses to serve as a light to my conduct; what I know of myself is what comes to the surface, what participates in my actions. My senses and my consciousness, therefore, give me no more than a practical simplification of reality.... From time to time, however, in a fit of absent-mindedness, nature raises up souls that are more detached from life. Not with that intentional, logical, systematical detachment — the result of reflection and philosophy — but rather with a natural detachment, one innate in the structure of sense or consciousness, which at once reveals itself by a virginal manner, so to speak, of seeing, hearing or thinking." [1]

It is pure fiction, the myth, that best of all conveys this "virginal" enlightenment. Realistic art and dialectic, shackled by logic and convention, must lack that quality of virginity. Thus in the Platonic dialogues, as it has often been remarked, the myths — the splendid passages where the poet-philosopher lets his fancy roam — actually carry more conviction than the rapier-play of the Socratic dialectic, and the argument for immortality in the Republic (as Mr A. E. Baker observes in his excellent Introduction to Philosophy) "fails

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[1]) From the authorized translation by Messrs. Brereton and Rothwell (Macmillan & Co.).

to convince the intellect, while the myth of the sons of Er which follows it moves the heart to a sure and certain hope."

In the service of utility man has developed a salutary blindness, or indifference, to all that does not make for the material welfare of the race. Elimination is, indeed, a condition not only of racial well-being, but of reasoned argument as well. The universale which so puzzled ancient philosophers are ultimately minima — the lowest common denominators of particulars. But the artist (following, in this respect, the practice of uncultured man) sees everything as a particular. For him, as for the savage, the law of uniformity is a display of iterated miracles, the rising of the sun an act of daily magic; for, of all the theories of the relation between events and mental states, between mind and matter, that known as Occasionalism seems least sophisticated and most acceptable to the creative mind. What Bergson says of the drama is, I think, applicable to all authentic art. "It seems as if an appeal had been made within us to certain ancestral memories belonging to a far-away past — memories so deep-seated and so foreign to our present life that this latter, for a moment, seems something unreal and conventional, for which we shall have to serve a fresh apprenticeship." Indeed, the recognition of the miraculous — a faculty that is all but atrophied in civilised man — well may be the beginning of wisdom, and to revive our sense of wonder is, perhaps, the highest function of imaginative art.

No living writer in the English tongue has done more than Algernon Blackwood to quicken that sense of wonder and open our eyes to the conscious vitality of much that we habitually regard as inert matter, and to the miraculous nature of what we call causation — a purely abstract concept. What Mr Blackwood has said of one of his protagonists is true of his own work.

> "For him mere intellectuality, by which the modern world sets such store, was a valley of dry bones. Its worship was a worship of the form. It missed the essential inner truth because such inner truth could be known only by being it, feeling it. The intellectual attitude of mind, in a word, was critical, not creative, and to be unimaginative seemed to him, therefore, the worst form of unintelligence."

He has a singular power of evoking the ancestral memories of which Bergson speaks, the *Urwelt*, and in 'The Centaur' there is a very characteristic dialogue discussing the lost race of *Urmenschen*.

> "'Primitive men,' O'Malley snapped him up, translating. Through his growing bewilderment ran also a growing unea-

siness shot strangely with delight. Intuitively he divined what was coming.

'Beings,' the doctor corrected him, 'not men. The prefix *Ur-*, moreover, I use in a deeper sense than is usually attached to it as in *Urwald*, *Urwelt*, and the like. An *Urmensch* in the world to-day must suggest a survival of an almost incredible kind — a kind, too, utterly inadmissible and inexplicable to the materialist perhaps —'

'Paganistic?' interrupted the other sharply, joy and fright rising over him.

'Older, older by far,' was the rejoinder, given with a curious hush and a lowering of the voice....

'....a type, let me put it,' he went on in a voice whose steadiness thrilled his listener afresh, 'that in its strongest development would experience in the world to-day the loneliness of a complete and absolute exile. A return to humanity, you see, of some unexpended power of mythological values....'"

In the world of to-day the very existence of such mythological values is usually denied; they are taken for figments of the primitive mind, or, at the best, as obsolete; and their manifestations, lying outside the focus of our normal vision, pass unrecognized. Yet, in all ages, there have been men who apprehended them, poets and philosophers who gave us glimpses of that "something infinite behind everything" perceived by Thomas Traherne. It is noteworthy that quotations from many such writers — Novalis, Edward Carpenter, William James, Fechner and others — are prefixed to the chapters of 'The Centaur'; indeed the whole novel is a magnificent and, as nearly as such attempts can be, successful attempt to revive a sense of the consciousness of the Earth, through the experiences of O'Malley, the protagonist. Yet even O'Malley, for all his gift of speech, admits his incapacity fully to describe his great adventure. "Far behind words it lies, as difficult of full recovery as the dreams of deep sleep, as the ecstasy of the religious, elusive as the mystery of *Kubla Khan* or the Patmos visions of St John. Full recapture, I am convinced, is not possible at all in words."

Algernon Blackwood is a prolific writer and has had a very varied life. In an autobiographical work 'Episodes before Thirty', published ten years ago, he gives a striking account of his vicissitudes in Canada and as a reporter in New York. For not a few the reporter's daily contact with so-called realities in their most blatant and aggressive form seems curiously enough to be a portal to discovery of the *Urwelt*, much as the experience of contemporary physicists,

involving as it does a constant intercourse with mathematics and logic, is apt to lead them to a mystical interpretation of the universe.

Even a concise *résumé* of the work of Mr Blackwood would far exceed the compass of this study, and I must limit myself to an analysis of two of his most characteristic works: 'The Centaur' (whence I have taken the above quotations) and 'The Human Chord'. It might be said that the true protagonist of 'The Centaur' is not Terence O'Malley, a man "of mingled Irish, Scotch and English blood", "forever deciphering the huge horoscope of Life, yet getting no further than the House of Wonder, on whose cusp surely he had been born," but the *Urwelt* itself, made manifest in one of its most singular yet typical denizens. We accompany O'Malley on a voyage to the Eastern Mediterranean, during which his interest centres on a curious pair of fellow-passengers, a Russian (or such he seems to be) and his son. They give him a sense of "bigness", and one night, when the steamer is nearing the Lipari Islands, he has a glimpse of them bending over the bulwarks, gazing into the sea.

> "A gleam of light . . . revealed them bending busily over, heads close together, necks and shoulders thrust forward and down a little.
>
> 'Look, by God!' whispered Stahl hoarsely as they moved off. 'There's a third!'
>
> He pointed. Where the two had been standing something, indeed, remained. Concealed hitherto by their bulk, this other figure had been left. They saw its large, dim outline. It moved. Apparently it began to climb over the rails, or to move in some way just outside them, hanging half above the sea. There was a free, swaying movement about it, not ungainly so much as big — very big."

As the voyage proceeds the feeling of tension, the imminence of some supernatural event, grows almost unbearable. Mr Blackwood does not, like many writers dealing with 'occult' subjects, shirk the issue, or hide it in a mist of wordage. He goes as far as words can reach, and when, somewhere in the Caucasus, the strange adventure moves rapidly towards its climax, we participate, to the measure of our intuitions, in O'Malley's return to a primordial world. At last the complete revelation comes, of "figures of incomparable grace and power," of "rippling muscles upon massive limbs, and shoulders that held defiant strength and softness in exquisite combination."

> "And then he heard huge murmurs of their voices that filled

the dawn, aged by lost thousand years, and sonorous as the booming of the sea. A cry that was like singing escaped him. He saw them rise and sweep away. There was a rush of magnificence. They cantered — wonderfully. They were gone."

But fragmentary quotation from such a work as 'The Centaur' is quite inadequate to convey its power — as unjust as would be the rendering of half a dozen bars excerpted from the development of a symphony. The effect of Mr Blackwood's prose is cumulative; by some strange and gradual alchemy of words and an intuitive felicity he recalls to consciousness a world of memories "so deep-seated and so foreign to our present life that this latter for a moment seems something unreal and conventional."

In 'The Human Chord' the central idea is as unusual and seemingly unpalatable to modern minds as that of 'The Centaur'; yet, as a critic observed when the book appeared, there is a rush and splendour about the narrative that sweeps the reader off his feet. *Nomen est numen*; "everything in nature has its name, and he who has power to call a thing by its proper name can make it subservient to his will; for its *proper* name is not the arbitrary name given to it by man, but the expression of the totality of its powers and attributes, because the powers and attributes of each Being are intimately connected with its means of expression, and between both exists the most exact proportion in regard to measure, time, and condition." On these ancient, unlikely seeming axioms the narrative is built.

In a lonely house in the Pontwaun Mountains of Wales four people — an elderly man, a young man, a motherly middle-aged housekeeper and a young girl — participate in a unique experiment: an effort to find and formulate the Great Names whose utterance makes men like gods. "All sounds," as Skale, the director of the experiment, explains,

> "create their own patterns. Sound builds; sound destroys; and invisible sound-vibrations affect concrete matter. For all sounds produce forms — the forms that correspond to them, as you now shall see. Within every form lies the silent sound that first called it into view — into visible shape — into being. Forms, shapes, bodies are the vibratory activities of *sound made visible.*"
>
> "The properties of things... are merely the 'muffled utterances of the Sounds that made them.' The thing itself is its name."

And, for the utterance of the Tetragrammaton, "the name that rusheth through the universe", a human chord is needed; four

voices — soprano, alto, tenor and bass — must combine to make the perfect chord. As the novel advances, the feeling of suspense, of sublime peril, steadily increases, and though, at the crucial moment, Skale "utters falsely" and the consummation is not reached, the catastrophe that follows is so prodigious that the book leaves no sense of anticlimax in the reader's mind.

The secret of Algernon Blackwood's pre-eminence over such of his contemporaries as essay this most difficult and precarious type of fiction is, I think, his absolute sincerity, coupled with an unusual command of language and a feeling for the numinous word. I use the term *sincerity* in something wider than its usual application to works of art. An author is often said to be sincere when he writes with genuine conviction, states his views frankly, or uses his art as a medium for expressing a deeply felt belief. Applied to Mr Blackwood the word "sincerity" involves an ampler connotation. He has, it seems, a power of second sight and a clarity of vision allied — what is more and rarer — with an equal clarity of expression. He neither formulates a belief nor points a moral; all the experiences he describes are particular experiences — neither universal, nor symbolic, but intuitive — and intuition is the 'sincerest' form of knowledge. Yet, as Porphyry said of Homer, "it must not be denied that he has obscurely indicated the images of things of a more divine nature in the fiction of a fable." Our outlook on those diviner things has been occluded by the overgrowth of civilisation and the dark forest of desires, psychic and material, which hems in the modern man; hence the aptness of the word "occult" to Mr Blackwood's work. And yet the knowledge that we call occult may well be the clearest of all, like the divine *arcana* which an early theologian described as for ever veiled "in the dazzling obscurity of the secret silence, outshining all brilliance with the intensity of their darkness." The paradox of the occult is its transcendent clarity.

It is because Mr Blackwood himself has this gift of clairvoyance — in a word, sincerity — that he can open windows which so many exponents of the occult leave shut, or merely feign to open. "To him philosophy was to be something giving strange swiftness and double sight, divining the sources of springs beneath the earth or of expression beneath the human countenance, clairvoyant of occult gifts in common or uncommon things, in the reed at the brook-side, or the star which draws near to us but once in a century." Pater's description of Leonardo's philosophy is applicable word for word to Mr Blackwood's — if philosophy it can be called, this intuitive

knowledge of things unseen. Reading such novels as 'The Centaur' and 'The Human Chord', or such an amazing story as 'The Wendigo', we have so keen a sense of an authentic experience, of participated swiftness and double sight, that we seem to see the world invisible, partaking for a fugitive but splendid moment in "the only kind of knowledge that is everlasting."

Eugene Jolas:
WORKSHOP

Expression and Activism—The Intercontinental Man—Creation of the Mantic Compost—The Language of Night as a Postulate —Its Relation to the Collective Language—Towards a Metaphoric Syncretism—The Supernatural and the Subobject—Phantoms and Exorcism—Vertigral.

The art of expression is suffering from a paralysis that is one of the symptoms of a civilization in collapse. It struggles for its autonomy against the sociological flood. On every side we are belaboured with the question: How can the artist of the word continue his search, when the misery of humanity is without parallel in history, when wars and catastrophes threaten everywhere, when the destruction of world capitalism is the only task that should occupy him? He is untrue to the mission of the spirit, say these arguments, his flight into the dream is treason to man. The moment has come for him to reject facile compromises and to join in the class-struggle.

The fight to abolish the exploitation of man by man is undoubtedly entering a decisive phase today. World capitalism will not recover from the blows it has received during the past decade. We are entering a revolutionary epoch that will become progressively more intense until the solution has been found. The artist of expression, as a human being, as the intuitive type of mankind, can only respond sympathetically to this revolutionary wave which must end by giving justice to the victims of the profiteering system. He is in favour of every effort made to metamorphose the present economic reality, to create a new social order which will give the masses power and leisure, to eliminate racial and national discords caused primarily by the international plutocracy. Yet he cannot obey the instructions of militant ideologists who have proclaimed the dogma that the "poet" must henceforth place his art at the service of propaganda. He cannot be activistic in that special sense without abandoning the premises of the creative motor of life. His is not the task of the tract or the pamphlet. He is not a reformer. He does not preach ethics. He does not aid in a religious revival. The creative can never be bound by political frontiers. It is never concerned with being "left-wing" or "right-wing". It is by its very nature syncretistic. It takes life as a totality. It lives it and expresses it. It blends the unconscious and conscious, the mythic and historic, the individual and the collective, into a superconscious reality.

The new human type that is emerging as an *élite* is not dominated by environmental changes, social revolutions or chiliastic conceits, but by the explosive force of an inner mutation that may very well run parallel with the social mutation, but is hardly caused by it. It seems to me that we are witnessing the slow emergence of a new creative personality. I see it not as a fascist or bolshevist or new-dealist type, but as an inter-racial and inter-continental synthesis, a type that has become conscious of the ancestral strata in man — the primitive and pre-logical heritage in our structure — and of a new collective human sensibility. It may become the blending of the nordic and the mediterranean type of man, a kind of super-occidental man capable of transcending cycles and continents.

A new kind of creator is due who will liquidate the putrefaction of present-day bourgeois literature and art, who will sweep away the decaying expression used by the clowns of estheticism, who will unite the mantic and inter-racial forces in man. He will organize the vast material which biology, psychology, philology, anthropology and other sciences have put at his disposal. The universal identity of the inner psyche which has now been proven and which transcends cultural, racial or linguistic antinomies, opens up new possibilities to him. He knows that there is an identity between the creative psyche and the spirit of illumination. He anticipates the Sact that the horizontal consciousness which, through naturalism, has dominated the past hundred years, will be followed by a psychic revolution, through which the creative man will look at life in terms of high and low, in terms of antinomies in fluctuation, in terms of a systole and diastole between the irrational and the super-conscious. He seeks the law of totality. He seeks a *restitutio in pristinum.* He develops whatever embryonic mystical faculties he may have. He lets new perceptions inundate him. He watches in himself the efflorescence of extra-normal states of consciousness. Or better: he re-develops in himself ancient and mutilated sensibilities that have an analogy with those used in the mythological-magical mode of thought in the primitive man, with prophetic revelations, with orphic mysteries, with mystic theology such as that of Dionysius Areopagita, with the Kaballa, Tao, Hindoo philosophy, with Egyptian wisdom, with gnostic rapture, with mantic experiences like those of Van Roesbroeck, Boehme, Master Eckhardt, St. John of the Cross, with the attitude of the early romantics, with the mental habits still extant in folklore and fairy tales, with clairvoyance, clairaudience, day and night dreaming, even with subhuman or psychotic thinking. This attitude to the creator is the

antithesis of one that believes in the primarily conscious genesis of creation. The two attitudes are best represented in the antipodes: Mallarmé and Rimbaud, Hoelderlin and Goethe. Yet we know that the identification of the "poet" with the vates or seer has always existed. Novalis and Rimbaud were at one in postulating this union. It is only in periods of "enlightenment" and positivism that the tendency has been temporarily buried. (This is what was happening until the war.) Yet it emerged again and again explosively after each period had run its course. The new creator builds the bridge between the two attitudes of the unconscious inspiration and the superconscious creation: the line passes from irrationalism to a transcendental superlogic. I believe that we stand today at the threshold of a new flowering of this spirit: the resurrection of the vertical attitude towards life.

It is, of course, impossible to return to the historic past. We can no longer indulge in a nostalgia for the middle ages, in a search for Ofterdingen's *blue flower*, in a return to gothicism. The return to a *new* romanticism, as many continue to call this inner revolution, is an absurdity (just as is the return to a new classicism, or a new humanism.) Let there be no mistake about it: romanticism is dead, and it will never be resurrected. Yet we cannot but acknowledge that there is a link binding some of us with a certain aura that hovered around romanticism. We feel that we are living in a mental climate that, in its collective alienation and apocalyptic mood, resembles the one in which romanticism flowered in the beginning of the last century. We cannot forget that our interest in the night-side of life is identical with that manifested by the romantic thinkers and seers. They were the first to emphasize the importance to the creator of irrationalism, of the dream and the day-dream, of mysticism and mythos. The preoccupation with the dream, especially, haunted all romantics from Coleridge to Nerval, to Petrus Borel, to Novalis, to Tieck, to Jean Paul. They considered it an integral element of the "novel" and of "poetry", after Goethe, strange to say, had led the way by being the first to use the dream as part of his anecdote in *Wilhelm Meister*. They regarded it as the principal asthetic organon. They identified it with the fairy story. They interpreted the symbols through metaphysical categories.

We feel a relationship with the aura of that age. But that is as far as we go. We are through with its forms of expression, with its language, with its style. The period of the "lyric" and "poem" is definitely over. The world of sonnets, ballads, octaves, elegies,

odes, is over. The "poem" with its narcissism, descriptions of the *milieu*, paeans of land and loam, lovesick whines, melodramatic anecdotes of bloodlust and incest, hellenic parallelisms, propaganda of "living issues", little individual aches and troubles, cynically objective naturalism, is liquidated. A new style is in the making that will present the inner and outer reality in a synthesis; that will present the dramatic unity of "body and soul"; that will be *subobjective*. New forms to present the identity of the ancestral world and the present world will have to be found; epic word-symphonies will have to be discovered; an inter-racial language will have to be forged to express the collective inner vision of mankind. The "poem" must change into a *mantic compost* which organizes the expanding consciousness of "the expanding universe". It will go parallel with science which is no longer afraid of intuition, which is joining the ideations of mystics and seers, which has discovered the cosmic ray as the confirmation of the gnostic pneuma, which has annihilated three-dimensional space. The *mantic compost* will be the expression of the noumenal reality, the super and inter-planetary cosmos, the dynamis of a new imagination.

The chief need for the expression of this inner mutation is a new art of the word. We need a new plastic word composition that has nothing to do with the pedantry of modern philology, or the sterile dogmas of "estheticism". It is related to the existential, to anthropology, to depth-psychology, to metaphysics.

The artist of the word who participates in this process of inner metamorphosis attempts to forge language into a mantic instrument. In calling for the *language of night* some years ago, I had this in mind as an aim. I expressed a wish-image, a postulate, a nominalistic fiction. I knew this language did not exist today. It existed in the past, it was the Homeric language of the gods, the language of the heroic age of the races, the inner language of the mystics. Poets like Angelus Silesius, St. John of the Cross, Blake, Nerval, Novalis, Francis Thompson wrote in a manner approximating it. So did the anonymous poets who created their hymns in "mystic Latin". Yet we can only use their expression as a base. They did not solve the question. They merely attempted with the means at their disposal to give voice to the inner vision they had. Theirs was the liturgical, hymnic attitude to the word, which is the attitude we should try to recapture today.

The extension of consciousness which modern science places within the zone of possibility today seems to require a new form of expression. I noticed in my own linguistic development that the

words in my native and acquired tongues were beginning to wear out. Having used creatively the three principal European languages, I saw how in each one of them I was reaching a dead point beyond which there was no use going. In this tri-lingual difficulty I had no precedent to go by. Creative language, I feel, is sick. A curious muteness lies over it. The nihilistic collapse of a world is mirrored in it. It is inadequate to transmit even the simplest psychic phenomena. There no longer exists any language for our deepest emotions about love and death. The "lyrical" language today is filled with banausic clichés and metaphoric banalities. To the epigones the thematic material is everything. Their language is poisoned by the *déchets* of the utilitarian mind. It suffers from the vacuity of the "little housekeeping words", and from the logic of the conceptualist system. The use of words in what is known as "poetry" occurs through the reflective and conscious hammering of sense-impressions into the objective image. Language has lost the Heraclitean sense of movement.

A new "alchemy" is needed. This has been felt by a few isolated word-artists for the past hundred years, but the full clinical picture of the pathology has been recognized only in the last decade or so. The romantic poets had a presentiment of it. Edgar Allen Poe, now passing through an unjustified eclipse, was struck with it. Lewis Carroll tried to find a solution of his own. Rimbaud had a grandiose vision of the need of "hallucinated words". Mallarmé fought heroically for his own inner language. Marinetti, albeit in a non-metaphysical sense, was the first in this century to open the offensive by making the word autonomous and dynamic. The expressionists and early dadaists, following in his footsteps, made the isolated word anarchic. James Joyce, the greatest word-artist of the age, mirrored his independent vision of the disintegration of language in *Ulysses*, and is now hammering out his own polysynthetic solution, which cannot be imitated.

We are beginning to sense the metaphysics of language again. I envisage the *language of night* as a mediumistic organ, the attempt to cognize the meta-real value of the word and syntax. Here we come face to face with those processes that cannot be sensed with the intellect. For it is the unconscious vision which created language, and we stand before the task of re-discovering the knowledge of the daemonic-magical things that lie hidden in words and have been lost to modern man. This is, I take it, the real significance of Emerson's dictum: "The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language".

The word was song and liturgy in the beginning of man's verbal expression. The epos existed before the novel. Sagas were recited as litanies. Today's "poetry" has lost this sense of the ancestral rhythm in which the word was considered a *formule magique*, in the literal sense. We have in us the heritage of billions of years of common mutation. The *language of night* does not want to break with the past. Numberless words in every language are eternal, because they carry the weight of mythical experiences with them. The ancient symbols still live, but we have to experience them again and again in order to open the way for other experiences by the liberated imagination. Once there was a language of parabols, runes and fairy tales. We no longer understand the fervour with which past epochs employed the *Word*. It was sacred, it was the atman's echo, it was the johannite logos. The ancients felt it contained the inner wonder of the Godhead. It was a means of conjuration and creation. When the Hindoo spoke AUM, the interjection became power through the forty different ways of its pronunciation. The poets of the Veda regarded the word with religious fanaticism, they examined each intonation, and meditated every grammatical and rhythmic relationship. The primitive man —the *homo divinans*, as he has been called — had the same attitude to the word. Among certain tribes in Africa, America and Australia, it is still the custom, on special occasions, to sing in a sacred language handed down from primeval days. In the magical texts of the past there are to be found extraordinary sound-formations that refer to the sacred element of language. These forms of ancient wisdom were transmitted liturgically, they represented enigmatic sigils, they had exorcistic potency. In this alchemy of letters the mythological mind approached the hidden or supernatural powers.

We cannot break with the past, but we cannot return to it either. For language cannot stand still or go back. It is in constant movement and simply carries the symbolic remnants of the past in its stream. It carries with it the phylogenetic mass. The psychic liberation which new discoveries have made possible (eidetic images, the collective unconscious, all the oneiromantic or hermeneutic operations) open up new means of expression. The artist of the word whom these psychic experiences have liberated finds the contact with the mystic seer's view of the world and uses language in its function of *suggestion*, as M. Paulhan has called it. He acquires changed faculties of expression. He is in search of new symbols and sigils, and weds them, in a voluntary arrangement,

with ancient words inherited from an ancestral past. He seeks hieroglyphs to express what to many seems the inexpressible. In his process of the mystic metamorphosis of reality, he also metamorphoses the means of representation. The experiences of the *yore-world* vibrate in him, he senses abysmal life through the operations of dreams, diurnal phantasies, hypnogogic hallucinations, visions of rapture. His words themselves become mediumistic. They live a life of their own, like all living organisms. They have the power to create a universe that heretofore existed only as a fiction.

The *language of night* being the total expression of all the material that goes to make up the experiences of the daemonic-cosmic dynamis of the inner world in flux needs a liberty such as the recent literary epochs have denied the creator. The artist of the word having extended his consciousness and created in himself an intuitive apprehension of the invisible world must be free to de-rationalize the language of an intellectualist age. There are two ways of approaching this problem. His temperament may be such as to make him limit himself to a mere *phantasmatic* re-arrangement of his material. In that case, I believe it essential that the irreality he presents should find voice in the mysticism of a *montage in words,* in a *semantic* revolution, in an attempt to dislocate mediumistically all those vocables that have become poisoned by the contact with the empirical reality. He is not bound by the syntactical laws of logic used in the language of communication, although he may use them if his inner vision make it necessary to do so. He is out to create a new syntax: the sentence becomes conjuration. On the other hand, if his temperament be more impatient and if he find many words definitely useless and pathological for the purpose of manifesting the mediumistic experience, he ought to have the right to invent new ones. In this *revolution of the word* he does not forget that he always builds on a language saturated with the ancient mythic symbols. He does not forget that the substratum of the unconscious psyche is identical in all races throughout the world. Age-old magic texts well up from the tertiary memory. Word-images emerge somnambulistically. He makes a "spiritual wedding" of the old and new sigils and thus gives language wings again. His primary aim is the creation of a new *metaphoric* language that might approach the mood of illumination.

In this revolutionary process he does not neglect the collective language as speech. The *language of night* absorbs the language of communication in a metaphorical syncretism. It passes through

continents and centuries, through dead and living worlds. The mutation now going on, which is helped dynamically by the new technological means such as the cinema, the radio, and other mechanical forces, is about to create a linguistic interpenetration that will doubtless have its effect on the final morphological process of modern languages. There will be modifications eventually that may kill certain weaker branches and develop new ones. The migrations of peoples since the war have also contributed to this process. I see today a vast intercontinental revolution of language.

The *language of night* I have in mind will make the intercontinental synthesis of the inner and outer language. It may thus become the truly universal language. Not that of the "educated philistine" who demands signs to simplify his world of communication, not an auxiliary language that will never remind him of his solitude, not a quotidian language of gestures that flees from consecration. But a language that will dance and sing, that will be the vision of the "troisième oeil", that will bind the races in a fabulous unity.

One of the steps towards this language is the entrance into the pre-logical. We are still on the threshold to the discovery of an authentic language of the dream.

During a number of years when I attempted to transcribe my dreams verbally, I encountered considerable difficulties. Certain objects of the unconscious world often appeared to me to have no analogy whatever with the objects which they might have resembled in the waking state. They were definitely *new* objects created automatically in the state of sleep, or half-sleep, deformations of well-known objects, synthetizations of them. Since the objects were subjective creations, I felt that naming them objects was a misnomer. I invented the word "subobject" for these phenomena.

In naming them according to approximate correspondences with the objects known in the waking condition, I realized I was making a compromise. For often they were, in fact, *other* objects. I therefore proceeded to invent certain vocables for them. It so happened also that in the dream itself words presented themselves spontaneously to me as pure neologisms. I noticed a selective relationship between the objects and the words. The semantic sense of the dream-words and their sound character determined their interpretation. I saw that the *jeux de mots* in the dream were full of meaning. Behind each new word stood another word, another reality.

I had suggested to myself during the dream, or else I name-invented

such words as: Grala, Ascaton, Alzneiwein, Spaenlein, Sickermore, Old Griper, Verstehung, Hiera Ut, Gillabet, Cosmosa, Zweegey-Weegey, Bourgeoisin, Géantade, Grandoloquet, Lussurus, Garillon, Mélodore and numerous others.

During hypnogogic experiences I often caught isolated sounds that I have not been able to explain satisfactorily. Usually they are franco-german sounds that have no relation to anything I have read or heard.

In this subobjective oneiromancy it is important to remember the experiences of the day-dream. We are always dreaming, and it is only the irruption of the outer world of civilization that puts brakes on this process. The night-world of the day-dream has not been studied thoroughly up till now, although the Cooks of psychology are preparing to do so. Here we enter the mutation of the metaphor.

One of the chief faults I have to find with the present art of the word is that it tends to ignore almost completely the daemonic content of language. By this I mean the word that is the reflex of the descent into the mythological world, into the ritual universe. Some years ago, during the infant stages of *transition*, I once spoke of the *diabolical principle* in connection with an analysis of Lautréamont's work. Wyndham Lewis pounced on the idea, and, misunderstanding completely my purpose, belligerently published a book using as its title my *transition* term. Since his premises were wrong, his arguments against the stand I then took fell flat.

I still feel today that, creatively speaking, the preoccupation with this principle cannot be over-rated. I am inclined to substitute for the word "diabolical" (which now smacks too much of old-fashioned theology) the more precise term "daemonic", which was first used by Goethe, I believe, to describe that inner dynamics in man denoting the experience of the lower or subhuman forces. Life is a polarity between the subhuman, or daemonic, and the supra-human, or cosmic, an energetical process, in which both principles flee each other and sometimes join. This phenomenon can be traced in every mystic and gnostic philosophy, the Chinese knew it as Yang and Yin, the dualistic Manicheans built a marvellous cosmogony around the idea. Even the Catholic Paschal acolyte says triumphantly: "*O certe necessarium Adam peccatum*". It is what Bachofen called "*the road to the mothers*".

In studying the unconscious — my own, of course, for, *n'en déplaise aux collectivistes*, it's the only one I really know well — I came

upon certain phenomena that, by dint of repetition, attracted my attention. I found that the dream symbolism was subject to laws that apparently went beyond mere psycho-analytical interpretation. Urged on by the mystic and gnostic writers I was then studying I understood that that material in my dreams was not only non-personal, but definitely related to certain myths or legends I had learned to know in my childhood. There seemed to be a polarity between the daemonic and celestial images. What struck me, as I went on, was that behind the objective images there stood other images. Hidden behind the foreground of the realistic symbols, there apparently was a universe inherited from the ancestors. It was the unconscious of mankind that was revealed.

These dream-beings were mostly phantoms, sometimes also light-beings. Grotesquely masked apparitions, cobold-like creatures. animal-men predominated in these phantasmata and chimerae. I had the impression that my night-world was the playground of the lucifernian and celestial powers, to use the terms of the biblical mythos. The de-personalization I sensed in the dream-state was a kind of schizophrenic phenomenon. I felt that we are split personalities in our dreams, that we are really *being* dreamed, that there are other "I's" in us, that we are like persons possessed.

We have to face these demons and phantoms. What is at stake here is this: the artist of the word who seeks transcendental perceptions cannot hesitate to confront chaos. He must accept it as a necessary step to a higher medial cognition. He must pass willingly through what St. John of the Cross called "the dark night of the soul". Ordinarily men try to ignore these maleficent forces. They live in the cynical belief that their little intellect suffices to approach the immense complexity of the unconscious. To go down into this troubling labyrinth, to descend into the abyss is a catharsis. As I have watched these phenomena, I have tried to transcribe the conflict in words. This presented itself to me as an exorcistic process, the redemption from the larval power of what the gnostics called *daimones*. The exorcism translated itself through a word-synthesis that seemed to solve the tension between the sub-human word of the "I" and the transcendental word of the "you". The inner duologue found its conclusion apparently in a language of mantic metaphors, in a superconscious synthesis.

VERTIGRAL looks towards the future for an *élite* of inter-racial men and a new art of the word that will create the myths of a supernatural universe in logomantic terms.

Eugene Jolas

TRANSMUTATION VERTIGRALISTE

Vertigral veut liquider l'époque du nihilisme et du rationalisme en postulant une transmutation métanthropologique.

L'esprit vertigral cherche une synthèse créatrice à travers l'irrationalisme panromantique et le rêve individuel et collectif, afin de trouver la personnalité totale, l'homme surconscient, l'homme inter-racial, l'homme au troisième oeil.

Il cherche à découvrir une connaissance cosmologique dans l'extase et dans l'ivresse des mythes et de leurs images.

Il cherche une dimension interplanétaire et transcendentale dans la tension entre le démoniaque et le métaphysique.

Il cherche le surnaturel.

L'esprit vertigral cherche à découvrir des moyens d'expression nouveaux afin d'exprimer la dialectique intérieure.

Il cherche la métaphore mantique qui sera une manière d'exorcisme et d'incantation.

Il pose le problème de la transmutation du langage, le problème du langage de la nuit.

Il pose le problème du sujobjet plastique de la nuit.

Il pose le problème de la musique de la nuit.

Les formes traditionelles de la littérature, tel le poème, la nouvelle, le roman, sont devenues caduques. Il nous faut des formes nouvelles pour les mythes nouveaux.

Paramythe: Une forme de prose qui tient entre l'essai, la légende, le conte magique, le conte populaire, le poème en prose, la nouvelle, et qui donne un diagramme psycho-synthétique des expériences du rêve, du rêve diurne, des hallucinations hypnagogiques, des images eidétiques, des fantaisies, des visions, de l'inconscient individuel et collectif.

Hypnologue: Une forme logomantique qui s'apparente au poème traditionnel par le fait qu'elle exprime le rythme organique, mais qui en diffère en accentuant l'inspiration médiumistique de l'imagination par une transmutation des mots et de la syntaxe. Elle veut s'approcher de l'esprit incantatoire et liturgique.

Polyvocables: Un hypnologue parlé en plusieurs langues qui cherche surtout à exprimer la dynamique de l'inconscient inter-racial par un rythme identique et par la synthèse des images mythiques.

Ontogramme: (Georges Pelorson): Voix haute, mouvementée et momentanée de l'être. Admet donc toutes les contradictions, à condition qu'elles participent de l'éternité. Si l'on veut encore: le geste d'être éternel. Admet donc toutes les définitions.

JAMES JOYCE

Work in Progress

Opening and closing pages

Part II: Section II

As we there are where are we are we there from tomtittot to teetootomtotalitarian. Tea tea too oo. **unde et ubi**

with his broad and hairy face, to Ireland a disgrace.

Whom will comes over. Who to caps ever. And howelse do we hook our hike to find that pint of porter place? Am shot, says the bigguard.[1])

Imaginable Itinerary through the Particular Universal.

Menily about peebles.

Whence. Quick lunch by our left, wheel, to where. Long Livius Lane, mid Mezzofanti Mall, diagonising Lavatery Square, up Tycho Brache crescent,[2]) shouldering Berkeley Alley, querfixing Gainsborough Carfax, under Guido d'Arezzo's Gadeway, by New Livius Lane till where we whiled while we whithered. Old Vico Roundpoint. But fahr, be fear. And natural, simple, slavish, filial. The marriage of Montan wetting his moll we know, like any enthewsyass cuckling a hoyden[3]) in her rougey gipsylike chinkaminx pulshandjupeyjade and her petsybluse indecked o' voylets.[4]) When who was wist was ware. En elv, et fjaell. And the whirr of the whins humming us howe. His hume. Hencetaking tides we haply return, rumpeted by prawns and ensigned with seakale, to befinding ourself when old is said in one and maker mates with made (O my!), having conned the cones and meditated the mured and pondered the pensils and ogled the olymp and delighted in her dianaphous and cacchinated behind his culosses, before a mosoleum, Length Withought Breath, of

Dont retch meat fat salt lard sinks down (and out).

Swiney Tod ye Daimon Barbar

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[1]) If old Herod was to go for me like he does Snuffler I'd do nine months for his beaver beard.
[2]) Mater Mary Mercerycordial of the Dripping Nipples, milk's a queer arrangement.
[3]) Real life behind the floodlights as shown by the best exponents of a royal divorce.
[4]) When we play dress grownup at alla ludo poker you'll be heppnessised to feel how fetching I can look in clingarounds.

him, a chump of the evums, upshoot of picnic or stupor out of sopor, Cave of Kids or Hymanian Glattstoneburg, denary, danery, donnery, domm, who, entiringly as he continues highlyfictional, tumulous under his chthonic exterior but plain Mr. Tumulty in muftilife,[1]) in his antisipiences as in his recognisances, is, (Dominic Directus) a manyfeast munificent more mob than man.

Constitution of the Constitutionable as Constitutional.

Ainsoph,[2]) this upright one, with that noughty besighed him zeroine. To see in his horrorscup he is mehrkurios than saltz of sulphur. Terror of the noonstruck by day, cryptogam of each nightly bridable. But, to speak broken heaventalk, is he? Who is he? Whose is he? Why is he? Howmuch is he? Which is he? When is he? Where is he?[3]) How is he? And what the decans is there about him anyway, the decemt man? Easy, calm your haste! Approach to lead our passage!

Probapossible prolegomena to ideareal history.

This bridge is upper.
Cross.
Thus come to castle.
Knock.
A password, thanks.
Yes, pearse.
Well, all be dumbed!
O really?[4])
Hoo cavedin earthwight.
At furscht kracht of thunder.
When shoo, his flutterby.
Was netted and named.[5])

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1) Longfellow's lodgings, House of Comments III Cake Walk, Amusing Avenue Salt Hill, Co Mahogany, Izalond, Terra Firma.
2) Groupname for grapejuice.
3) Bhing said the burglar's head, soto poce her.
4) O Evol Kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a drows er.
5) Apis, amat, aram. Luna legit librum. Pulla petit pascua.

Erdnacrusha, requiestress, wake em!
And let luck's puresplutterall lucy at ease![1])
To house as wise fool ages builded
Sow byg eat.[2])

Quartandwds.

Staplering to tether to, steppingstone to mount by, as the Boote's at Pickardstown. Or be these wingsets leaned to the outwalls, beastskin trophies of booth of Baws the balsamboards?[3]) Burials be ballyhouraised! So let Bacchus e'en call! Inn inn! Inn inn!

Tickets for the Tailwaggers Terrierpuppy Raffle.

Where. The babbers ply the pen. The bibbers drang the den. The papplicom, the pubblicam he's turning tin for ten. From seldomers that most frequent him. That same erst crafty hakemouth which under the assumed name of Ignotus Loquor, of foggy old harangued bellyhooting fishdrunks on their favorite stamping ground, from a fathertheobalder brake.[4]) And Egyptus the spicerobed as Cyrus heard of him? And Major A. Shaw after he got the miner smellpex? And old Whiteman self, the blighty blotchy, beyond the bays, hope of ostrogothic and ottomanic faith converters, despair of Pandemia's postwartem plastic surgeons? But is was all so long ago.

Mars speaking.

Hispano - Cathayan - Euxine - Castillian - Emeiratic - Hebridian, Espanol - Cymric - Helleniky? Rolf the Ganger, Rough the Gangster, not a feature alike and the face the same. Pastimes are past times. Now let bygones be bei Gunne's. Saaleddies er it in this warken werden, mine boerne, and it vild need olderwise[5]) since primal made alter in garden of

Smith no home.

Gnosis of precreate determinati
Agnosis of postcreate determinisr

[1]) And after dinn to shoot the shades.
[2]) Says blistered Mary Achinhead to beautifed Tummy Tullbutt.
[3]) Begge. To go to Begge. To go to Begge and to be sure to reminder Begge. Goodbeg, buggey Begge.
[4]) Huntler and Puma's animal alphabites, the first in the world from aab to zoo.
[5]) And this once golden bee a cimadoro.

Idem. The tasks above are as the flasks below, saith the emerald canticle of Hermes and all's loth and pleasestir, are we told, on excellent inkbottle authority, solarsystemized, seriol-cosmically, in a more and more almightily expanding universe under one, there is rhymeless reason to believe, original sun. Securely judges orb terrestrial.[1]) *Haud certo ergo.* But O felicitous culpability, sweet bad cess to you for an archetypt!

Archaic zelotypia and the odium teleologicum.

Honour commercio's energy yet aid the linkless proud, the plurable with everybody and ech with pal, this ernst of Allsap's ale halliday of roaring month with its two lunar eclipses and its three saturnine settings. Horn of Heatthen, highbrowed! Brook of Life, backfrish! Amnios amnium, fluminiculum flaminulinorum! We seek the Blessed One the Harbourer-cum-Enheritance. Even Canaan the Hateful. Ever a-going, ever a-coming. Between a stare and a sough. Fossilisation, all branches.[2]) Wherefore Petra sware unto Ulma: By the mortals' frost! And Ulma sware unto Petra: On my veiny life!

The localisation of legend leading to the legalisation of latifundism.

In theses places sojournemus, where Eblinn water, leased of carr and fen, leaving amont her shoals and salmen-browses, whom inshore breezes woo with freshets, windeth to her broads. A phantom city phaked of philim pholk, bowed and sould for a four of hundreds of manhood in their three and threescore fylkers for a price partitional of twenty six and six. By this riverside, on our sunnybank,[3]) how buona the vista, by Santa Rosa!

---

[1]) And he was a gay Lutharius anyway, Sinobiled. You can tell by their extraordinary clothes.
[2]) Startnaked and bonedstiff. We vivvy soddy. All be dood.
[3]) When you dreamt that you'd wealth in marble arch do you ever think of pool beg slowe.

A field of May, the very vale of spring. Orchards here are lodged; sainted lawrels evremberried. You have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of marrons and of thorns. Gleannaulinn, Ardeevin: purty glint of plaising height. This Norman court at boundary of the ville, yon creepered tower of a church of Ereland, meet for true saints in worshipful assemblage [1]), with our king's house of stone, belgroved of mulbrey, the still that was mill and Kloster that was Yeomansland, the ghastcold tombshape of the quick foregone on, the loftleaved elm Lefanunian abovemansioned, each, every, all is for the retrospectioner. Skole! Agus skole gen! [2]) Sweetsome auburn, cometh up as a selfreizing flower that fragolance of the fraisey beds: the phoenix, his pyre, is still flaming away with trueprattight spirit: the wren his nest is niedelig as the turrises of the sabines are televisible. Here are the cottage and the bungalow for the cobbeler and the brandnewburgher: [3]) but Izolde, her chaplet gardens, an litlee plads af liefest pose, arride the winnerful wonders off, the winnerful wonnerful wanders off [4]), with hedges of ivy and hollywood and bower of mistletoe, are, tho if it theem tho and yeth if you pleathes [5]) for the blithehaired daughter of Angoisse. All out of two barreny old perishers. Wone tabard, wine tap and warm tavern and, by ribbon development, from contact bridge to lease lapse, only two

In snowdrop, trou-de-dentelle, flesh and heliotrope.

[1]) Porphyrious Olbion, redcoatliar, we were always wholly rose marines on our side every time.
[2]) Now a muss wash the little face.
[3]) A viking vernacular expression still used in the Summerhill district for a jerryhatted man of forty who puts two fingers into his boiling soupplate and licks them in turn to find out if there is enough mushroom catsup in the mutton broth.
[4]) H' dk' fs' fp'y.
[5]) Googlaa pluplu.

millium two humbered and eighty thausig nine humbered and sixty radiolumin lines to the wustworts of a Finntown's generous poet's office. Distorted mirage, aloofliest of the plain, wherein the boxomeness of the bedelias[1]) makes hobbyhodge happy in his hole.[2]) The store and charter, Treetown castle under Lynne. Rivapool? Hod a brieck on it. But its piers eerie, its span spooky, its toll but a till, its parapets all peripateting. D'Oblong's by his by. Which we all pass. Tons. In our snoo. Znore. White we hickerwards the thicker. Schein. Schore. Which assoars us from the murk of the mythelated in the barrabelowther, past Morningtop's necessity and Harington's invention, to the clarience of the childlight in the studiorium upsturts. The chorus: the principals. For the rifocillation of their inclination to the manifestation of irritation: doldorboys and doll. After sound, light and heat, memory, will and understanding.

's our dozen
ns from the
es on tripes.

Here till wranglers for wringwrowdy wready are, F H, (at gaze, respecting, fourteenth baronet, meet, altrettanth bancorot, chaff) and ere commence commencement catalaunic when Aetius check chokewill Attil's gambit, lead us seek, O june of eves the jenniest, thou who fleeest flicklesome, the fond fervid frondeur to thickly thyself attach with thine efteased ensuer,[3]) ondrawer of our unconscionable, flickerflapper fore our unterdrugged,[4]) lead us seek, lote us see, light us

ou fippence
hesious
's no pug-
y, are yous
?

Preausteric man and his pursuit of panhysteric woman.

---

[1]) I believe in Dublin and the Sultan of Turkey.
[2]) I have heard this word used by Martin Halpin, an old gardener from the Glens of Antrim who used to do odd jobs for my godfather, the Rev. C. P. Brophy of Swords.
[3]) A question of pull.
[4]) For Rose Point see Inishmacsaint.

find, let us missnot Maidadate, Mimosa multimimetica, the maymeaminning of maimoomeining! Elpis, thou fountain of the greeces, all shall speer theeward[1]) from kongen in his canteenhus to knivers hind the knoll. Ausonius Audacior and gael, gillie, gall.[2]) Singalingalying. Storiella as she is syung. Whence followeup with endspeaking nots for yestures, plutonically pursuant on briefest glimpse from gladrags, pretty Proserpronette whose slit satchel spilleth peas.

There was a sweet hopeful culled Cis.

Belisha beacon, beckon bright! Usherette, unmesh us! That grene ray of earong it waves us to yonder as the red, blue and yellow flogs time on the domisole[3]), with a blewy blow and a windigo. Where flash becomes word and silents selfloud. To brace congeners, trebly bounden and asservaged twainly. Adamman[4]), Emhe, Issossianusheen and sometypes Yggely ogs Weib. Uwayoei![5]) So mag this sybilette be our shibboleth that we may syllable her well. Vetus may be occluded behind the mou in Veto but Nova will be nearing as their radient among the nereids. A one of charmers, ay, Una Unica, charmers, who, under the branches of the elms, in shoes as yet unshent by stoniness, wend, went, will wend a way of honey myrrh and rambler roses mistmusk while still the maybe mantles the meiblume, fore ever her if have faded from the fleur,[6]) their arms enlocked, (ringrang, the chimes of sexappealing as conchitas

Urges and Widerurges a Primitive Sept.

The Big Bear bit the Sailor's Only. Trouble, trouble, trouble.

Forening Unge Kristlike Kvinne.

---

[1]) Mannequins' Pose.
[2]) Their holy presumption and hers sinfly desprit.
[3]) Anama anamaba anamabapa.
[4]) Only for he's fathering law I could skewer that old one and slosh her out many's the time.
[5]) All abunk for Tarararat! Look slipper, soppyhat, we've a doss in the manger.
[6]) One must sell it to some one the sacred name of love.

tale me all
nnaryllies.

you carry
can and
t the fairies?

na Mathers,
tioneer.

Gavelkind
Gamper and
as daff as
re erse.

with sentas stray[1]), rung!), all thinking all of it, the It with an itch in it, the All every inch of it, the pleasure each will preen her for, the business each was bred to breed by.[2]) Soon jemmijohns will cudgel about some a rhythmatick or other over Browne and Nolan's divisional tables whereas she, of minions' novence charily being cupid, for mug's wumping, grooser's grubbiness, andt's avarice and grossopper's grandegaffe, with her toot-pettypout of jemenfichue will sit and knit on solfa sofa.[3]) Stew of the evening, book-syful stew. And a bodikin a boss in the Thimble Theatre. But all is her inbourne. Intend. From gramma's grammar she has it that if there is a third person, mascarine, phelinine or nuder, being spoken abad it moods prosodes from a person speaking to her second which is the direct object that has been spoken to, with and at. Take the dative with his oblative[4]) for, even if obsolete, it is always of interest, so spake gramma on the impetus of her imperative, only mind your genderous towards his reflexives such that I was to your grappa (Bott's trousend, hore a man uff!) when him was me hedon[5]) and mine, what the lewdy saying, his analectual pygmyhop.[6]) There is comfortism in the knowledge that often hate on first hearing comes of love by second sight. Have your little sintalks in the dunk of subjunctions,

Early Notions of Acquired Rights and the Influence of Collective Tradition upon the Individual.

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[1]) making it up as we goes along.
[2]) the law of the jungerl.
[3]) Let me blush to think of all those halfway-hoist pullovers.
[4]) I'd like his pink's cheek.
[5]) Frech devil in red hairing! So that's why you ran away to sea, Mrs. Lappy. Leap me. Locklaun, for you have sensed.
[6]) A washable, lovable, floatable doll.

dual in duel and prude with pruriel, but even the aoriest chaparound whatever plaudered perfect anent prettydotes and haec genua omnia may perhaps chance to be about to be in the case to be becoming a pale peterwright in spite of all your tense accusatives whilstly you're wallfloored [1]) like your gerandiums for the better half of a yearn or sob. It's a wild's kitten, my dear, who can tell a wilkling from a warthog. For you may be as practical as is predicable, but you must have the proper sort of accident to meet that kind of a being with a difference. Flame at his fumbles but freeze on his fist. [2]) Every letter is a godsend, ardent Ares, brusque Boreas and glib Ganymede like Zealous Zeus the O'Meghisthest of all. To me or not to me. Satis thy quest on. Werbungsap! Jeg suis, vos wore a gentleman, thou arr, I am a quean. Is a game over? The game goes on. Cookcook! Search me. The beggar the maid the bigger the mauler. And the greater the patrarc the griefer the pinch. And that's what your doctor knows. O love it is the commonknounest thing how it pashes the plutous and the paupe. [3]) Pop! And egg she active of spoon she passive, all them fine clauses in Lindley's and Murrey's never braught the participle of a present to a desponent hortatrixy, vindicatively I say it, from her postconditional future. [4]) Lumpsome is who lumpsum pays. Quantity counts though accents falter. Yoking apart and oblique orations parsed to one side,

Undante umoroso M. 50-50.

---

[1]) With her poodle asking to be let off and feeling dead in herself. Is love worse living?

[2]) Improper frictions is maledictions and mens uration makes me mad.

[3]) Llong and Shortts Primer of Black and White Wenchcraft.

[4]) The gaggles all out.

o for that polly if suck to lebbens- ch.

ra Farrell.

chwindibus.

ia Monastir, nstar and ecticut.

patria, thy s history.

a brat, alanna, can choose from so many, be he a sollicitor's appendix, a pipe clerk or free functionist flyswatter, that perfect little cad, from the languors and weakness of limber-limbed lassihood till the head, back and heart aches of waxedup womanage and heaps on heaps of other things too. Note the Respectable Irish Distressed Ladies and the Merry Mustard Frothblowers of Humphreystown Associations. Atac first, queckqueck quicks after. Beware how in that hist subtaile of schlangder[1]) lies liaison to tease oreilles. To vert embowed set proper penchant. But learn from that ancient tongue to be middle old modern to the minute. A spitter that can be depended on. Though Wonderlawn's lost us for ever, Alis, alas, she broke the glass! Liddell lokker through the leafery, ours is mistery of pain.[2]) You may spin on youthlit's bike and multi-please your Mike and Nike with your kick-shoes on the algebrars but, volve the virgil page and view, the O of woman is long when burly those two muters sequent her so from Nebob[3]) see you never stray who'll nimm you nice and nehm the day.

One hath just been areading, hath not one, ya, ya, in their memoiries of Hireling's puny wars, end so, und all, ga, ga of The O'Brien, The O'Connor, The Mac Loughlin and The Mac Namara with summed their appendage da, da, of Sire Jeallyous Seizer, that gamely torskmester, with his duo of druidesses in ready money rompers and the tryonforit of

Concomitance of courage, counsel and constancy. Ordination of omen, onus and obit. Distribution of danger, duty and destiny. Polar Principles.

[1]) He's just bug nuts on white mate he hasn't the teath nor the grits to choo and that's what's wrong with Lang Wang Wurm old worbbling goesbelly.

[2]) Dear and I trust in all frivolity I may be pardoned for trespassing but I think I may add hell.

[3]) He is my all menkind of every desception.

Oxthievious, Lapidous and Malthouse Anthemy. You may fail to see the lie of that layout, Suetonia[1]), but the reflections which recur to me are that so long as beauty life is body love[2]) and so bright as Mutua of your mirror holds her candle to your candle, lone lefthand likeless, sombring Autum of your Spring, reck you not one spirt of anyseed whether trigemelimen cuddle his coddle or nope. She'll confess it by her figure and she'ill deny it to your face. If you're not ruined by that one she won't do you any whim. And then? What afters it? Gruff Gunne may blow, Gam Gonna flow, the gossans eye the jennings aye. From the butts of Heber and Heremon, nolens volens, brood our pansies brune in brune. There's a split in the infinitive from to have been to will be. As they warred in their big innings ease now we never shall know. Eat early earthapples. Coax Cobra to chatters. Hail, Heva, we hear. This is the glider that gladdened the girl[3]) that list to the wind that lifted the leaves that folded the fruit that hung on the tree that grew in the garden Gough gave. Wide hiss, we're wizening. Hoots fromm, we're globing. Why hidest thou hinder thy husband his name? Leda, Lada, aflutterafraida, so does your girdle grow! Willed without witting, whorled without ained. Pappapassos, Mammamanet, warwhetswut and whowitswhy.[4]) But it's tails for toughs and titties for totties and come buckets come bats till deeleet.[5])

The Eroico Furioso makes the valet like smiling.

The hyperape the mink he groves the mole you see now for crush sake chawley.

Pige pas.

[1]) None of your cumpohlstery English here.
[2]) Understudy my understandings, Sostituda, and meek thine complement, gymufleshed.
[3]) Tho' I have one just like thatou home, deadleaf brown with quicksilver appliques would whollymost applissiate a nice shiny sleekysilk out of that slippering snake charmeuse.
[4]) What's that ma'am, says I.
[5]) As you say yourself.

Panoptical purview of political progress and the future presentation of the past.

Dark ages clasp the daisy roots, Stop, if you are a sally of the allies, hot off Minowaurs and naval actiums, picked engagements and banks of rowers. Please stop if you're a B.C. minding missy, please do. But should you prefer A.D. stepplease. And if you miss with a venture it serves you girly well glad. But, holy Janus, I was forgetting the Blitzenkopfs. Here Hengegst and Horsesauce, take your heads[1]) out of that taletub. And leave your hinnyhennyhindyou. It's haunted. The chamber. Of errings. Whoan, tug, trace, stirrup! It is distinctly understouttered that, sense you threehandshighs put your twofootlarge timepates in that dead wash of Lough Murph and until such time pace one and the same, Messherrn the grinning statesmen Brock and Leon have shunted the grumbling coundedtouts Starlin and Ser Artur Ghinis. Foamous homely brew, bebattled by bottle, gageure de guegerre.[2]) Bull igien bear and then bearagain bulligan. Gringrin gringrin. Staffs varsus herds and bucks vursus barks. By old Grumbledum's walls. Bumps bellows and bawls. Opprimor's down, up up Opima! Rents and rates and tithes and taxes, wages, saves and spends. Heil, heptarched span of peace![3]) Live, league of lex, nex, and the mores! Fas est dass and foe err you. Impovernment of the booble by the bauble for the bubble. So wrap up your worries in your woe (wumpumtum!) and shake down the shuffle for the throw. For there's one mere ope[4]) for downfall ned. As Hanah Levy,

---

[1]) That's the lethemuse but it washes off.

[2]) Where he fought the shesshock of his stimmstammer and we caught the pepettes of our lovelives.

[3]) I'm blest if I can see.

[4]) Hoppity Huhneye, hoosh the hen. I like cluckers, you like nuts (wink).

shrewd shroplifter, and nievre anore skidoos with her spoileds.[1]) To add gay touches. For hugh and guy and goy and jew. To dimpled and pimpled and simpled and wimpled. A peak in a poke and a pig in a pew.[2]) She wins them by wons, a haul hectoendecate, for mangay mumbo jumbjubes tak mutts and jeffs muchas bracelonettes gracies barcelonas.[3]) O what a loovely freespeech 'twas (tep.)[4]) to gar howalively hintergrunting. Tip. Like lilt of larks to burdened crocodile[5]), or skittering laubhing at that wheeze of old windbag, Blusterboss, blowharding about all he didn't do. Hell o' your troop! With is the winker for the muckwits of willesly and nith is the nod for the umproar napollyon and hitheris poorblond piebold hoarse. Huirse. With its tricuspidal hauberkhelm coverchaf emblem on. For the man that broke the ranks on Monte Sinjon. The allriddle of it? That that is allruddy with us ahead of schedule which already is plan accomplished from and syne: Daft Dathy of the Five Positions (the death ray stop him!) is still, as reproaches Paulus, on the Madderhorn and entre chats and hobnobs[6]), daring Dunderhead to shiver his timbers and Hannibal mac Hamiltan the Hegerite (more livepower elbow him!) minsterbuilding up, as repreaches Timothy, in Saint Barmabracks.[7]) Number Thirty two West Eleventh

Flieflie for the jillies and a bombambum for the nappotondus.

Murdoch.

Pas d'action, peu de sauce.

[1]) Sweet, medium and dry like altar wine.
[2]) Who'll buy me penny babies?
[3]) Well, Maggy, I got your castoff devils all right and fit lovely. And am vaguely graceful. Maggy thanks.
[4]) My six is no secret, Sir, she said.
[5]) Yes, there, Tad, thanksgive from tathair, look at that now.
[6]) Go up quick, stay so long, come down slow.
[7]) A glass of peel and pip for Mr. Potter of Texas, please.

streak looks on to that (may all in the to-coming of the sempereternal speel spry with it!) datetree doloriferous which more and ever leafeth earlier than every growth and, elfshot, headawag, with frayed nerves wondering till they feeled sore like any woman that has been born at all events to the purdah and for the howmanyeth and howmovingth time at what the demons in that jackhouse that jerry built for Massa and Missus and hijo de puta, the sparksown fermament of the starryk fieldgosongingon where blows a nemone at each blunk of windstill[1]) they were sliding along and sleeting aloof and scouting around and shooting about. Allwhichwhile or whereabouts for good vaunty years Dagobert is in Clane's clean hometown prepping up his prepueratory and learning how te put a broad face bronzily out through a broken breached meataerial from Bryan Awlining. Erin's hircohaired culoteer[2]).

n the seven
of Joseph
the calends
lary Marian,
ehunkered
thorny too.

hakefork
t pitch it.

ly, puzzly
ell a cat.

---

[1]) All the world loves a big gleaming jelly.
[2]) A peugeneepy for your warcheekeepy.

Service superseding self.

Thanks eversore much, Pointcarried! I can't say if it's the weight you strike me to the quick or that red mass I was looking at but at the present momentum, potential as I am, I'm seeing rayingbogeys rings round me. Honours to you and may you be commended for our exhibitiveness! I'd love to take you for a bugaboo ride and play funfer all if you'd only sit and be the ballasted bottle in the porker barrel. You will deserve a rolypoly as long as from here to tomorrow. And to hell with them driftbombs and bottom trailers! If my maily was bag enough I'd send you a toxis. By Saxon Chromaticus, you done that lovely for me! Didn't he now, Nubilina? Tiny Mite, she studiert whas? With her listeningin coiffure, her dream of Endsland's daylast and the glorifires of being presainted maid to majesty.[1]) And less is the pity for she isn't the lollypops she easily might be if she had for a sample Virginia's air of achievement. That might keep her from throwing delph. As I was saying, while retorting thanks, you make me a reborn of the cards. We're offals boys ambows.[2]) For I've flicked up all the crambs as they crumbed from your table um, singing glory

Euchre risk, merci bucku and mind wl you're puckir flebby.

Catastrophe and Anabasis.

---

[1]) Wipe your glosses with what you know.
[2]) Alls Sings and Alls Howls.

rotary pro-
s and its
ıblishment
ciprocities.

allaloserem, cog it out here goes a sum. So read we in must book. It tells. He prophets most who bilks the best.

And that salubrated sickenagiaour of yaours have teaspilled all my haseydency. Forge away, Sunny Sim. Sheepshopp. Bleating Goad, it is the least of things, Eyeinstye! Imagine it, my deep dartry dullard! It is hours giving, not more. I'm only out for celebridging over the guilt of the gap in your hiscitendency. You are a hundred thousand times welcome, old wortsampler, hellbeit you're just about as culpable as my woolfell merger would be. In effect I could engage in an energument over you till you were republicly royally toobally prussic blue in the shirt after.[1]) Trionfante di bestia! And if you're not your bloater's kipper may I never curse again on that pint I took of Jamesons. Old Keane now, you're rod, hook and sinker, old jubalee Keane. Biddy's hair. Biddy's hair, mine lubber. Where is that Quin but he sknows it knot but what you that are my popular endphthisisis were born with a solver arm up your sleep. Thou in shanty. Thou in scanty shanty. Thou in slanty scanty shanty. Bide in your hush. Bide in your hush, do. The law does not aloud you to shout. I plant my penstock in your postern, chinarpot. Ave! And let it be to all remembrance. Vale. Ovocation of maiding waters.[2]) For auld lang salvy steyne. I defend you to champ my scullion's praises. To book alone belongs the lobe. Foremaster's meed[3]) will mark

come si compita cunctitilitatio? Conkery cunk, thighthightticklelythigh, liggerilag, titteritot, leg in a tee, lug in a law, two at a tie, three on a thricky till ohiohio ioiomiss.

Twofold
h and the
unctive
etites of op-
ional
es.

agion.

---

[1]) From three shellings. A bluedye sacrifice.
[2]) Not Kilty. But the manajar was. He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho!
[3]) Giglamps. Soapy Geyser. The Smell and Gory Mac Gusty.

tomorrow when we are making pilscrummage to whaboggeryin with staff, scarf and blessed wallet and our aureoles round our neckkandcropfs where as and when Heavysciusgardaddy, parent who offers sweetmeats, will gift uns his Noblett's surprize. With this laudable purpose in loud ability let us be singulfied. Betwixt me and thee hung cong. Item, mizpah ends.

Abnegation is Adaptation.

But while the dial are they doodling dawdling over the mugs and the grubs? Oikey, Impostelopulas? Steady steady steady steady steady studiavimus. Many many many many many manducabimus. We've had our day at triv and quad and writ our bit as intermidgets. Art, literature, politics, economy, chemistry, humanity, Duty, the daughter of discipline, the Great Fire at the South City Markets, Belief in Giants and the Banshee, A Place for Everything and Everything in its Place, Is the Pen Mightier than the Sword? A Successful Career in the Civil Service [1]), The Voice of Nature in the Forest [2]), Your Favorite Hero or Heroine, On the Benefit of Recreation [3]), If Standing Stones Could Speak, Devotion to the Feast of the Indulgence of Portiuncula, The Dublin Metropolitan Police Sports at Ballsbridge, Describe in Homely Anglian Monosyllables the Wreck of the Hesperus [4]), What Morals, if any, can be drawn from Diarmuid and Grania? [5]) Do you approve of our Existing Parliamentary System? The Uses and Abuses

Enter the and How. Secures gubernant urbis terro

Cato.
Nero.
Saul.
Aristotle.
Julius Caesar.
Pericles.
Ovid.
Adam, Eve.
Domitian.
Edipus.
Socrates.
Ajax.
Homer.
Marcus Aurelius.
Alcibiades.
Lucretius.
Noah.

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1) R. C., disengaged, good character, would help, no salary.
2) Where Lily is a Lady found the nettle rash.
3) Bubabipibambuli, I can do as I like with what's me own. Nyamnyam.
4) Able seaman's caution.
5) Rarely equal and distinct in all things.

o.
ace.
c.
sias.
ius.
genes.
ne, *Philo-*
.
aham.
or.
innatus.
nidas.
b.
ocritus.
ph.
ius.
son.
.
o.
metheus.

peius Magnus.
n.
or, *Pollux.*
nysius.
pho.
es.

llina.
mus.
kiel.
mon.
mistocles.
llius.
ius.
ophon.

of Insects, A Visit to Guinness' Brewery, Clubs, Advantages of the Penny Post, When is a Pun not a Pun? Is the Co-Education of Animus and Anima Wholly Desirable? [1]) What happened at Clontarf? Since our Brother Johnathan Signed the Pledge or the Meditations of Two Young Spinsters [2]), Why we all Love our Little Lord Mayor, Hengler's Circus Entertainment, On Thrift [3]), The Kettle-Griffith-Macpherson Scheme for a New Electricity Supply, Travelling in the Olden Times [4]), American Lake Poetry, the Strangest Dream that was ever Halfdreamt. [5]) Circumspection, Our Allies the Hills, Are Parnellites Just towards Henry Tudor? Tell a Friend in a Chatty Letter the Fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant, Santa Claus, The Shames of Slumdom, The Roman Pontiffs and the Orthodox Churches [6]), The Thirty Hour Week, Compare the Fistic Styles of Jimmy Wilde and Jack Sharkey, How to Understand the Deaf, Should Ladies learn Music or Mathematics? Glory be to Saint Patrick! What is to be found in a Dustheap, The Value of Circumstantial Evidence, Should Spelling? Outcasts in India, Collecting Pewter, Eu, [7]) Proper and Regular Diet Necessity For [8]), If You Do It Do It Now. Delays are dangerous.

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[1]) Jests and the Beastalk with a little rude hiding rod.

[2]) Wherry like the whaled prophet in a spook-eerie.

[3]) Something happened that time I was asleep, torn letters of was there snow?

[4]) I've lost the place, where was I?

[5]) What sins is nim money sans Paris.

[6]) he has toglieresti in brodo all over his agrammatical parts of face and as for you, hippofoxphiz, unluchy number, late for the christening!

[7]) Eh, Monsieur? Où, Monsieur? Eu, Monsieur? Nenni No., Monsieur.

[8]) Ere we hit the hay, brothers, let's have that response to prayer.

Vitavite! Gobble Anne: tea's set, see's eneugh! Mox soonly will be in a split second per the chancellory of his exticker.

Pantocracy.	Aun
Bimutualism.	Do
Interchang ability.	Tri
Naturality.	Car
Superfetation.	Cush [1])
Stabimobilism.	Shay
Periodicity.	Shockt
Consummation.	Ockt
Interpenetrativeness.	Ni
Predicament.	Geg [2])
Balance of the factual by the theoric Boox and Coox. Amallagamated.	Their feed begins.

Mawmaw, lul your beeefta fizzin over.

Kakaopoetic lippudenies the ungump tious.

[1]) Kish is for anticheirst, and the free of my hand to him!

[2]) And gags for skool and crossbuns.

NIGHTLETTER.

With our best youlldied greedings to Pep and Memmy and the old folkers below and beyant, wishing them all very merry Incarnations in this land of the livvey and plenty of preprosperousness through their coming new yorks

from

jake, jack and little sousoucie
(the babes that mean too)

Léon-Paul Fargue:

THE ALCHEMIST

"In the beginning was the Verb", Marcel Schowb often reminded us. But inasmuch as we cannot seem to stop the superclassification of time and dimensions, we feel, in our own way, that before, after and behind each thing there is always something, and that verb, thought, force and action keep up an interminable game of hide and seek. The word had already become elaborated, it was undoubtedly present in that fearful empty sound, as yet unheard by the ears of man, made by the discus-throwing Spirit as it hurled into the immense optic and decentralized flower of the infinite those tribes of suns, which were not to meet again, other than to twinkle at each other from afar, destined to know little one about the other, to maintain the order of their course till they reached the points of a future battle, not to leave board for long at a time, to speak to each other only in the family circle, and to hide their dead, grown mute, in their own bellies. Immediately the word became the echo of the Universe and returned its volley every day throughout the centuries. But then implacable, rational breeding insensibly turned the thing upside down, making verbal parasites out of ideas; for ideas are noises, words, spectacles, adult gestures of variable health which intellectual routine, little by little, neglects to nourish, to care for, to exercise, and which it would like to incarcerate, to put to sleep in a waffle iron, in a refrigerator or in a pneumatic machine of some sort.

Those words which we need, our own verb, revivified, should be the good microbes, the phagocytes of this intellectual microbe.

> Mad man! he neither eats nor drinks earthly things
> His head, in ferment, drives him afar...
>
> *Faust*

James Joyce groups them, couples them for the necessary transfusions, practises interstitial graftings on them, works them over with his own instruments, makes new cultures which he reboils in that strange laboratory, that intimate hell, that he has lighted up for himself alone. That which Rabelais kneaded with bulbs and acorns soaked in wine like a big biscuit, that which the euphuists cooed about with pen flourishes and antimaccassars, that which the maccaronic writers crimped to stiffness with their kitchen latin, accompanied, drowned out even, by the brawls in the street, that which old Papa Hugo admired so in himself when he

trumpeted loudly forth, at the same time spitting whole trombonefuls of those belly tears and that witches-nag froth that sometimes smelt like semen but wasn't always just that; that which Flaubert pondered over as he puffed into his lamp chimney, that which Rimbaud touched when he touched his own enormous body in pursuit of the phantom of a wandering jew covered with vitamines, that which the symbolists sought when they tried out all the glasses and prisms of syntax, that which Mallarmé succeeded in doing by nobly turning and twisting the top-hat of vagary, and a meteoric hat it was, the diabolo of politeness: James Joyce has applied himself to it with the precise eye of the optician and the lapidary.

He gives to objects, as also to psychological events, which are the feminine trap of the verb, cuts and twists, names that are more precise, more numerous, better articulated than those which they were accustomed to wear as they would an old shoe. If I may use a bit of the linguists' jargon, which considers itself the key of Solomon, but which is made up of so many and such amusing neologisms, Joyce's is a polysynthetic genius. Authority and master in everything that concerns literary matters, master, as well, of the unity of time, of morphology, of etymology, of activity in analogy, of phonetics, capable of entirely renewing the grammatical arsenal of an idiom, he is the physician, the dentist of the lexicon, of semantics, of syntax. And when it pleases him to do so, he employs the most magical of billingsgate.

Can you still read things like this? "The soft blue sky became inky black. The night grew opaque and heavy. Princess Winter, just back from Saint-Moritz, looked for a long time at the putiphar-covered pool, hesitated a moment, then quickly made her decision and jumped in. There was a splash, and then nothing more. The water was covered with sinister circles. In the morning the mill had resumed its glad tic-tac and nature in her indifference, etc. etc."

Haven't you just about got your belly full of that? You say people don't write that way any more. It seems to me that they are beginning again. And I come across even more marvelous pearls in the books I receive, published in ten volumes of five hundred pages each.

And then there are the fashion authors who go to Monomatapa in order to bring back stories that might have happened in Billancourt. Behulifruen is in the interior, as Raymond Roussel showed us. It is curious, said Gourmont, when the form is not new, neither is the content.

And if the critics are not satisfied, said Odilon Redon, well, we'll make the dictionary over for them!

As for the man Joyce, his character, his spirit, we'll come back to that another time.

(This allocution was pronounced before the Society of the Friends of 1914 on the occasion of a reception given in honor of James Joyce: Paris, April 1934.

Translated from the French by Eugene Jolas)

Armand M. Petitjean:

JOYCE AND MYTHOLOGY: MYTHOLOGY AND JOYCE

The problem of mythology — the latter being, in my opinion the manner in which man sees himself and disposes of himself (Narcissus inaugurated it, albeit not the Narcissus myth, for Narcissus was born much before Ovid, and will die much later) — this problem presents itself as one of capital importance to modern man. For, on the one hand, it is impossible, under pain of realism naturalism nudism, or even of populism, to broach man from the front (it is also inadvisable to look at him from behind, from his behind or his bald pate, under pain of surrealism). On the other hand, it would really be a case of the creator outstripped by his own creation, it would remain symbolism of the worst kind if we saw man through his reputation in the mouths of his fellow-men.

The nineteenth century, a historic century of historic movements, of historic thinkers, of men who were historical before they became hysterical, who, glimpsing the spatial end of the world undertook to discover it temporally: this century of great re-discoveries feels itself strangely divided, impotent before mythology. Schleiermacher the romantic, does not take it seriously enough: the romantic Michelet takes it far too seriously; they are equally a part of history. *Les Ames Mortes, Bouvard and Pécuchet* — I almost wrote Schubert's *Symphony* — remain unfinished. Mythology is discussed as something absolute (Schelling), a solution, a degradation, a realization of religion, or a "popular creation": the individual — for this century of history is also that of the individual — will therefore create anything and everything save the myth. For the reason that, having plunged into the world of phenomena and symbols, the thinkers of the nineteenth century, all of them thinkers of action, most of all the dreamers and romancers among them, before becoming dialecticians and materialists inquired into the means of man — means to be taken in every sense of the word — and not into his goal, his reflection or vocation. But history itself ruined historicism and historism, which naïvely thought it had eternity ahead in which to create history and just so stories. In the face of a world whose destruction they perceived historically, and whose end they saw temporally, they quite naturally took recourse to imagination and mythology.

And they had the mythology of eternal recurrence or else of the eternal present, a viewpoint that quickly fell into relativation

(Nietzsche's round world, with it's splendid, theatrical rings of Saturn that became a ball in Einstein's space curved under the weight of time);
the mythology of catastrophy, which wants to be, and is, the very motor of history; that of Dostoyevsky, Georges Sorel, Spengler — earlier that of Choderlos de Laclos;
the mythology of the inner world, as with Bergson and Proust: for the epoch of world-come-to-an-end that is now beginning is also that of the first floor and the psychic reaction, of intensity travestied into intimacy, of the false 'I' and the postiche-imagination: the epoch of the pastiche.
The chiliasts of reason and those of sentiment, the men of the millenium, the christians of the year zero, surrender joyously to it. And, in fact, mythology becomes more and more a factor, a desperate counter-factor of history: some retreat into the past, others return to it (Giulio Evola, Gimenez Caballero, Rosenberg, every fascist), and more than one Marxist prophet tries to return to the future; under the pretext of the crisis, each one gets off on the wrong foot. All too human mythology where the hero himself, the *Fuehrer,* presents himself gratuitously as *Ecce Homo,* the simple tensor of the more or less political energy of the men that are "his" men!
Whatever its garb, fur or feathers, such a mythology remains nevertheless flight, the most essential and the most cowardly flight from the present, the problems of the hour, the questions of why and wherefore. And it is all the more flight in that an attempt is made to guarantee it, or rather to fixate it, by integrating it within the form of belief, in the pride of an acquired evidence that is forced and frantic, which has value only for oneself, and which embarrasses only other people. There is nothing so easy as to be taken in by one's camouflage, and nothing less so than to maintain the player's paradox. People believe in mythology the way the nineteenth century believed in history, the eighteenth century in progress, and the seventeenth in its Prince and Religion. The mythological dogma of history is not with Vico, but with Heidegger, a chapter of *Geschichtlichkeit.* Writers like W.B. Yeats or W. Jensen mix religion and mythology, mythology and folklore, folklore and pre-history, pre-history and history. The religion which Freud calls *Verdraengungsneurose* is merely the modern error, the countersense of mythology, and C. G. Jung (we need the *medicus* as well as the *medicine man,* just as the "Persian letters" needed the eunuch and the Jesuit priest) shows us the mandalas made by his patients

and admiring ladies, more as though they were the reliquiae of devout than of hysterical old ladies.

Nevertheless, relativity having become generalized, relativisation having come within the grasp of man, the premature absorption of the world by man leads to fanatic faith in scepticism, to a suspended world and to a pendant man. By reaction, under the pretext of wanting to integrate themselves within the world, people bury themselves, burrow into themselves, in order not to be uprooted, so they say: they pin their anguish to a plush cushion, the way Christ carried his cross, they play with unconsummated death, with a sort of false suicide, which is worse than unconsummated marriage. The haunting dread of catastrophe determines and super-determines the catastrophe more surely than prophecy dictates history. The inner life grows sentimental, becomes a second-rate bourgeois drama that demonstrates the utility, not to say the necessity, even of psychoanalysis, that pleasant form of castor oil.
Man sees himself, if at all, in the form of the Ape, of Sex, of Mass, or of the Automaton.

If living in our time is becoming a non-sense of history, a very escape from life; if living is a mythology, if experienced mythology infallibly becomes lost in mythomania, then a poet is needed to bring us back through mythology to ourselves and the world. Nothing will turn James Joyce[1]) from an obstinate, real and efficacious present, and just as others, under the stress of inspiration, call upon the Powers, so he is surrounded by multiple Presences.
And first of all, whereas modern man, whose natural state it is to fall from Charybdis to Scylla, in order to save himself from history which, as a matter of fact, separates him indefinitely from himself (and I mean by history the consideration, the historic allegation of things, the collusion of Laura Riding's *Zeitgeist* with just anybody's *Weltanschauung*, in the final analysis, a romantic regret for that which we shall never see a second time), whereas modern man still uses mythology for historic ends, Joyce uses history to serve mythology. He does not deny history like a barbarian; he does not accept it like a simpleton. And if he refuses

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[1]) *It is of course understood that I am referring to the Joyce of* Work in Progress, *the only work that counts now in his eyes, and in our own, his greatest.*

to give it a meaning or any meaning, (his very positive historical substructure or his scaffolding of eternal recurrence having been taken from Vico, and not from Kierkegaard or Nietzsche, would otherwise be pata- rather than meta-physics), he takes care not to neglect the very human meaning which it lends to everything.

It pleases history — which I might readily call the mythology of Faust — for ends which are very admissible in action, but intolerable in composition or redemption, to situate man and things in time. It gives them thus a unique value: history is thus the only witness to the irreversibility of time which is more severe, even, than Bergson's conception; there is nothing it does not situate, not even mythology, under the form of pre-history, not even prophecy, under the form of post-history. The event which established change consecrates, two faces in one, the ambiguity of an immediate and simultaneous Janus, all assume a human face and their wrinkles attract the interest, the concern, the tenderness, the regret of men. The perfect historian, the registering apparatus as Seignobos sees him, following thus in the wake of Froissart, is not less responsible for this sensibilisation of the world, which guarantees objectively the extreme subjectivity of historic considerations.

Abandoning without difficulty the pothook of chronology, which is a bad compromise between statistics and causality, the application to cosmic life of that quite historic logic that guaranteed the identity of subject its non-contradiction, as well as its bull concerning the third party, Joyce only retains of history a very human hold on things, its toil, its labour, the psychological money of time, which as iniquitously drapes the world in grey and tenderness as snow does with candour. The same excessive consciousness and that very negation of chance which made Rimbaud declare that the 'I' is another 'he' gives him to understand that the others are others and other than the others.

And so Joyce does not laboriously retrace his steps, painfully panting and puffing like that shame-faced relativist Proust, in search of a time lost somewhere throughout the world. For he has not lost his time; nor does he speculate about that time which takes time and which we outstrip by giving ourselves lots of space, space-time-movement, like those glorious conservatives and prophetic relativists H. G. Wells or G. W. Dunne. He does not surrender to an unconscious where everything is to be seen, to which everything is shown according to one's proper consciousness and will. But liquidating the extension of time, its complexes, its eddies and false intensities, by greater attention, by the flights of his fantastic imagination

which he crams with the melodic masses of a fantastic language, he deposits the amount realized to the account of his field of presence, that immediate apperception of living which some call *I-think-therefore-I-am* and others immortal duration.

With Joyce one sees how right Kassner was when he said that the imagination is the only remedy, infinitely more positive than the disease itself, for modern inhibition, which an alternative current of intro- and extra-version does not suffice to explain, since our incapacity to project a world comes from an equal incapacity to absorb another. Thus paternity, necessity, which is just a lesser paternity, causality, a lesser necessity, and chance itself, a lesser causality, vanish before his gaze; as also the very notion of the hero, that strange confusion of history and mythology, of a history which tended towards mythology, (under the pretext of heroism), or of a mythology which tended towards history (under the pretext of pre- or post-history), and which passed from the epic through the eclectic populism of the 19th century into the novel itself; as also the notion of the historic character, or of the personality — which passed from the law to psycho-pathology, and is nothing more nor less than a manner of taking ourselves as a reference point, of measuring ourselves by our own capacities, in other words, a natural corruption of individualism and individuality; as also sentimentalism, which is a malady of the senses, so to say the sensualism of sensibility, a way of taking pity on the fate we have made for ourselves. Thus it is that Joyce's memories come back to him and that he no longer has a memory because he is no more than presence; thus it is that he "forgets". Narcissus, when he became more and more tantalized, an imaginary grown less and less imaginative, incapable, not only of seeing but of loving himself, hysterical even, finally realized himself in his own flesh and stigmatized, inflated himself with time, grease and vanity, a big monster, a little abortion of faith, fideism and fidelity. Together with imagination Joyce gives him back his liberty. All the men and women of history, its children, dwarfs and giants, like burdened, mystic butterflies, like pillaged flowers, plagued girls, they all fly away with peals of laughter against the sky of his eternity.

As a sequel to the disorganization of history, Joyce chose the organisation of mythology; for the absence of time or rather the negation of sucession in time, numbered number of movement according to the Aristotelean anterior and posterior, did not yet constitute an instant, an instant of presence, be it understood, an

instant of the imagination. At the most, instant of reason, as jurists say, or else eternity, abstract and not absolute, like all eternity.

Therefore these divers presences, great and little persons, personages and personalities, catastrophes and news items, hunted the way rabbits are hunted from out every corner of history, full of warmth and partiality after running their historical race: brusquely confronted, telephoned to, telescoped, they are all jarring at finding themselves together.

But just these very evident incompatibilities force us to laugh, these discreet or secret affinities, one might think them elective (Joyce, like a good invisible spectator, watches vigilantly, distorts and corrects the elections) lend themselves to tenderness and smiles. Some contract mariages of destiny, others come to blows, to ballot fights, others re-discover their ascendants, their descendants, their shadows or their images and perhaps their souls; the event resolves itself into its precedents. The good giants and the bad dwarfs who at first retain their own dimensions, those of shadow and of fantasy, expressions of a man who could not yet be the measure of all things, memories whose dearth of reality he compensated either by formal disfigurement or idealisation, they all are there, the giants of the isles of the blessed, the lilliputians of the hallucinations of Swift, Robinson, who rapidly lost his human face and stature; and even the maternal, sadistic and auto-pedophageous giantess of Beaudelaire — in full light and consciousness they soon understand the ridiculousness of their nature and of their situation. So well, in fact, that by an apt about-face, Joyce makes of human dwarfs and giants plain mythical terms. The totems and taboos, the mysticisms and bestialities, the hermaphrodites, sirens, dryads, sphinxes, centaurs, all the vagaries, themes and variations on the frontiers of sex, age, form and human species laughingly recover their vocation of imagination.

Joyce's mythical laughter, with its side-element of Shakespearian clown rather than practical joker, is the surest way of kneading the dough, of getting acquainted with the reader, of making his actors known to each other, the natural, radiant energy which they develop in their contracts and contractions, the liberation from their own history, after that of just plain history. The smile on their faces and the guffaw they let forth laugh at everything that is ridiculous, "complex", fixed, castrated, — in other words, at the symbol; they countenance the transmutation of the symbol and the imaginary into the image and are less the rule than the early atmosphere of the game.

Yet one does not with impunity rid oneself of all the burdens of history, and above all, not in vain; nor would the real squandering of this potentiality or succession be permitted. The extreme tension into which the intensity of the nearest and the extension of the farthest figures resolve themselves deliberates new creations, with the apparent autonomy and the sovereignty of the creature (without Joyce ever losing the psychological direction of the operations.) Through the metaphor comparison metamorphoses itself into metamorphosis. The connections, which more than often only serve to estrange, cover up their own slips and transmute themselves into associations of ideas: none but generic images—one might almost say, so slight the effort seems, the development or explanation of some omniscient, omnipresent God or Third Thief. The rhythm grows more and more rapid and shapes the material content. Incidences, coincidences, in turn, drive away or clothe the associations of ideas: mythological numbers, magic influences, elementary resemblances, symbolical correspondences, the most obscure, real and the least historic births (births of the alphabet, of writing, language, the word, the cry, breathing, the first heartbeat) heighten the text, become syncopated, superdetermined and pass on to their own hallucination. For the last time the worker struggles with his work, before confounding himself with it and with himself. In a new meaning, a mythical measure, born out of the psychological depths, a veritable "tempo" of the thought, Joyce returns to his own genesis, to the original act when, for the first time, man separated himself from himself, and regretfully left behind a testament, a document, a monument: the epoch of Narcissus, when the ape made himself man, or that of Jesus when God did the same.

This way he has of taking man and events at birth or death, of refusing to admit the dissociation of object and subject, cause and effect, incidence and consequence, memory and intelligence, intuition and belief, thought and language, as signification and designation: this spiritual *parti pris* of the purest imagniation that denies that there is a world between the flesh and the spirit, in short, this omnipotent power over all the ancient acts of men and the world, all the charts, a right to the universal eye, a multitonal and polyphonal record keeping in tune with the world, lyrical like that of the moon, epic like that of the sun — all these assure me that it is not automatism that achieves psychological authenticity, but an excess of innate consciousness which is his. He bites into the flesh, he increases

his domain, he mobilizes man, he liquidates life itself: this is Joyce at work, his wanton head all irrigated with blood, his flesh full of sweat and savour. A good example, as Klages would say, of the ravages of the spirit. Good example, indeed.

So that it is not a question of believing or not believing, to be or not to be, it is not even a question of asking ourselves whether Joyce is in earnest or not with himself his work and mythology: a certain warmth of exercise, a certain psychic intensity of a human head, that is to say, subject to no existing order — order of nature, carnal wave, undertow: doubtless what once was called creation places us in the heart of the world. In a single instance there appear the splendid rainbow, in which we see every known colour, from the mountain to the salmon to the founder of Dublin to Vercingetorix to Adam to Noah to Citric Silkenbeard to Dunlop to Peter the Great to the Pontifex Maximus to the inn-keeper to the drummer to the cheese to the satyr to ∏∏ to Sir Pearse O'Reilly to H. C. E. to & and his other hemisphere, his delectable scarf and tender better half who passes right through the Liffey the trout Isolda Eva Sarah Amy MacPherson La Jante Josephine the popess the chambermaid the washerwoman the butter-margarine the nymph the △ Anna Livia Plurabelle A. L. P. λτκ

Then it is that we notice that if history is the passion of men, mythology is surely their action. For the extreme reality of these myths is not one of accomodation or belief, superstition or substitution, that premature institution, the most superannuated of all anticipations; under the pretext of creation one does not project an animism or an anthropomorphism, hardly yet a new humanism: the creator does not appreciate his creature therein. Nor is it the detestable reality of necessary illusion, in the sense in which the psychoanalysts who kill the true gods the false gods the old gods the dead gods try to impose their carcasses on us in the guise of valves for the discharge of religious synovia and libido or mystic sperma. No fictionalism, no infantilism, no advance or offense to the presence; and if one is born smart, at least one does not play the too smart-aleck. The myth does not have to insult life, to swoon before the intelligence, to faint before reality; it does not end with translation as in the case of Ezra Pound, nor with the white death of T. S. Eliot, neither does it pass through the bridge and the polypes to the Milky Way as with the late Hart Crane.

But during the long while that man has been aging in the world, and has become more and more the age-old man of creation, more aged than the oldest ape, he has seen to it that the world grew old

along with him: its geological rind is none other than a too human crust, the hollow of his cranium. And this world in this man and the brain in the skull, is a drenched foetus preserved in hope, more so than any other in the world, in so far as we consider it as a beginning, a means towards a New World; — the most stillborn, dried-up old world in the world, if we see in it an end, an impasse, something other than just a bad strait.

But while holding the last reserve of observation vis-a-vis to the rest of mankind, Joyce will not have isolated himself from them, he will not have had faith in innate innocence, which is the bad faith nowadays of immediateness, the simulation of the immaculate conception. In their bad breath and even in their saliva, as well as in all their stewards, he will have summed up the reputation of the world in the mouths of men, their vocations, adulations, appellations, divinations, confabulations, mechanisations, symbols, machines and war machinations; he will have taken part in the common front of men against the world basing the *ἔπος* on the *λόγος* and the *μύθος* on the *ἔπος*. But quicker and much more seductive, he will not have taken the assimilation of the world by men, its perversion and their perversity, for what would only be a substitute for the world. Men lose themselves amidst their fellow-men, in, under the rule of men, and overpopulation is an intimate as well as a political fact: the interior life. Between man and man, is a very great distance, which is nothing more nor less than the world; and the myth, as I said, is the manner in which man disposes of himself, the way he sees himself: he never has and never will make use of himself as a mirror.

Joyce, his mouthpiece, Joyce who takes him at his word, caught in his own trap, pushes him to his final conclusions, brings him obstinately back to this lost or future world, the noumenon, to his vocation which must be reconquered.

And since Joyce has thoroughly examined men, and has fitted them out from top to toe, since he has literally gone to the head, to the very source, and since he is now pure activity only, unchained by his own mastery, he violently unleashes on the world the great resistance, that eternal wall or rather eternal pitfall: the stumbling block of each one of us. In a psychological voice, which is diffused in the form of a mythological and philological speech and is Orpheus, Amphion and the Sirens all together, without counting Pygmalion, he measures himself by it, he tries out a moment of its possession. He exhorts it, he tries it, he captures it,

he confers rhythm on it, he elaborates it; we might say he arrests it; ecstasis becomes stasis, the flux of Ephesus ebbs back, the stars secure the Sils Maria stone, the élan vital falls back, and stone takes life or rather flesh turns to stone, the soul is driven into the earth. For a moment a natural voice or a verbal music, more secure than Atlas commands the spheres, overpowers their numbers . . .

But Joyce is a poet and he is not the strongest. He has decorated the world with our human feathers, he has tinted the spirit with delectable colours of flesh, of stone, of earth, of wood, perhaps even, of bier. He has provoked us, given us back the immense temptation of the world, on which we have been cast as on cream custard. And yet the world keeps on its old way, the meeting is over, up above Dublin the Liffey begins to flow again:

"But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping as though her heart were brook:

Why! Why! Why! Weh oh Weh! I'se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay."

(Translated from the French manuscript by Maria Mc Donald Jolas)

LABORATORY OF THE WORD

INQUIRY ABOUT THE MALADY OF LANGUAGE

Language is passing through a crisis that has perhaps its most recent parallel in the period separating the middle-ages from the renaissance.

The words used in philosophy, politics, economics, psychology or literature in general, have, for the most part, lost their primary meaning. Their continued use emphasizes the chaos that is at the basis of the world-crisis.

We think in obsolete words expressing ideas that are dead or dying. Individuals and nations no longer understand each other. Newspapers and reviews create confusion by the use of clichés and archaisms. New political and economic creeds are set forth in words that trail far behind the evolution of facts. The vocabularies of philosophers no longer correspond to the changing concepts of the metaphysical reality. The language of the bourgeois dominates and impedes the insurgent mentality in literature. Creative expression remains stagnant as the result of a reactionary lexicon. We seek a gap in this immense baragouin in order to find the liberation of the spirit.

In this process of mutation, the personality finds itself baffled. The end of rationalism and machine-idolatry is bringing man to a new — though not necessarily progressive — phase in his history. He is disquiet and under the spell of an ancient fear. He is unable to face solitude. The urban mass-civilization only increases his malaise by threatening him with de-personalization.

TRANSITION, therefore, asks you the following questions:

I. Do you believe that, in the present world-crisis, the Revolution of Language is necessary in order to hasten the re-integration of the human personality?

II. Do you envisage this possibility through a re-adaptation of existing words, or do you favour a revolutionary creation of new words?

Eugene Jolas

Gottfried Benn:

Language is passing through a crisis, because the white man is passing through a crisis. There is nothing mysterious or dark in this. It is the obvious scheme of creation occasionally to make an offensive as far as the species are concerned and to produce smaller or larger mutations. The human spirit is going through a metamorphosis, and when its emotions, its equations, its vision, its records change, it is obvious that a change must also occur in its metaphysics and language, which is its function in the spatial sphere. I do not see any crisis of language that goes beyond this particular change.

Language is changing today the way it has always changed: on the periphery, outside of bourgeois society and its securities; very often among representatives of the race who plunge too far ahead, or else orientate themselves too far behind. Language grows again from the germ, experiences a fragmentary reconstruction, is filled with single spots of inflammation, which regenerate it internally — all this belongs to the organic, formal metamorphosis of words and language. A basic change of language or even an artificial one will never happen: this belief stems from a mechanistic view of the world.

Everything is monistic, everything is transcendent. Man is a being whose creation was only a half success. He is a mere outline of something. An eagle was envisaged: the feathers and wings were already sketched out, but the whole form was not completed. Language changes according to these phases. It expresses them. If it expresses an anthropological situation completely, excitedly as well as measuredly, a poem is born. In the poem language is at rest, and the human being, grown calm, breathes for a moment in silence. Immense damage to the consideration of all these things was done, when novelists were allowed to take part in discussions about art. Their hour is at last over. Their twaddle only projected things into shadows. Only *the lyric poet, the major lyric poet, knows what the word really is.* Lyric poetry is either olympian or else it comes from Lethe. The language of the novelist is always reactionary, that is, it suggests a situation that existed thirty years ago, a generation ago. Let us eliminate from all discussions about poetry, the word, syntax, and their background, the corrupting twaddle of those capitalistic magnates of culture! Then the problem of language will appear to us as the great tragic question of man in general, of his inner structure, his creative force, his brief happiness

which even on the heights is so doubtful — as doubtful as the tragic question of his unknowable cosmic destiny.

●

Joe Bousquet:

1) C'était un peu réfréjon: Alphonse Daudet.
2) Les beaux yeux noirs qui me luisaient tout pleins de moi: Alphonse Daudet.

1) This evolution does not proceed without a transformation of language.

2) The old words take on new meanings; words that have lost their potentialities tend to disappear; those that have figured too long in poetic associations; those that have signified emotion too often. Foreign words or those that came from regional dialects to take their places; or new verbal combinations which time will compress or cut into vocables.

These transformations operate in the phrase only through the influence of a kind of "bolt out of the blue", in the whirlwind created around the verb which distributes the emotion and the renovation with which the emotion is charged. It is, therefore, the syntax that is transformed first of all, by: 1) a purely organic (sexual) phenomenon; 2) a purely mechanical one: specific weight of the abstract words: however rich they themselves may be in attributes, they like to endow themselves with other qualifications, and they draw the verb and all its particular possibilities into the poetic adventure.

Note: There are male and female elements in each phrase.

There are male and female elements in each word which, according to the spiritual accent with which it is charged, allows the one or the other to predominate, and takes on one or the other sex in the associations where it figures.

Every language is the product of a sexual operation which goes on in the midst of a world in full revolution. All words are brought up again and again in this process. And a writer is great in the degree in which his creative emotion overthrows vocabulary and syntax.

Unfortunately, the writer is often the "great taxidermist". He erects monuments with language, and defends himself with the beauty which he finds there against all the revolutionary forces of love.

●

Marcel Brion:

I. Among the phenomena that best delineate and define the various degrees of the evolution of the human personality and the profound social metamorphoses, the most important seem to me to be those that concern the esthetic forms and language. The transformation of language is a fact; it is only to be regretted that those whose function it is to animate language by utilizing it for the new necessities of their senses, their hearts, their spirits, understand so little the wonderful richness of that instrument. The effective transformation of language must follow, therefore, all the changes of literature, especially when the latter tends towards the discovery of new fields of consciousness. We observe the inadequacy of the present language in psychoanalysis, for instance, for the latter's development is impeded by the narrowness and the aridity of its vocabulary. We need a mantic language which will be the expression of the dream and of vision; which will not only be the translator of the surface states, but will represent the subterrannean world of our "I" as well.

II. Everybody should create this language for himself with the elements that spontaneously present themselves, either through existing idioms, or through the invention of his own dialect, in which he can at last say whatever is truly unique in him. For it is necessary to reiterate that, contrary to the prejudices of habit, language is *less an instrument of communication*, than an *instrument of expression.* The care one takes in being intelligible should concern, above all, the intelligibility of the individual for himself. The language of children is the best proof of this: we would delude ourselves were we simply to see the rough model of a conversation in words that are essentially departures for the discovery of the world.

We ourselves should leave on a similar voyage of discovery, with the words of reality and the words of the dream, with the articulations of the existing language, and with all the vocal forms we need, the use of foreign idioms, the borrowing of various sounds of nature, as well as the pure abstract creations of the spirit which arranges sound and letter in order to experience more completely the most singular states of mind. The language of love and the language of sorrow, the language of fear and the language of the child, the language of falling-into-an-abyss, or that of the arrow-like rise towards the absolute. May each thus give words the meaning he pleases — since we are concerned with the language of expression

rather than that of communication; may each create his language through consideration of his own exigencies. The absolute solitude of each individual requires, beside the dialect in which he talks to his "fellow-men", that mysterious ectoplasm of conciousness, which surges forth from the unique depths of his being, whose sounds he seizes on the wing, the signs which, like substantial explanations, he throws as stars against the black sky of despair.

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Henry S. Canby:

In answer to your two questions, I think 'revolution' is too strong a word, but certainly the researches of Richards, Ogden, and others lead one to believe that what might be called a re-sharpening of terms is essential, if our words are not going to mislead our thinking under the new conditions of life. I suppose, in English, the course will be, where necessary, to adapt new words and slowly to put new meanings upon old ones. Hasn't that always been true of our language?

●

Malcolm Cowley:

In the present world crisis, a revolution in language would hasten the reintegration of the human personality just about as much as a slug of apple-jack would help a corpse. Language doesn't come first; it comes afterwards and modifies itself to express the social changes that have taken place already.

Just now we don't need new words. We could get along very well without at least 98 percent of the 500,000 words listed in the big English dictionaries.

As for creating new words, Lenin and Stalin did that by helping to create new conditions that would call for them. For a writer to sit in his study and talk about creating new words is just about as useless as sitting in the Ritz Bar talking about the equality of man.

●

Luc Durtain:

At every epoch of humanity, language is always in equilibrium with the idea man makes himself of the universe. They are two "communicating vases".
The missing words create themselves alone. Let us by all means refrain from putting too much discursive intelligence into this creation.
You mention the vocabulary. Yet the great innovations occur whenever words are joined together. These are the architectural innovations, the ones that count above all else.

●

Norman Foerster:

To both questions my answer is No. Our trouble is not linguistic. but ideational. Many of our" dead or dying" ideas will be revived in a new humanism or a new religion. We shall presently find ourselves in transition to certain parts of the "wisdom of the ages" — which we uncritically threw out along with the pseudo-wisdom.

●

Ivan Goll:

I. The present crisis does not concern the poet; for there has always been a crisis for him, ever since the spirit lost its divine privileges, and the "prosperity" epoch did not fail to deprive him of it.
But a new age announces itself: that of the masses. Already they consume madly all the spiritual possessions of humanity: they make preserves out of them, newspaper feuilletons, premiums for the cheesebuying public. The entire classical inheritance is involved in it. The rarest images serve to illustrate a bicycle race. The sublimest words are scattered over newspaper pages.
The poet needs a new language, a secret, a Holy of Holies, where nobody may enter with his boots on. For the poet is a priest, perhaps the last priest of the epoch.

II. Re-adapting existing words would suffice for each language alone. But the United States of Europe is at hand, even the United States of the Five Continents is at hand: to be sure, it will not be created by the pacific lethargy of the masses, but by an intelligence

that will create a unified language and impose a new myth; and the poets will invent a new mythology; a new bible; a new language. We might make a beginning. *Transition* is here to prove it.

●

Philippe Lamour:

I. I do not quite understand what you mean by the new personality. The personality is eternal; its expressions may momentarily assume apparently different forms. If these forms are to manifest themselves, it may perhaps come about through new words, but is not due to new words; and what you call the new personality will only be the expression of new needs born form out the economic transformations and the subsequent transformation of the manner of living.

As a matter of fact, since most discussions among men are brought on by disagreements anent the vocabulary, it might be of practical, albeit not of metaphysical, interest to re-define a certain number of words and to agree once and for all that in pronouncing the same words we are speaking about the same things.

II. It does not seem to me of great interest whether I am in favour of creating new words or whether I believe in the re-adaptation of existing words. The new expressions do not see the light of day through deliberate invention, they are born out of a new need through a kind of spontaneous combustion. They will go through the test of usage, and will have as little authorship as have the popular songs that passed through several centuries as a result of the continuous favour of the public. As for the new words we might want to create, they could only take their place beside too many others in the jargon of the intellectuals, a jargon that they alone understand, which prevents them from making themselves understood; and they would simply widen the gulf between themselves and the mass of the people, a gulf the depth of which your inquiry gives us at least a chance to gauge.

●

H. L. Mencken:

Changes in the significance of words are going on all the time. The process is partly conscious and partly unconscious, but probably mainly the latter. I do not believe that any deliberate attempt

to reform the present vocabulary would achieve anything. At best, it would simply substitute new clichés for old ones. This effect, in fact, is already visible in the writings of some of the experimentalists, not many of whom actually have anything significant to say, or know how to say it effectively. I believe that the process of change involves both the invention of new words and the redefinition of old ones. I have had some hand, from time to time, in both enterprises, but without much success. Speech habits are not easily changed. To attempt to change them on the literary level without at the same time changing them on the popular level would simply be to invent a literary jargon, unintelligible to the general and hence no more effective than Church Latin.

●

Francis de Miomandre:

M. Eugène Jolas asks us whether we should not create a new vocabulary and a new syntax. He is struck — as we are, too, or rather, more than we are — by their extreme old age, by the kind of ossification that has come over them. One involuntarily thinks of sclerotic tissues, hardened muscles, that are no longer able to function. In reading most books, as we watch the cascade of pages, all resembling each other, those sentences that are all constructed on a dozen models, at the most, those words that, having served for so long, by dint of having been pressed out by the will of several generations to extract the last drops of juice from them, have become fibrous, pale, abstract ('dirty brakes', as Claudel calls them), we are seized by an immense discouragement. And we compare, notwithstanding, this tired vocabulary, this inexpressive syntax, with those marvellous verbal absurdities that sometimes are hurled at us, when we wake up, at the sublime and inspiriting breakfast hour, and that strike up to our ravished ears the national hymn of Pure Language .

M. Jolas calls them *mots-déluges*. One can well see that he hails from the land of Niagara Falls. How much we would like to feel that he is right in this, and that this drunkenness into which he plunges might become the bubbling spring of a new idiom, both purely individual and resolutely universal, a vocal *amrita*, the dawn of liberation!

Alas! These are only the illusions of the morning's euphory. The

fearful utilitarian side of language soon comes up again. Exchange values, as they say. And how are you going to get out of it? ... We have to speak with everybody, that's why we also have to speak like everybody. Even the most hermetic poet in the world thinks for two or three persons. That already constitutes "the big public".

(Propos de l'Enfant Terrible: Une Grande Tentation: Les Nouvelles Littéraires, Paris, July 7, 1934.)

●

Emmanuel Mounier:

A language in common expresses a spiritual as well as a carnal community. It supposes a unity of inspiration fecundating a stock of reflexes, statements by implication, of commonplaces living like old landscapes. Words cannot be decreed, they beget each other, they deserve each other by communion. The tyranny that imposes the false unity of pass-words, is hostile to them like anarchy. Now it so happens that we live in the multiple and monstrous marriage of tyranny and anarchy. It would be vain to begin the revolution by words. The immediate thing to be done is to disconcert them, as Socrates did. And then leave on a quest for the new community without which the dictatorship of lie and tumult will continue.

●

Gorham Munson:

1. No. I believe in an economic correction of economic conditions. A new financial technique such as Social Credit would ensure security for all and distribute liberty and leisure. These are the conditions needed for a re-integration of the human personality. Only the conditions however. The work of re-integration must still be performed by human beings themselves.

2. I favor the restoration of the true content to existing words, but this, by no means, discriminates against Euphues in the word-laboratory. We need him, too, and at all times.

●

C. K. Ogden:

I. If, as is maintained in *The Meaning of Meaning* (1933) and *Bentham's Theory of Fictions* (1932), so-called 'philosophical' problems

are verbal problems, what is needed is a new technique rather than a 'revolution of language'. Research on an ideal notation is an independent question and should not be confused with semi-emotive word-orchestration in international or vernacular literature, or with the refinement of the symbols and terminologies of the special sciences.

II. As is shown in Richard's *Basic Rules of Reason*, the technique of Basic English is adequate to initiate the international re-orientation of epistemology; it is not the *words* which are 're-adapted', but their use and interpretation. The creation of new words presents less difficulty than their promotion. The penalty of linguistic innovation is failure to communicate, but the limits of literary unintelligibility have not yet been explored; hence the psychological value of "Work in Progress".

●

A. R. Orage:

1) I believe that a revolution in our *use* of language for its eternal purpose of producing the effect we intend is absolutely necessary, if writers are not to decline to the level of pavement-artists and copy-writers for Big Business.

2) I do not envisage the new technique as requiring the creation of new *words*. Words are born not made. I envisage the discovery and use of new *associations* of words. The present grouping of words has become incestuous, inter-bred.

●

P. D. Ouspensky:

I am very interested in the enquête started by "Transition", because it shows me the growing realisation of the insufficiency and inadequacy of ordinary language both as a weapon of thought and as a means of understanding between people.
But I cannot answer "yes" or "no" to either of the questions offered.
First: I do not believe that the world-crisis has anything to do with the question because the question is much bigger than any crisis.
And second: I believe it is *impossible* and *unnecessary* to create new words or a new language.

It is impossible in the same way as the creation of living matter, or living beings, out of non-organised matter is impossible and will always remain impossible, *and for exactly the same reason.*

And it is *unnecessary* because a language in which people can understand one another, and which does not hamper but liberates and strengthens thought, *exists* and can be found, and learned, by anybody who realises its necessity and is prepared to sacrifice all that is not real in his thought: because this language has words, forms and expressions only for things and relations which really exist.

Somebody compared words to cheques and this is quite a good comparison. But our ordinary words are bogus cheques and the process of the study of the language I refer to comes down to rejecting more and more useless and worthless words and forms and learning new divisions and new categories. But one cannot invent or discover this language by one's own efforts or accidentally; one must find someone who knows it and learn it from him — and this is the chief difficulty for us because we do not like learning; we think we can do everything, or find everything, by ourselves.

I do not want to be mysterious about this language. It is connected with the teaching of a certain school of thought. The school has no name and no literature; all teaching is transmitted orally. I know very little about its origin. *For me* it came from the East, but two or three features show its close relationship with a certain line of European thought of the beginning of the XVII-th and the end of the XVI-th centuries and of still earlier periods. The language has the character of a universal language and it is said to be divided into three degrees, each degree having its own peculiarities and its own advantages.

The language of the highest, or first, degree is the language of a fully developed, i.e. *conscious* man. The language of the middle degree, using symbols and diagrams, is an adaptation of the language of the first degree for the use of men of incomplete development: something like the language of deaf-mutes or the Braille system. The language of the lowest degree is a still more simplified form and, in comparison with the first degree, it is like children's language. But nevertheless it is a *common* language for people who know it, because its words have *permanent* meaning and there are no words for nonexistant phenomena. *Our ordinary language is nearer to the language of animals.* It is very far even from the lowest degree of the universal language, chiefly because our words have no general meaning and no definite significance; everybody attaches to them his own

meaning and as a result of this everybody speaks in his own language without understanding others or being understood by them. If we invented a new language, it would be a language like our own, i.e. having the same defects.
The strange thing is that it is a part of our ordinary experience to know examples of the unknown language referred to, up to its highest degrees. But we do not realise that we do not understand them, in the same way as we do not realise that we do not understand one another, when we speak in our ordinary language.

London, 1934.

●

Georges Pelorson:

I had just received your questionnaire, when there happened the following little incident: A journalist-friend of mine had to write a head and found himself up against it, because he did not know the French word for *cygnet*. He telephoned to the Museum.
— Well, Sir, was the reply (I make a literal transcription), you want to know, whether there exists in French a word designating the *little* swan? — No, there is none.
— But, my friend insisted, the English have the word 'cygnet', haven't they?
— The English language, Sir, allows itself certain liberties which the French language cannot acknowledge.
So there we are. Yet I can see that, in the case of 'swan' and 'cygnet' the French language fails in inventive necessities. And this is not an exception: those who have been tempted by translation know this full well.
As for the spirit of the man in the Museum, all we can say about it is that it is shared by several million Frenchmen, 40 academicians, 400 candidates for the Academy, 40,000 litterateurs, and 2 or 3 'rising generations'. All are penetrated — thanks to a few André Thérives — with the accomplished beauties of the French language. "Keep still!" — click, click. Clichés, clichés.
If words were still what they would like to be, if they still responded to the common agitation, if they displaced being and world, if they were faith, if they could still make us jump up, your questionnaire would be useless. What a great life! But there are still those who think themselves ceremonial masters of language, who preside alone at its dress and undress, who continue to impose on it the

gown of a Racinian princess, with a bit of Hugoesque bad taste thrown in, forgetting that they have to deal with a Marianne of the streets and the country side, of workshops and agricultural machines, steel-muscled and rustic at the same time.

I know nothing about economic questions. I only know the crisis exists; I suffer from it along with the others. And even if this crisis did not exist, the hubbub of factories and fields would subsist. Yet the popes of language remain imperturbable. They have become populists, they have withdrawn into their easy chairs, they have even persuaded those they call "the people" to write correct poems in an easy language.

Nobody will dispute with you any longer that our age should be *vertical*, even *vertigral*, with a rising or descending mysticism, with a rebound to the soil, just like our bodies. Nobody will dispute with you any longer about it, save a few imbeciles whose trace only the Bibliothèque Nationale will show in twenty years.

But when we come to the question of how we are to pass over to action, poetic or literary action in general, we see them looking at each other, with pen upraised. They hesitate for a moment, their eyes raised to the ideal image of what they might be; then padded habit takes the upper hand again: they write their pretty little poems, or their round, fat big novels.

This cannot go on. Those who feel the new impulse know that the entire body is crying, as if it were suffering from a deep thirst. They are taut with it, feeling weighty and lank at the same time. They find themselves before the necessity of being re-born, of having to rend, for the second time, an invisible and paralyzing veil unless they wish to be kept back before things by an eternal stammering. And yet almost all of them prefer the calm stuttering of our habitual tongue. It cannot go on. It is a purely physical question. Intelligence be damned! Has not our body respressed its impatience since the arrival of intelligence and reason? And what have they done, intelligence and reason? What are they doing to solve the crisis? What are they doing to stop the new slaughter now in preparation? What will they do afterwards? They wallowed in blood. They will do so again. They betrayed the body. They were born from it, then they despised it. Having taken away from it the idols with which they had lived, they wanted to escape from its gravity, its volume, its colours; they swing to and fro, monstrously, like those artificial, odorless flowers they created. They made an artificial flower of love. They brought the stench of gas into life. Where a myriad of wild flowers were growing —

flowers that sometimes were poisonous too — they made an artificial flower of God, wise and innocuous. They raked the garden-paths, planted word-borders, with 'Don't Touch', or 'Don't Walk on the Grass' — or on the flowerbeds.

Well, we demand the right to say everything that passes through our bodies. We deny neither Racine, nor Hugo, nor Valéry. We only say: That's over with. We do not invoke any system, any school, we only invoke the rhythm which preceded all schools, we only invoke the ritual dance of words. There are said to be laws that govern the birth and decline of men and things. These laws are willed by us. Shall we never have the strength to escape from our own wills? We are also said to have five senses. Where are they? Was it necessary that M. Coty's laboratories dispose of our perfumes, in order that our hands may no longer know how to breathe, in order that our words may no longer know how to live without syntax?

And yet the earth turns, we turn each day, we rise, we advance, we step back. Why should words have lost the strength of our fists? Why is it that we no longer live, no longer love, no longer die from listening to the word? Why is it that we no longer love words, but play with them as with human dice that turn obediently round and round on a table?

If it is true that we slumber in the nightmare of the century, that we are the prey of 'disquiet', as the socially-minded lecturers insist, why are we so obstinate about wanting to know and to dominate this disquiet, this nightmare, when we lack the means, the words, since it would be enough to let the general torpor itself speak for us? But people would rather kill time, literally speaking, they pin it on the wall, they look at it with archaic lenses. But they would rather kill the being and pin it on the wall, examine it with old words, hold their breath, for fear of scattering the beautiful gold-dust that aridly sleeps on its wings — then they classify it.

And all this, when never before we have been so near madness, when never before we have been so much prey to that vertical gravity that hurls us ceaselessly into the depths of ourselves — into the depths of our human love, of our human hollowness in which those who know how to use their eyes recognize a bit more each day the indubitable abyss in the eyes of the passers-by.

The creative force which pulverizes all syntaxes, all the dictionaries, all the languages, which will give all mouths the force of a sling, all words the strength of boulders, is not yet born. But we sense it within us. And all we can do now, just as one surrounds a

precious birth with beauty and splendour, is to go back to our words, not to revise them, not to double them up with a new meaning (they are already perishing with too many literary lies), but to take them up again into our bodies, just as they once were torn from it, heavy with flesh, and grave with sun. To the deuce with the fruits ripened in the brain! To the deuce even with the brain! We shall create with the incantation of our bodies!

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Armand M. Petitjean:

There is language and language. There is language and there are languages.

1) *The present language*: excellent, as a means of speech. It permits us to delude ourselves, to delude ourselves about others, to delude one another — to delude time. It authorizes all sorts of misconstructions, in the name of common sense, in the name of all sense. Essentially conservative, its very function of cover and damper incites all armament races, spiritual and otherwise, its neologisms are armament conferences. We clack with the tongue, we click with the tongue, we are polite with the tongue, we talk with our tongues in our cheeks, we even lick a bit with the tongue. Language without laughter, the waggish, frozen-faced language of human diplomacy.

2) *The language of the philosophers:* excellent, as a means for understanding each other, they do not extend their energies, they extend themselves. But thought being by nature intense, and, intentional, as they say, by nature (and not by position), they extend themselves, understand each other, about a nihility of thought. The philosophers, psychologists and meta-psychologists who woo thought, or even their own thought, who give it the honour of clasping it "close" to their bosom, either overwork a personal, naif, awkward, provincial, pedagogical, anagogical, demagogical, detestable jargon, or else rise up, in beautiful language, against language.

3) *The language of the poets*: excellent, as a means of hearing oneself speak, or else of listening to oneself. It is pure abuse of language. In order to make an impression, expression is forced. Comparisons, metaphors, and then symbols are employed: and so difficult to comprehend that it is easy to listen to — and far too good to believe. One thinks one has succeeded in making remarkable

language associations with the pretext of making associations, when all that has been done was simply to take odious advantage of the increasing and quite impious disassociation between language and thought.

4) *The natural language*: yet to be found. By finally making the alliance, the full resonance between touch and ear, excess and equilibrium, through men, the world and the echo; static as the image; rhythmic as sensation, dynamic as thought itself; in fact, the most spiritual of all alliances precisely because it is the most material, and the most human because it is the most sensitive; commanding nature by obeying its laws.

I would understand with difficulty, and would take it very ill, if this language were not inspired by the three others and their execrable example.

●

Léon Pierre-Quint:

Your criticism of language seems to me quite just, but I do not see how it applies particularly to the language of our epoch. It is not because certain modern poets have taken the sentence apart and sought an immediate contact with the unconscious in a dictation that is almost automatic that words have less correspondence with their content now than they had at other times.

Doubtless language is constantly evolving by itself. But a revolution in language seems to me the consequence, and not the cause, of an intellectual and social revolution — at any rate, the two phenomena are concomitant.

Every great writer, in creating a form of his own, creates *ipso facto*, a revolution of language.

No word in itself is sufficiently evocative; the writer, in order to reach the reality of depth, is therefore led to join to a substantive such epithets as are not, as a rule, joined together, and to join certain adverbs with it; to construct his phrase in such a manner as to create a truly new impression on the reader. Thus, while waiting for the collective revolution of language, the writer creates his own. But here once more there must be mutual action and reaction.

●

Raja Rao:

There is little doubt that the crisis today is a crisis of consciousness. It outwardly manifests itself in economic and political spheres, but going deeper into the very roots of the modern man we discover a disharmony of an immensity rarely known to history. And this crisis of consciousness can only be overcome by a deeper delving of man into himself, thus reintegrating the forces that are at work within him. But reintegration is impossible without the exact comprehension and interpretation of the forces that cause this restiveness and confusion in him, and all exact interpretation would need a sure and fully expressive language. Viewed from this point, there is a necessity for a revolution in language.

The method of revolutionising language may be both through the re-adaptation of existing words and the creation of new ones. In the first case, certain old words have in them (as I shall explain later) more significance than we usually think they possess, a significance born out of nature's own laws of thought and the vehicling of it. Some words are, however much they may have been worn out by use, in a way words of all time. But as our consciousness is becoming more and more complex and the world around us changing with the various mechanical inventions at work, certain modifications, and even perhaps in certain cases a definite creation of a few words, may be necessary. This would, however, not be, as it were, inventions of the laboratory, but the instinctive utterances of men possessing these modifications of thought, which inevitably demand and therefore create (or re-discover) more expressive and more fully manifesting and penetrating words. Intellectual Europe is suffering so much from the deformation of the mind through the forcing of instincts, thought and emotion into moulds patterned by the intellect, that the creation of new words may only be offering it new patterns to distort its deepest urges. And as language in its origin and development is always the result of our deepest urges trying to find a means of naming certain thought-feelings, to be communicated generally in the form of audible sound, it would seem more natural that language should create itself in the very process of our intellectual evolution, the process being instinctive, dynamic, and clear. These alone can be natural words, and these natural words alone can go to form the true language. Let me, however, briefly explain what I mean by *natural words.*

According to Hindu Philosophy (particularly developed by the

Tantra Sastras [1]) it is believed that words are not merely the vocal articulation of man arbitrarily signifying a thing or an emotion, but are approximately (for every man is different from the other, and only he who is perfect can pronounce perfectly) the sound-equivalents of the ever moving cosmic forces that generate and sustain a thing. Fundamentally all is Brahma or Supreme Energy and as modern science has come to prove, all matter is nothing but a bundle of temporarily aggregated electrons, and what we call *a thing* is but a partial experience of this, it being itself an aggregate of electrons. All these electrons being in continual motion there is what is called in Hindu Philosophy, a "Stress". This stress is hardly audible to the ordinary ear (like for example, the soundwaves which only a microphone can catch) but can and is supposed to be heard by Yogis — by Yogis are meant those men who have by constant practice so dynamised their nervous centres and mental faculties as to have finer perceptions than ourselves. That such men do exist and that they are in no way super-men, and that the science of Yoga is a science of perfecting thought, is increasingly gaining scientific validity through the dispassionate study of the texts by Western Psychologists from William James to Jung. Now, it is believed that Yogis can hear the generating stress of a thing, and the sound-equivalent of this is the "Natural name" of the thing. For example, take the root (bîja) for Fire. Its natural name would be the approximate sound-equivalent of the word "Ram" (or the letter R), and its geometrical symbol (for all sounds have possibilities of geometrical representation) is known, and its colour is red. The first generating sound or vibration of creation — literally *parinama*, or seeming development of the Cosmic Energy from its condition of equilibrium — is approximately equivalent to the sound "AUM", the Supreme-root (Mahabija) of all Sound. Or take the example of a Conch being blown. "What is its natural name?" asks Sir John Woodroffe. "Not the sounds which we make it give forth, for these are produced by our efforts and vary, but the sound

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[1]) In the preparation of this part, I am greatly indebted to Sir John Woodroffe's, *The Garland of Letters* (London and Madras), in which he has studied the science of words from the Tantric point of view. Sir John Woodroffe was judge in an Indian high court and is one of the rare Englishmen who have tried to understand and interpret Hindu thought. I am also indebted for certain parts of this essay to the great Yogi and Doctor Pandit Taranath, who revealed to me for the first time the great cosmic forces inherent in words.

of the Causal sound-stress which generated and keeps together the shell." Similiarly the names of cuckoo and other beings with onomatopaeic names, and the onomatopaeic names given to certain actions like buzzing, crackling, etc. may be natural names, though they need not necessarily be, for it is not the sound created by the habitual manipulation of the throat organs — therefore externally imposed by consciousness upon the normal being of the bird — or the sound of the wood being consumed in flame, that are natural names for each one of them, but the sound as such that is inherent in the object itself. Therfore, it is argued, words (or natural names) exist whether there is any one to hear them or not. And the language made up of all these words is the unchanging (or eternal) language.

But some might ask what is the proof that such names exist at all? In the end everything that is capable of experimental proof — even to a certain degree — should have our hypothetical belief, and it is claimed bv Hindu Philosophers that natural names are capable of being proven.

This theory can briefly be explained this way: As everything is Brahma, the difference between mind and matter is one of degree in evolution rather than of quality. That is, the stuff out of which the mind is made and the stuff of the universe are identical and the same. ("The stuff of the world is the mindstuff." Eddington in *The Nature of the Physical World.*) Given this, the apprehension of an object by the mind is not so much a perception through our projected selves as the shapeless (or void) mind taking the shape of the object; or to be more precise, the mind undergoing the modification (vritti) necessary for the reception of the generating stress that constitutes the object. Viewed in this light, word (shabda), object (Artha) and apprehension (pratyaya) are not successive but parallel processes. Therefore the creation of a thing on the material or perceptual plane is a projection of our thought (or mind-stuff) intensified. And it is only when the intensity can be of the necessary modality that thought can be truly creative. This intensity can be of the necessary modality only when the mind knows ("sees") the right atomic contents of the word or stress. What is this stress? The mutual attraction between one object and the other when conceived on the Cosmic plane, is that force which keeps the universe in equilibrium and movement. This may be likened to the Ether consisting of unit charges of electricity, or electrons. And a thing is nothing but an aggregate of electrons. But words too are nothing but aggregate electrons of Primordial Force, for force

produces movement, movement vibration, and vibration sound. Therefore the aggregate of electrons which constitute an object and the aggregate of electrons which make a sound are the same. Further, just as "electrons aggregated at randon" will not make an atom, so do the electrons that make up an atom of sound (shabda-paramanu) refuse to unite themselves at random. The aggregation of sound-electrons in a definite order alone can be the natural name of an object. Thus, to conclude, given the natural name made up of a certain aggregation of sound-electrons, and mind being creative in the sense of its being capable of projecting primordial energy, the object necessary should be able to present itself into perception through the necessary modification of the primordial ether. Or, given a mind that through constant practice and development of natural faculties latent in us (which is all that Yoga does) a man should, by grasping the natural name, that is of the primordial force in stress that constitutes and preserves an object, be able to project into perception or vision the object needed. For after all, as Sir John Woodroffe says, "Thought is from the creative standpoint a passing thought and matter a lasting thought."

As for experimental verifications of this it would be difficult to give any convincing proof to the rather positivist European mind. Let me, however, say that a great part of Ayurveda (The Hindu System of Medicine) is based on this, and Ayurveda is a living science. The great South Indian Ayurvedic doctor, Pandit Taranath (formerly lecturer in an Allopathic Medical College) who is as much at home with European Scientific methods as with Indian traditional ones, has conducted many experiments in his laboratory at Tungabhadra, and with very convincing results. His specialty is the cure of diabetes (98 % of cures have been registered) and asthma, and in both cases he has tried to eliminate the word-concentration (mantra) side, thus allowing only the pharmaceutical contents of the medicines to work, and the results have shown that in most cases the medicine has not worked at all, or very imperceptibly. I saw one proof of the effect of *mantra* on matter which to the Ayurvedic doctor is very ordinary, but is full of import to us. Pandit Taranath is able to solidify mercury at the normal temperature and pressure, a thing we are assured [1]) is unknown in Western

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[1]) A worker at the Institut du Radium, Paris, tells me that the fusion point of mercury being — 39 C. it can only be solidified below that temperature. Of course, even when solidified, it cannot be kept under

Laboratories. It is also, we are told, possible to change one metal into another, and finally create things which never existed.

Thus it seems to us possible to conceive that thought can be creative on the material plane, and as thought is the unuttered word — word on the absolute plane where word is word as such — words can create an object. Then, logically, given an object, the word itself must be created in the mind of the thinker. This too is a plausible hypothesis considering telepathy and television, which are but lower forms of the higher sense of mental perception.

Finally, one might ask, is it possible for everybody to discover the natural name of a thing, and if so in what manner? Yes, it is possible, and the method is through Yoga, or the vitalisation of the mind through concentration, and through the conscious liberation of the subconscious from empty words (Vikalpas), self-deception (Viparyas), obsession (Smriti). The Irish poet A.E. in his book *The Candle of Vision* (Macmillan), has given us some very remarkable results of his "meditation" on the origin of words. Fire, for example, is, according to his intuition (born of meditation) symbolised by the letter R and its colour is red — both being in full agreement with Hindu texts. But the geometrical representation of the fire-force is triangular according to some Hindu texts, and it is the "line coming out of the circle" according to A.E. The Water-force, according to A.E. and the Hindu texts, is represented by a semilunar form and its letter-symbol is Va or Wa. (A.E. finds the letter-symbol to be W. and not V. and therefore he thinks there is a disagreement on this point. But as there is but one letter in Sanscrit for both V and W, this difficulty need not exist.) He gives us many such examples, and at the same time assures us that he had arrived at these results long before he knew of any Hindu Texts.

Thus it would seem to us that in all probability there are natural names and they are capable of being known by those who go through the necessary discipline of Yoga [1]) a discipline of mind in no way different from the discipline necessary to study, say,

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ordinary temperature and pressure. Pandit Taranath uses solidified mercury in cases of mental disorders, as it is supposed to attract certain cosmic radiations.

[1]) Some people are born with a Yogic mind — a fact that can be easily explained by the theory of Karma. A few of the most significant among English poets, like Shelley or Blake, undoubtedly possessed Yogic minds. In India Art is considered as one of the Yogas.

the Quantum theories. And just as mathematics can be studied by any so is Yoga open to all. It is no more esoteric than is the science of Radio-activity.

If therefore natural names exist, then there is a language which is more or less unchanging and universal. The more we clearly approch the most approximate mental and then vocal representation of our deepest urges, the more we shall be led to these fundamental names, unless of course we are content with code-words. To be able to grasp even a little of this language the very outlook of the European minds would have to change — that is the mind getting freer and freer from the traditional Christian or bourgeois patterns into which all thoughts, emotions and reactions, are fixed, and the merging of the all-powerful intellect into the desperately struggling emotive force, which after all is the other half of the attributes of man's soul. Or, putting it in another way, unless the European mind can de-intellectualise itself and give instinct and emotion an equal place in the field of human activity, there can never be that nature's own equilibrium necessary for the organic development of the full being. I believe that the present crisis is the chaos preceding this re-integration of the human personality, and once we shall have made our intelligence (chitta) full and vital and free, we need not create new words, but we shall naturally re-discover those words — which are truly eternal.

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Theo Rutra:

Look what the *New York Herald-Tribune's* Walter Lippmann tells his readers in *Today and Tomorrow* of June 10:

"One of the persistent difficulties in discussion is that we have only a very simple vocabulary to describe enormously complicated meanings. There are not enough words in current use to allow us to make one word signify one thing and one thing only. As a result, we all carry with us a small collection of words which we produce whenever we cannot think of the right word or are too lazy to make the effort to say just what we really mean....

"The scarcity of words to describe political and economic events and ideas is the cause of immense confusion...."

Didn't you say this very thing in *Transition 21* and your *Language*

of Night? Although I believe you have in mind primarily a revolution of *creative language*, the need for a semantic revolution in the politico-economic vocabulary is apparently equally urgent. I suggest starting the insurrection in America's city-rooms!

●

Jack Sanford:

I. The question of the desirability of hastening (or even formulating) "the re-integration of the human personality" set aside, I do not think that this end can be achieved by the evolution or revolution of language.

II. (The second question presupposes an affirmative answer to the first).

●

Camille Schuwer:

We have every right to be weary of words. For they assume a countenance with constant use and abuse, and, like old wrinkles, trail vice in their tracks. They are in our way. They make us sad. With Apollinaire we complain:

O bouches l'homme est à la recherche d'un nouveau langage
Auquel le grammairien d'aucune langue n'aura rien à dire

Et ces vieilles langues sont tellement près de mourir
Que c'est vraiment par habitude et manque d'audace
Qu'on les fait encore servir à la poèsie.

Go to it then! Put your shoulder to the wheel! So much the better if you succeed in satisfying yourselves. The vowels are there, the diphthongs and the consonants are there. It is only a question of assortment. We shall always find new combinations. All that's needed is to try them out on eye and ear. But perhaps you are eager to penetrate to the very elements, so that, understanding their composition, you may fuse again for yourselves consonant and vowel, pure lineament and pure sound. Open and close your lips, grit your teeth, whistle, bleat and belch! Go ahead, you new physicians, give play to your recruiting energies, turn on other currents of heat for your sentiments, begin the fusion anew, give back its starry substance to the idea, or, in your role of new chemists, free

the influxes along the nerves of the cerebral node, and descend, like barges, through the canals of the veins, till you reach the first drop of sperm; then, imitating sleep, let go! In the morning, when they come out of the oven, well-baked to a nice, crisp brown, and dusted with sugar, you will contemplate for a long time your amphibious animals standing there on their hind legs with their hybrid cells composed of nail, talon, claw, antenna, saliva, and mucous. Ave!

But you will be helpless. All these monsters bore you.

Because they are too new and too glaring. Ever since flesh came of flesh, man has been interested in man. Memory, everything, is half preserved and the pass-word is "passage", reaction is as good as creation, *e nihilo nihil.* Through the system of residua nature even contrives to tamper with the air we have inhaled. And God only knows! Revolution of the Word, I cannot love thee unless I also find my old planet, the beloved gaze, those known signs in the hands, a woman's limbs. What nostalgia there existed in the man who invented the siren and the centaur with only what he knew, and recognized the hair and the mane, the rump and the hoof, the pink breasts of the udders, the hard soil and the plains of the sea. Let me call you to me, lalawaves, the crane world, let the hearse be the horse, but at least may that which the poet's hand destroys say farewell to him, the crane world, I say, hangs by a thread. If you lose the chain of the sense, all the little chains will only make a noise, while you go blunderambling along through the night. Catch the phonems while in flight, stretch their golden wings on your herbarium, make a new catalogue, dazzle the children, but do not kill the spirit of the semantems. It is still alive, it still wants to have its share of pleasure.

But perhaps, in putting language through the third degree, we might take one leap, as over a precipice, beyond the sign-word, the image-word, our half-life-word, and fall like deaf men, delivered of cerumen, onto brand-new words, thing-words, action-words, magic-words. Then we would know which language-button to press, in order to heal, to kill, to grow, to enforce thought and belief. Remember, just as in love, we have the right to feel everything, but there are irreparable words we should never pronounce. Man all one in the act, wordacthought. But we are still too young. We have too many mouths for the fruits of science.

●

Philippe Soupault:

1) We have become mute, as it were. We are losing the real use of a language that can only express sentiments or impressions which we no longer have the chance to experience, which we no longer desire. We jabber before events. I am persuaded that one of the reasons for the vertigo possessing us is the fact that language has become fixed and no longer corresponds to the "evolution of the new personality".

2) Re-adaptation is always a disastrous undertaking. We need new words. In my opinion, it is up to the poets to invent them. The cinema, the radio and literature will asume the task of spreading them.

●

Louis Untermeyer:

I believe that words are no longer our slaves; *they* rule *us*. They hold us abject because of a set of outworn traditions which we half deny and half worship. We no longer evaluate them or examine their meaning or purpose; we follow them blindly—whether they use (and misuse) us as slogans, battle cries, advertising propaganda, movie stereotypes (the word 'love' as substitute for casual rape and sniggering fornication), business associations (the word 'Service' to disguise competitive throat-cutting), inverted family subjugation ('duty'), etc. *und so weiter*. New words are definitely needed. New shades of expression, intonation, nuance — actually fresh perceptions of meaning.

It is for this reason that I enjoy all experiments to widen the gamut of language — Joyce's, Cummings', yours. Whether a slow change or a dramatic revolution is at hand, there is (I believe) no question but that a radical reappraisal of language as well as the liberal invention of new words (aren't such new words continually coming into use through new inventions, techniques, slang?) must follow. The world-crisis may well be accompanied by a word-crisis.

●

Laurence Vail:

I agree lest. Lest the last days des Pompiers tomorrow and tomorrow and what use Vesuvius. Lest they whittle the word and whittle the word and whittle the word away. Agree language swell the brust swill heuriger slanguage and slingoes and step on the verbal

accelerator with both hips and groins and doom with la premiére année de Grand Mére (cru de l'arriviste) and La Rousse c'est La Frousse — J'ACCUSE LES EXCULSES.

Old saw a dram at the Scumédie:

Homme de lettres: J'ai perdu mon petit....
Femme de lettres: Tu as perdu ton petit...?
Homme de lettres: J'ai perdu mon tout petit....
Femme de lettres: Tu as perdu ton tout petit...?
Homme de lettres: J'ai perdu mon p'tit Larousse
Femme de lettres: Tu as perdu ton p'tit Larousse?
Homme de lettres: Mon p'tit Larousse. Le tout petit.
Ma femme (de lettres) J'AI PEUR.

In the beginning (and fangs) was the word
bird and sword
it R'ose
sp'red
red red red
papotheosis of sounds hitting nail on the nead and blush on the flush purgativus magnificus slask of flightning and wondrous thunder each word coin clinking the raw and the awe
till
till the flitterary gentlemen
(Messaiahs, no, Mess-Sires, Sieurs de la Messe and what a mess — pass the sponge)

for they said it again
they said it to gain
to save him & us pain
to keep out of the rain

Indeed some were able
Indead extremely able
But Cain did for Able
Mister Able meet Cain.

Referring to glummarians and deams of Acaca old blanketters and aulde douchers roting the rechauffé with comas and semicomas, arsestericks & hystarisks & Nobel Prize periods — you know, the fool stop when the pintellect stoops to pickpocket slime from old Messachusetts
the word wormed

He was not the lowest poochpooet who hardly sang.

amo amas
I love a lass
amas amat
she's nice and fat

or do you prefer
Alas
A lass

(A gem, my dears. In these few lines, so simple but far from simple, the eternal problem of heart of flesh, is in nutshell form presented. *Alas.* In this one word, so short, lies a universe of yearning: in other words, the restless soul, the aspiring spirit, is by a poet's pen superbly, though briefly, illuminated. In these two syllables, the first consisting of but a single letter, the first in the alphabet, you feel, or should feel, that mystic essence that links us to the Supreme Cosmos (god), at the same time elevating us above other animal species such as the members of the canine family (dog). As for the second line, it would be false to read in the word *lass* a mere synonym of femme legére or girlie; true, these are included, but alongside the artist's quill evokes Trojan Helen in all her beauty. Nor is his holy mother absent from the scene, and his own true mate, thus have we an aperçu of the gudwif throughout the ages. I further glimpse the aged domestic, female and faithful, as well as the sister, the niece, the daughter. The sacred prostitute too has her place, she who has sinned for you and me and....)

or do you prefer

A sail
A sale.

(No nonsense about this fellow. A poet, begad, the word *sail* amply proves it. But down to brass tacks and farthings. And why not? Every nice girl loves a sailor, so be it, but who will refuse a dollar?)

But away form the spoonets in Harp on and on Smugazine. Dare Jolas, we will nut discuss out Scribblers. As foolitically the solution

is nerts with Hitlerism squirts Ruse-a-veltism nuts Mayonnaise Marseillaise naugh neigh
but

let the Sound hit the Thing in the middle dig it out and up of the muddle with new bowels and consonants sling your lung at the pain throat the joy and gargarize fresh and cold and hot then spit out the verbal coin from the groin let each word sight the night scream the dream blind the light light the light

word be kite
it flies

and below

There lies an eminent snoovelist, 2000 editions,
600000 pages, 1800000000 words,

all goody goody words
once upon a time a time
and he put them all to sleep
for he hopes that that will keep
(he has a rendez vous with the
hall of fame)
there lies a liar
who lied with his lyre
but was it a lyre
He is a liar

●

Edmond Vandercammen:

. . . . . On the poetic plane, the problem seems to me as complex as it is exciting. To be sure, "we think in obsolete words expressing ideas that are dead or dying", as Jolas himself says. The conclusion of the Rev. P. Jousse, to whom the word is really a gesture, an *action*, and the following words from Rimbaud's *Letter of the Seer:* "Every word being an idea . . . ." are definite arguments that approximate the necessity of discovering other semantic values. I fear very much, however, that words created from nothing will never contain the density of that radiating signification which is to be found in vocables the birth and evolution of which are a more integral part of human psychology.
Aside from incantation, and the movement of lyrical thought, those

new words used by Jolas and Michaux, for instance, do not add anything that might be directly useful to the representations — abstract or concrete — of the spirit. In poetry, it is a matter of a well understood dosage: I think, in this connection, of Michaux' admirable poem *L'Avenir*. Whenever Jolas does not exaggerate in this mode of expression, his poems take on an incontestable grandeur, a kind of fluidum which is difficult to describe....

(From: Le Journal des Poètes, Brussels.)

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Jean Wahl:

The "primal meaning of words" the loss of which you deplore, is precisely what the poet, in my opinion, wants to find again. According to Shelley's idea, here, as elsewhere, he lifts the veil which habit has woven about us. Poetry seems to me to be a kind of continual revolution of language, because, as Mallarmé said, it gives a purer meaning to the "tribal words", because it constitutes, with the aid of its own rhythm, blocks of unused sonority. A verse does not break up into usual words, but into assemblages of syllables which we do not hear in prose.

The revolution here seems to me to concern the meaning and assemblage of the elements, not the elements themselves.

In order to coerce language, we must not begin by destroying it. Poetry is always in a state of crisis and revolution (at the same time in a state of acceptation: for the revolution of the poet takes place in the domain of words rather than that of acts.) Struggle between the poet and the word. The poet wants something contradictory... he wants to communicate the incommunicable, to say the ineffable, perhaps to create silence where the echo of words still resounds.

Up till now I have not been in favor of the creation of new words, the way Joyce understands it, for instance. For it is a risk to accord too large a role to consciousness, in a domain where the unconscious, in my opinion, should be preponderant. In fact, the unconscious does not seem to me, ordinarilly, to create new words, but only to create new relations between words.

Since you also mention philosophy, I shall note here that philosophers like Heidegger, on the one hand, or Whitehead, on the other, use new words, or at least unfamiliar composts, for what are, in fact, different ends: one, in order to put his reader in a particular affective state of apprehension and communion with the world; the other, to make us feel the complex and inundating world which,

according to him, modern science presents. I understand these experiments. Perhaps they can be explained in part by the fact that the philosophers did not want or could not use the rhythm or the structure of poetry to express their vision of the world.

•

Lansing Warren:

Any sound the vocal apparatus can produce may be considered a word in any language, in which it can be assigned any conceivable meaning. The only governing condition is that there should be a considerable number of persons ready and able to recognize that meaning. That is what your revolution is up against.

It takes a long period of unconscious incubation before a new sound can have any meaning, and that meaning can be wholly distorted or forgotten without so much as by your leave. I would hazard a guess that the average person never gets fully acquainted with more than four or five hundred words. Even with some of them he doesn't feel comfortable.

In the epoch just now closing, the value and the power of words has been immensely over-rated. Previously, people were always suspicious of too much talk, and the written word was in the custody of scribes and scholars. Lawyers and politicians were the ones who promoted words for a livelihood, and printing and the newspapers converted them into a commodity.

Today they are just a rather warty, grubby commodity like coal or potatoes or allspice which anyone can shovel about at will. For the newspaper the principal thing is to have them shovelled rapidly, and that is what the newsman does — he shovels words. Editors are constantly putting the emphasis on quantity, on speed. They direct the purveyors to rush 600, or mercilessly command that an intelligible item should be compressed to fifty words. The reporters catch these words in telephones, or in bars or in hotel lobbies in all parts of the world and rush them by electrical means to every other part of the world in time for breakfast. Instead of devoting some energy to peeling off the prickly skins, cutting away the bad spots, and eliminating the fibrous, pithy portions, the writers concentrate almost entirely on injecting these words with a hypodermic of some kind that will make them seem strange and alluring. They try to make a word cocktail, if you will, of every item. It is no wonder the words get bent and bloated beyond recognition.

Of this daily avalanche of words, in books, and magazines and newspapers we have had a mental indigestion. It is hopeless to search for the good words in the meaningless deluge. So the public, surfeited with so many words, reads only now and then a headline.

Unless your revolution comes and gives new meaning to our words, the written word will soon go back to the scribes and scholars. The spoken word will take its place, and it will soon be unnecessary for ordinary people to learn to read and write. All the essential, important services that literacy performed like indicating the way out and giving directions to shake before using, will soon be performed by the radio or mechanical speakers. Education, politics, literature and business will be conducted in the same fashion. Writing will only serve to keep the records.

But the spoken word is even more easily deformed than the written one, and the people who don't listen are as plentiful as those who do not read. Words can have meaning only if their user is able and willing to put it in them, and if the hearer is able and willing to comprehend. If a revolution or the invention of new words can stimulate this, I am for it, but it really appears as if words were inadequate.

Take the word "wolf," for example. In order to use it properly, one ought to have a very precise idea of just what is a wolf. But there are always those who for personal reasons or for ignorance will be shouting out wolf at the approach of a pole-cat or a dachshund or a beetle. While the word as a warning would seem insufficient when used to announce the advent of a tornado.

All words are like that and serve largely to smother our ideas. Such is the indifference and deceit and lack of comprehension among mortals that there is no reaching an agreement of any kind. No word has ever been able to translate any of our intense emotions as accurately as a shriek, a grunt, a sigh, a sob or a gasp. When in emergencies we want to express ourselves adequately we have always to resort to roaring, growling, purring, cooing or howling, and because I really am anxious to convey to you the exact state of my feelings on the language question, I shall stop trying to talk about it, and shall simply conclude with a series of low, protracted moans.

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MALADY OF LANGUAGE

(That the poetic language is in decay is denied only by a handful of "critical" illiterates who are bound by their three-dimensional view of the world. Romantic thinkers recognized long ago that creative language had remained static, while the expansion of consciousness in certain individuals was going ahead, but it is only in recent years that an effort has been made here and there to face the problem. The following texts by a few princes of the imagination bear witness to the disquiet with which the progressive decline of symbolical language was viewed by them. — Eugene Jolas.)

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Johann Ludwig Tieck:

Oh lovers, you ought to be afraid to confide your sentiments to words, for what can you say with words? Is it not true that our eyes show us things under a too corporeal and too scantily spiritual aspect?

Our language consists of this: we reduce an entire mass of thoughts and images to a single concept. We help ourselves with the imagination in order to make intelligible to a stranger-soul what to us is in a state of half-clarity. And thus objects are born which to glacial and non-receptive spirits appear like abortions. A curse rests on the language of men: none can understand the other; and that is the source of all quarrels and all persecutions: language is a mortal instrument given to us as to imprudent children, an instrument with which to do each other harm.

●

Novalis:

Each word should be a word of conjuration.

Philology is the dynamics of the intellectual empire.

●

Joseph Goerres:

Language as spoken by men can never suffice for the expression of those higher visions known to saints... Because of the inadequacy of the ordinary means of thought communication, many an ecstatic person has created a language of his own, which, however, has a symbolic character and thus reaches terrestrial comprehension only in its coarser, earth-approximating elements, and can therefore only be understood in the higher state.

Emerson:

A man's power to connect his thought with its proper symbol, and so to utter it, depends on the simplicity of his character, that is, upon his love of truth and his desire to communicate it without loss. *The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language.* When simplicity of character and the sovereignty of ideas is broken up by the prevalence of secondary desires — the desires of riches, of pleasure, of power, and of praise — and duplicity and falsehood take the place of simplicity and truth, the power over nature, as an interpreter of the will, is in a degree lost; new imagery ceases to be created, and old words are perverted to stand for things which they are not; a paper currency is employed when there is no bullion in the vaults. In due time, the fraud is manifest, and words lose all power to stimulate the understanding or the affections.

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Edgar Allan Poe:

(Marginalia)

How very commonly we hear it remarked that such and such thoughts are beyond the compass of words! I do not believe that any thought, properly so called, is out of reach of language. I fancy, rather, that where difficulty in expression is experienced, there is, in the intellect which experiences it, a want either of deliberateness or of method. For my own part I have never had a thought which I could not set down in words with even more distinctness than that with which I conceived it; as I have before observed, the thought is logicalized by the effort at (written) expression.

There is, however, a class of fancies of exquisite delicacy, which are not thoughts, and to which, as yet, I have found it absolutely impossible to adapt language. I use the word "fancies" at random, and merely because I must use some word; but the idea commonly attached to the term is not even remotely applicable to the shadows of shadows in question. They seem to me rather physical than intellectual. They arise in the soul (alas, how rarely!) only at its epochs of most intense tranquillity, when the bodily and mental health are in perfection, and at those mere points of time where the confines of the waking world blend with those of the world of dreams. I am aware of these "fancies" only when I am upon the very brink of sleep, with the consciousness that I am so. I have satisfied myself that this condition exists but for an inappreciable

point of time, yet it is crowded with these "shadows of shadows"; and for absolute thought there is demanded time's endurance. These "fancies" have in them a pleasurable ecstasy, as far beyond the most pleasurable of the world of wakefulness or of dreams as the heaven of the Northman theology is beyond its hell. I regard the visions, even as they arise, with an awe which, in some measure, moderates or tranquillises the ecstasy; I so regard them through a conviction (which seems a portion of the ecstasy itself) that this ecstasy, in itself, is of a character supernal to human nature — is a glimpse of the spirit's outer world; and I arrive at this conclusion, if this term is at all applicable to instantaneous intuition, by a perception that the delight experienced has, as its element, but the absoluteness of novelty. I say the "absoluteness", for in these fancies — let me now term them psychal impressions — there is really nothing even approximate in character to impressions ordinarily received. It is as if the five senses were supplanted by five myriad others alien to mortality.

Now, so entire is my faith in the power of words, that, at times, I have believed it possible to embody even the evanescence of fancies such as I have attempted to describe. In experiments with this end in view, I have proceeded so far as, first, to control (when the bodily and mental health are good) the existence of the condition; that is to say, I can now (unless when ill) be sure that the condition will supervene, if I so wish it, at the point of time already described; of its supervention, until lately, I could never be certain, even under the most favorable circumstances. I mean to say, merely, that now I can be sure, when all circumstances are favorable, of the supervention of the condition, and feel even the capacity of inducing or compelling it; the favorable circumstances, however, are not the less rare, else had I compelled, already, the heaven into the earth.

I have proceeded so far, secondly, as to prevent the lapse from the point of which I speak, the point of blending between wakefulness and sleep — as to prevent at will, I say, the lapse from this border-ground into the dominion of sleep. Not that I can continue the condition, not that I can render the point more than a point, but I can startle myself from the point into wakefulness, and thus transfer the point itself into the realm of memory; convey its impressions, or more properly their recollections, to a situation where (although still for a very brief period) I can survey them with the eye of analysis. For these reasons, that is to say, because I have been enabled to accomplish thus much, I do not altogether

despair of embodying in words at least enough of the fancies in question to convey to certain classes of intellect a shadowy conception of their character. In saying this I am not to be understood as supposing that the fancies, or psychal impressions, to which I allude, are confined to my individual self — are not in a word, common to all mankind, for on this point it is quite impossible that I should form an opinion; but nothing can be more certain than that even a partial record of the impressions would startle the universal intellect of mankind by the supremeness of the novelty of the material employed, and of its consequent suggestions. In a word, should I ever write a paper on this topic, the world would be compelled to acknowledge that, at last, I had done an original thing.

●

Friedrich Nietzsche:

(Richard Wagner in Bayreuth)

Wagner was the first to recognize a distressing condition reaching as far back as the days when civilization joined the nations together: language everywhere has sickened, and on human evolution as a whole there rests the pressure of this immense disease. Since language had to step constantly on the last rungs of that which it might attain, in order that it might grasp the contrary of feeling, which is the empire of thought, and therefore as far as possible away from the strong emotion to which it was able to correspond originally in all its simplicity — its power has become exhausted as a result of this exaggerated feeling-out within the short space of the new civilization. So that now it is no longer able to do that for which it is really intended: i.e. to make communication possible about the simplest miseries of life. Man, in his misery, can no longer make himself understood, in other words, he cannot truly communicate. In this dimly felt state, language everywhere has become a power for itself, which now seizes men with spectral arms, moves whither they will not, as soon as they attempt to make themselves understood; and in order to make a united effort, they are seized by the insanity of general concepts, indeed of pure word-sounds; and because of this inability to communicate with each other, their common creations bear the signatures of non-comprehensibility, for they do not correspond to their real miseries, but only to the hollowness of those tyrannous words and concepts: thus mankind adds to all its miseries the additional suffering of *convention*, that is, of agreement in words and actions without an

agreement in emotion. As in the declining course of every art a point is reached, when their sickly rampant means and forms attain a tyrannical power over the young souls of artists and make them their slaves, so we are now, in the decline of language, the slaves of words; under this pressure nobody is able any longer to manifest himself, to speak naively; and few, as a matter of fact, are able to conserve their individuality in the struggle with a culture which does not believe in proving its success by meeting distinct emotions and needs in a formative way, but by spinning the individual into the net of "distinct concepts" and teaching him to think properly. As if it were of any value at all to make anyone into a rightly thinking logical being, if we have not succeeded in making him first of all into a rightly feeling one. If now the music of our masters is heard by a wounded humanity, what is it they hear? Only the right emotion, the enemy of all convention, of all artificial alienation and incomprehensibility between man and man: this music is a return to nature, and at the same time a purification and transformation of nature; for in the soul of the most loving men there originated this need for return, and in their art nature changed into love can be heard again and again.

●

Sir Walter Raleigh:

Inanity dogs the footsteps of the classic tradition... Words must change to live, and a word once fixed becomes useless... This is the error of the classical creed to imagine that in a fleeting world, where the quickest eye can never see the same thing twice, and a deed once done can never be repeated, language alone should be capable of fixity and finality...

●

Hugo von Hoffmannsthal:

(From: The Letter of Young Lord Chandos to Lord Bacon)

I cannot write anymore because the language in which it would perhaps be given to me to write or to think, is neither English, nor Latin, nor Italian, nor Spanish, but a language not a single word of which is known to me, a language in which mute things will speak to me, and in which some day I shall be called to account by an unknown judge...

P. D. Ouspensky:

(Tertium Organum)

Anything that can be said about the understanding of temporal relations is inevitably extremely vague. This is because our language is absolutely inadequate to the *spatial expression of temporal relations*. We lack the necessary words for it, we have no verbal forms, strictly speaking, for the expression of these relations which are new to us, and some other quite new forms — *not verbal* — are indispensable. The language for the transmission of the new temporal relations must be a language without verbs. *New parts of speech* are necessary, an infinite number of new words. At present, in our human language we can speak about "time" by hints only. Its true essence is *inexpressible* for us.

EXPERIMENTS IN LANGUAGE MUTATION

Michaux:

RENCONTRE DANS LA FORET

D'abord il l'épie à travers les branches.
De loin il la humine, en saligoron, en nalais.
Elle: Une blonde rêveuse un peu vatte.

Ça le soursouille, ça le salave
Ça le prend partout, en bas, en haut, en han, en hanhan.
Il pâtemine. Il n'en peut plus

Donc; il s'approche en subcul,
l'arrape et, par violence et par la terreur la renverse
sur les feuilles sales et froides de la forêt silencieuse.

Il la déjupe; puis à l'aise il la troulache,
la ziliche, la bourbouse et l'arronvesse,
(lui gridote sa trilite, la dilèche)
Ivre d'immonde, fou de son corps doux,
il s'y envanule et majalecte.
Ahanant éperdu à gouille et à gnouille
— gonilles et vogonilles —
il la ranoule et l'embonchonne,
l'assalive, la bouzète, l'embrumanne et la goliphatte.
Enfin triomphant, il l'engangre!
Immense cuve d'un instant!
Forêt, femme, terre, ciel animal des grands fonds!
Il bourbiote béatement.

Elle se redresse hagarde. Sale rêve et pis qu'un rève!
„Mais plus de peur, voyons, il est parti le vagabond . . . maintenant et léger comme une plume, Madame."

●

DIMANCHE A LA CAMPAGNE

Jarrettes et Jarnetons s'avançaient sur la route sébonnaire.
Darvises et potamons folâtraient dans les champs.
Une de Bormegarde, une de Tarmouise, une vieille paricaridelle ramiellée et fourse se hâtait vers le village.

Farinettes et farfalouves devisaient allègrement.
S'éboulissant de groupe en groupe un beau Ballus de la famille des Bormulacées, rencontra Zanicovette. Zanicovette sourit, ensuite Zanicovette pudique se détourna.
Hélas, la paricaridelle d'un coup d'oeil avait tout vu. „Zanicovette!" cria-t-elle. Zanicovette eut peur et s'enfuit.

Le soleil entouré de nuages s'enfonçait lentement à l'horizon.
L'odeur de la fin du jour d'été se faisait sentir faiblement, mais profondément, futur souvenir indéfinissable dans les mémoires.
Les embasses et les vanoulements de la mer s'entendaient au loin, plus graves que tout à l'heure. Les abeilles étaient déja toutes rentrées. Restaient quelques moustiques en goupil.
Les jeunes gens les moins sérieux du village s'acheminèrent à leur tour vers leur maisons.
Le village était construit sur une éminence. Olopoutre et pailloché, avec ses petits toits égrissés et croquets, il fendait l'azur comme un petit navire excessivement couvert, surponté, et brillant, brillant...
La paricaridelle excitée et quelques vieilles coquillardes, sales rides et mauvaises langues, achactées à tout, épiaient les retardataires.
L'avenir contenait un sanglot, des larmes. Zanicovette dût les verser.

●

Georges Pelorson:
3 RYTMESES

Calirou

Câliminet ton' nitrou
minaï tiloniroue
lallaün' —
deu,
minoulet —
hou,
taminet l'étouel y est

Hune a deux

Veinorbu la toume à l'air
saliron la mogabonde
bonira la crinolaine
Dièsirée!
Dièsirée!
toutaimée la tiarumère
tan' marie la tiainte dève

lasserrante et clamourée
ailétiange la mourène
lasse
lasse
pâlétuve moumerrante

Plein la hampe

Tropp
Tropp
top' la
    mak le rire se machiner
    l'éclevisse se tournuter
tropp tropp
tap' la
    l'éclusive dervicher
    la saintixe bigouder
dam
dam
dam iou
        iou-ou
            iou-ou
dam

●

Eugene Jolas:

OLD CENTURY PT. 27 TAKES A VACATION

(Essay in a Neo-American Language)

What a twinklevertigo!
The presses blastcascade into night.
Watch them shimmergloss the air!
Oilfaces slidebob on the catwalks.
Listen to those bombtongued staccatotunes!
The governors flickfluke the rocking beams.
Are you afraid of their brustleguggles?
Don't grunt, old cackledeemewer!
There's enough buzzling in that tatooquackle for the grumsters to muffle the entire town.
Watch them pistons funklespark the levers!
There's a rocky counterpoint at work.
Clix!

Just listen to that gurglebubble, that tinklehum, that ripplemutter!

Where's our sursumcordabrating youngling?
He's gone dancepurling with lead.
Do you hear those linotypists blubber boomrhythms?
The typesaws crissmesh the seconds.
The mercurylamps purplezish reels.
Cold metal flipcrackles from out of the leadpots.
Keyboards deepgliss minor.
Machines clackring with doodlebangs.
Hot type dripdrops.
Humautomating glides the operator.
Brass lettercasts tintinkle into racks.
The forms get up and yawn — then glissrush over the floor.
There is a vaultfrisk rocketing with spireverbs.

Pix and floot! That's how it should be.
Yet when the old mustard king's at his best, he'll always try to look his worst.
That's his own lookout.
Bank Lady Osgood into a new makeup!
Take old Uncle Gene and clasproll him into the eugenicon!
Lipstick the Hon. Rhyss and give him the front-page right in the phyz! That'll keep him quiet for a while.
Do you know why the pixicato of the crimewave hasn't come in?
Hey, bambino!
He's dozing again.
Flix that social register at him!
Where's the Rev. Monday?
Keep him dry, for he'll soon be wet enough!
What's that twist dillyshallying here?
Sick her unto the Empire Building and give her the fright of her life!
Ain't she cute though?
Hold the next page open for the Maharaja! He'll be alright next to the Queenbee of the gyroscope races.
And give young Jake Swivelbaeck his due! He'll have his long pants on soon.
What's the cokeblaster doing here?
He ripped the holaboaconstrictor in his bailiwick for a couple of grands.
Burn him on page 7!
Smack old Buster Bixbie onto the last page! He'll feel hopsossa next to the bathingbeachfaces and he'll flooster no more.
Let 'r roll and luster!

Did you glyph those mugs?
We snipsnapped 'em coming and rowing.
Who's this gogglephiz with the masthead awry?
That's the bankbusting hellcook of West Street.
Flash him on 5!
What about the Hollywood Scandal?
We shot it right in the beezer.
Did that divorce baby twinkle her hoolies?
She flipwinged her bathing statuary in a rumbacrackle.
Hold that line!

The stereotype foundry is waking up.
What are they tallihooning over there?
They're whipcording the plates.
Mercurian lights dipbathe the flamecats.
Do you see the mats mating anywhere?
I'm watching for them to blastucate.
The demonroots stalk.
Is the temperature in the casting-machine rightsideup?
We'll bustle after it.
Press that button, old burro, press it mightytighty in the panse!
Watch them cylinders, cauldrons, beams, clipperdrive into the pipes and dials!
What a hisscrissing shatoon!
Listen to that blastigroon!
Clinkclankcling go the metal-blisters!
Get those asbestos-gloves, Jerry, you'll need 'em soon in the last biffbattle.
Pick off those revolving-cylinders and smack 'em back into the american melting-pot!
The brown mat waits and dozes in a corrugated manner.
Go ahead, old slumhound, bing it into the casting baby, bunch it into the right place!
He's dozing in his cups.
We'll learn 'im a line or two.
Smack 'im into the rushibars!
No good, They're snowcold.
What's up now?
There she blows! A regular archfiend at arms' length! Down she goes. Put the hooks into her!
Divorces can't wait.

Listen how it rustlecrackles and blusterfreaks!
Listen how the metal parts go bangsilvering into space!
Give that cylinder that half turn!
It's hot as popotekettle itself.
There's the shaver and off with it!
The lever's out.
Sloop it!

The paper has not yet gone to the dreamworld.
There's a ringelingeling in the city room.
A bellophone blusterballoos.
Typewriters rickleclatter.
The last edition waits for the rumblestumble of the press-artillery.
What's that guy bullmoaning about?
Get that tootleyawper out of here! We have enough cackleblithering as it is.
The re-write desks cluster whispersheets.
Adjectives hold the verbs at bay.
The copytimeclock racks the eternal buzzers.
How stertorous time is now!
Even the mecketeers, shotees, banketeers, toughboobs, lushies, meanies, cokies, bigtimeblastards and smalltimebulls are yawping for dodo.
Soon the logotype will lightshriek bingbangbing letters in scarlet.
Hello! Hello!
What's that bustlebass bellhooping about?
It's the chief who hells and moos.
Bark! goes the snarlyawl into the nicotinewhirl.
The ticker-room monoflicks the mystiflash.
Halt!

The newsrackers grey and groan.
What's holding up the blast?
Old Century Pt. 27 has left the bed and board of his storymate.
Abraxas!
He's hiding in the hellpail.
Dig up those blastlines and smack 'em against the hand-sets!
White mountains pust and heave.
Oil steamglares on the floor.
Steel glisters orient.
Overheadlights platinumdaze .

How inkmoist the sheets have become!
They snuff and blaster teleboys.
How optispangling is the hour!
Soon every street will listen to the torrentverbs!

It's very midnightdewy in the house!

●

Eugene Jolas:

Logocinéma of the Frontierman

I

Immer leuchtete der Wunderkontinent
immer geigte das Singrauschen der Stroeme
immer funkelten die grossen Kristallhaueser

die jungen Worte waren wie Wein
sie goldschaeumten im Floeteherbst
sie abendglockten an einsamen Rainen
sie fieberauegten die Himmelsweiten
sie glockenbrausten gegen Russgesaenge

Gelb lagen die Weizenfelder Manitobas
die Geysirflammen zischten daemmerungslichternd
die Fackelnaechte stummten heilig
die Waldseen geheimnisgruenten

meine Kindesworte schimmerten selig
meine Kindesworte flammeneilten durch Mondsavannen

II

mes mots chevauchaient une lavefrontière
alle silben krankten am hassfieber
mes mots ètaient à cheval sur l'annonciation d'une bourrasque

mes mots étaient las des violencehymnes
ils étaient las de la démenceliturgie
ils étaient las des massacres de syntaxes
ils étaient las des clameurages

mes mots avaient peur
mes mots pitiémendiaient aux bords des abîmes
mes mots stridencecriaient leur tristesse d'automne
mes mots sanglotaient dans une bacchanale de blessures

mes mots étaient des déchirures
mes mots étaient des crisupplices
mes mots étaient des rumeursténèbres
dans l'orage de la haine

mes mots cherchaient une musiquelumière
dans les grandes tanglepleines des Amazonas
dans les romanceamériques ivres de colibris

III

my words amerigrated
my words saw steelsparkle
my words nightstormed concrete

my words darkmused over lonehours
they sank into a midnightstupor
they shivered in the dustrooms
they grimed through spiderbasements

my words apostrophed the gloompowers
they blasphemed against the fireworld
they rebelled against hungerache
they helpcried in the flamewhorl
they despairsank into dusktrance

my words were pathosweeping
they plunged into a ninivehpool
they grew into a blightheart
they asphaltwandered doom

manhattanwords swarmed shiverdawn

IV

my words were ill
my homewords were heimwehkrank
my loamwords were full of sehnsucht

my words exiledrooped in darknooks
they lost their glebethews
their syllables began to shrivelrankle
they leafell mouldering in rust

came new words like a tempest
columbian blasts rockcrashed into my syntax
they rageblew all my homesick words into a heap

they blisterscreamed with lovedisdain
my new words shoutlaughed
how brasscollossal they became
they optispangled forwardlunge
they blizzardwhirled the sinewhymns
they smokeflaked over riverbanks
they wimmelvorticed avenues
they fogbrumed into paledawns

my new words hymnalaughed steel

V

salve of metamorphosis
my new words fanfared paeanshouts
they dangleblazoned triumph
they crowneighed exultflourish

outward bonfired all the sigils
my new words crissroared skyscrapers
they oriflamed into motors
they hurled themselves into dynamoes
they newsdrummed crime
they bulletreeled scandalmutter
they billmooed in the loveparade
they cantackered hospitals
they mercyprayed for prisonmen
they ratiosmattered disks

columbiawords clashheld the matterwhorl
they bellowed for the death of spiritflight

VI

my motherwords came back
my motherwords went to the youngspring
glebechanted into nightlore
flew somnabule to planets

they folksang lovehymns
they wandered over cypressacres
they saw autumnfruit tintfalling
they watched sunbrown girls in fields
they conjured mercylooks
they sorrowcried peasantrooms

they praylifted tired hands
they bent over bread and wine

my motherwords went into loneness
they angelvoiced melancholy
they starclinked vineyards
they darktranced silencepools
they softwended with the winds of longing

my motherwords dreamimaged almanachs
and listened to wintertempests organing

VII

my fatherwords came up
my fatherwords were full of latindays
my fatherwords were sunplashed

mes mots pleuvaient doucement sur les boulevards
Ils fêteallumaient les yeux des jeunes filles
ils clochetintaient dans les cours solitaires
ils amourdancaient dans les salles d'allegresse

my fatherwords vehementossed with rioting
they tumultflashed with nervetrance
they quiverlipped in ferment
they spicerolled nous
they ribaldgusted temper
they minuetdanced in summersquares
they feverseethed silversonnets

my fatherwords luminoushone with sun

VIII

my words trioed strife
my triwords nomadstrolled
my delugewords flowed through the heraclitean sluice

declinations slipdrooped debris
accusatives clingclanged leaps
genitives icarusfell
verbs sweeptwisted sounds
substantives strainscaled adjectives
patois words wedded artwords
sunverbs flightrocketed against nightnouns

my motherwords revolted against the fatherwords
my motherwords were in rebellion
up surged my fatherwords and shouted
up surged columbianwords and hallooed
there was a frayspar on the borderland

my triwords were in chaosnight

IX

not hatte die welt ergiffen
they day was waiting for erschuetterungen
le soir était à l'affût des migrations

satan ascended the goldene leiter
there was a curtain of feu before me
dionysius aeropagita started to wordance
la belle madeleine oubliait ses extases
les ombres de swedenborg whirlwirrten dumpf
le throne d'or des anges glisterte
this was the letzte gericht des damnés de la terre

the vegetative universe bewegte sich in kreisen
le ciel était le dwelling place of moonsaints
a seraph objected to the presence of Lucifer

toutes les nuits étaient squelletiques
die hunde schrieen sich tot in den hecken
les forêts de la lune mystèrebrûlaient
the world was earthquakedarkling.

●

Eugene Jolas:

Nuitade

Les flammellettes ruttent dans la momesse.
Un balarôme ripatte les grapillons des lamiloses.
Les magifables éclatissent avec les grammas d'un musendrier.
Toutes les rougétoiles s'allussent sur nos blasses.
Une trombala floustre alaliment à travers les sans-mots.
Les minaudelles cordepleurent andanteangoisse.
Une allégrosse chanterit avec un phonèmeson.
Les durbois éclairaillent contre le libalot.
Les rompettes gloussehurlent des lulacris.

La titanecaisse nuitroule des mastagrettes.
Les forêtcors luttegrimpent vers une idyllade.
Une blûte doucaie avec des meugles.
Les flornets lilassent avec les luxophones.
Il y a une grande sonnade de baalolins, de flittolards, de glisseropins dans le dorémisol des grondes.

●

Camille Schuwer

TROIS CHANSONS POUR LES DEUX ANS DE FILIPPE

I

j'ai
me
du
chat
per
san
la
bar
be
de
cha
peur

il a peur du soleil
pour les éclats dans l'oeil

charesse de la brise
aux plis du brise-bise
fais une grande bise
au raminagrobis

II

Mon tit mon tilenfant
viens voir le néléphant
qui s'est mis au balcon
pour montrer son nez grec

éléphant manifique
comme un gromardigras
va chercher ton ballon
dans les fils téléfiques

mardigras est morre
sa femme elle est riche
criez haut criez bas
mardigranentendrapas

III

les papadansleslues
les poètaparoles
qui volent des images
dans les dictionnaires
font des sousdanslalune
avec les courants d'air
les tilenfants pâsages

quand	ils	dor	ment	dans	leurs	lits
on	les	ti	re	par	les	pieds
dans	la	cour	et	dans	la	cave
on	les	do	na	lu	ci	fer
le	char	bo	nier	des	en	fers

un deux trois
quatcinqsixcepthuitneufdix

loup ga rou
gromalinkapeurdetout

©

Louis Lerman:

I AM TALKING TO YOU: YOU ARE TALKING TO ME OR AN INTROSPECTIVE ANALYSIS OF LANGUAGE

I say a b c d and so on, so on .I say this calmly and without heat, but, of course, I am stalling for time, because only faintly, almost imperceptibly do I feel what comes next. In plain language, I am far away from a b c d and so on and am concerned exclusively with ring-around-the-rosie and with twining long words into a wreath

to fit my 8½ head whose radius is the sum of words that never reach the center of reality and an idea that maybe once had a meaning (I am tired now and have, besides, long since forgotten); with many letters arranged in a particular and somehow dogmatic fashion that makes me sore. But to continue, with letters arranged in a somehow pattern, except that things equal to the same thing are inevitably axiomatic, and why should I, you, all of us who are God believe in an axiom that is not solipsistic.

"I ask you if so many letters definably familiar, sometimes making even for a slight nostalgia or an ennui so intense it encircles infinity..."

And you say slowly, but with an air of spitting down from a shelf three feet above my head in lineal dimensions but in your particular dream of heaven perhaps as close to the immeasurable as the speed with which I formulate you contemptuously, "Your words are meaningless effusions of a b c d so to the last of the twenty-sixth blah blah". Now a quick transition to me, "Consider the geometry of your clause *it encircles infinity.* I ask you if you are not talking the crassest nonsense".

And of course, I say, "Well, well, you know what I mean", in a tone that hangs painfully to the lapel of his goddam coat, but what can I do?

After a long interval of strictly mathematical infinitesimals, always as considered from the standpoint of as complete an introversion as can be approximated, for the approach to infinity assumes the personal measure of timelessness, say like four o'clock to the one who is to die at three, then I turn inward and scrupulously examine the words that falter out of silence and ponderously dance in a squared circle. I am at the intersection of the diameters of the square and Q.E.D., I therefore am not.

"You will have your joke, you cute little B-----D."

Tell me, why should this word have significance, or maybe it's the twist in the mouth that says, "Haha, you can't say it."

"Yes, but I, I have always looked for the sun on water; chrysophrase and jade and the sum of loveliness."

The spectrum of language; a wash, shadings into black and white; or chiaroscuro, light and shade. Nothing else. To illustrate, you take a woman with extreme unction and a small hate. Words now tearing softly at your nerves, now slippery, slippery, but like glue, one word sticking to the next, and the whole like an erster, sliding down coldly.

Words said softly, harshly; slowly, quickly; with a crash of guttural

trumpets sometimes, at others with the slow, low whisper of what may have been. What is it? The scrape of rotted branches, the sighing of a dying tree, the murmur of what — a bullfrog. Scrape, sigh, murmur, croak; transposed upon associated intangibles. Even, I hate you we they love. What's strange in that?

Between the desire and the spasm the Lord's in his heaven, but nothing of importance has happened to stir the unintelligible mass of heaped desires, dreams, potencies and so weiter. So I walk slowly along a road paved with ---- (fill in yourself; how can I tell) and hear thru a velvet black shading on to gray haze, the somnolent sound of me in my ear that is shut off from what is not me; with both eyes watching intently what is beneath my feet so that my pace may be even, and the words that slowly vanish into a fog of sleep may not disturb too much the equilibrium of me attuned to the sound, the pace, the smell of what is glorious in oh me.

•

THE PLASTIC SUBOBJECT OF NIGHT

Carola Giedion-Welcker:

New Roads in Modern Sculpture

The plastic problem belongs to our life, to our daily life. The human body is a plastic reality, just as much as the world of the objects surrounding it. Intercourse with our mechanical and organic ambient, with the glass, the plate, the fruit, the egg etc., with convex and concave things, with the thing in space, in relation to us, to the thing beside it, with its static or dynamic quality — these are the fundamental phenomena of the plastic world.

Of course, there is no connection — or it exists only to a slight degree — between these and the official plastic product, that which we have experienced from childhood in the shape of monuments or tombs.

Modern plastic art wants to reconstitute the primal qualities, it wants to go back to the elementary sources in order to form generally valid symbols of time, the world and nature from out the simple viewpoint.

We, therefore, have to create a living contact between this our quotidian, albeit essential, experience of the day, and the free, artistic experience. *The composition of volume and movement the relation of mass and material within an elementary organic or stereometric world of bodies are the fundamental points of departure.* The world of these "objects" is not isolated esthetically, but has to be brought into relation with us, with the surrounding space: with nature, architecture, city, place etc. For the last 25 years certain men have been working on the realization of these plastic demands, but only in a relatively restricted sphere. The general public is still reveling in a romanticised antiquity or in a hazy 19th century naturalism. Yet cubism, futurism, dadaism, surrealism, constructivism and neo-plasticism have brought movement not only into painting, but also revitalized the plastic arts. Their manifesto-like emphasis on that which they deem decisive has had a profound and fertilizing effect on modern plastic culture in general.

From *cubism* came the analysis of the object: gravity, density, volume. Think of the early heads of Picasso (from 1909 on), or of the work of Jacques Lipschitz and Henri Laurens (1915-1918). A fugue-like interpenetration of a few, generally valid principles. While Lipschitz as well as Laurens have now rediscovered a new, more nature-like corporeality, we have Giulio Gon-

zales with his iron constructions who still stands in strong contact with pure cubistic tendencies. With quite primitive and even banal means he produces a strong, plastic atmosphere, a contrasting of negative and positive volume, a flexible soaring and a musical game of relationships between contours and forms, between air and mass. The conscious nonchalance of the "rusty" quality shows the free attitude of these realizations which absorb the "accident".

Futurism proclaimed the emotional dynamics of the object, its latent and effective kinetics.[1]) The works of Umberto Boccioni, who was killed in the war, are audacious offensives in this direction. "Sviluppo di una bottiglia nello spazio" (1912) presents the extension and movement of a simple thing in space and time, sparely expressed with positive and negative body-forms.

Raymond Duchamp-Villon's "Horse" in the Museum of Grenoble (1914) is again a simultaneization of different aspects of motion. Function and rhythm are plastically dissected out of it, so that the naturalistic substance "horse" — as in the case of Boccioni's "bottle" — is entirely extinguished before the plastic-poetic existence. (Ill. 2)

Dadaism and *Surrealism* have emphasized the "metaphysics" of banality, of the ultimate accidental object, in which the plastic principle had only to be discovered, and through which an attack was made on the artistic "beautiful piece." (From 1918 on, the "objets plastiques" by Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst, Joan Miro, Man Ray, Kurt Schwitters). The sometimes unpleasant game of literary and polemic associations is unimportant in this connection, as contrasted with the rehabilitation of simple and quotidian qualities as the points of departure of the artistic conception.

Outside all special tendencies, and yet definitely in line with modern intentions, Konstantin Brancusi, the roumanian sculptor living in Paris, has since 1908 shown new roads with his great organic compound-bodies. The form of the egg as the plastic symbol of the principle of life returns in his work again and again in all kinds of possible mutations. All the details are swallowed up by a simplification wrought to the ultimate point. (*"La simplicité n'est pas un but dans l'art, mais on arrive à la simplicité malgré soi, en s'approchant du sens réel des choses:* Brancusi). He gets everything

---

1) *We have scientific parallels in modern physics in which space is not detached from time, but connected with it in a unity, to wit,* through *movement.*

possible out of wood, marble and metal. Every fibre, vein, every degree of polish collaborates in this. The material should speak from out itself, from out its purity. In contradistinction to a psychologizing and specializing wealth of detail, the principle of the creative is here conjured into a great plastic sign. The decisively new with Brancusi the soaring, flexible state of equilibrium in this metallic and marble world of birds, fish, heads etc, or whatever he calls his symbols of nature. It seems strange how such heterogeneous things as Brancusi's works meet contemporaneously with constructivistic compositions. Gabo's "Kinetic Plastik" (1922) and Brancusi's "Oiseau" (1925). With the constructivist the dissolution of the mass-volume is transferred into a virtual volume of movement. (Vibratory Body). Brancusi, in spite of the still existant real volume, creates a similar optical reality through proportion, tension and glint of the polished metal. What the constructivists achieve through technology for the production of a new fantastic world, Brancusi effects with proportioning and the treatment of his material. Of course, such works were created independently one of the other.

Alberto Giacometti and Hans Arp are not directly related to Brancusi, but stand in a larger spiritual relationship to him.[1])

The characteristic thing about Alberto Giacometti is the simple volume, its magical faculty of expression, its mysterious and yet self-understood relation to man, to the thing beside us. The organic and the stereometric stand sometimes in relation with each other in a contrapuntal manner, and then are dissolved again into one corporeal unity. Unexpected transformations, contrasts and relations to the world of the corporeal take place. Reminiscent of the prehistoric is this delicate awakening of the form from out the plane of stone, this swelling up and down of the plane.

Beside a quite pure elementarism, a searching for a new plastic language ("projet pour une place"), there are also dreamlike associative formations. ("palais des quatre heures"). But everywhere the simple relations of masses and space dominate.

Hans Arp realizes consequential organic elementarism. The same forms in ever new mutations return as the symbol of a decisive first form. Here too everything seems to be in a permanent process of transformation. The movement, the a-static is attained by

---

[1]) *In an exposition in the Zürich* Kunsthaus *(Oct. 1934) remarkable sculptures by Arp, Giacometti and Gonzales were shown beside paintings by Max Ernst and Joan Miro.*

something growing, welling, gliding which admits neither of formal nor mental frontiers and fixations. We would be less astonished at those unusual aggregations of bodies, if we could meet them in lonely regions of nature, quite meditatively standing there, albeit at the same time grown into the cosmic universe. Thus they would seem to have received their plastic outline from a thousand-year old glacier-polish rather than from that of the human hand. Behind this simple expression there is, of course, the incessant labour and watchful sensibility of an effort at proportion and equilibrium wrought to the n'th degree. Here too there is the relation with nature, no sentimental, intellectualistic relation, but an unconscious and magical one. In earlier plastic works Arp still forms his cylinders, bottles, disks "according to the laws of accident". The objects were humanized, the human was objectified. As with his *reliefs*, one always felt a humorous undercurrent. Today Arp identifies himself entirely with the great irrational phenomenon of nature. Of course he does not describe it, he writes it.

The return to the primal phenomena of life, the turning away from peripheral sensualism, from the cult of the beautiful detail, from the sentimental "artistic ego" may remain behind in all this as a mental result. Beyond all description of reality in the logical-naturalistic sense these artists work for the imaged invention of new optic worlds. What is at stake here is the extention of our mental and sensual zones of perception. The composition is neither thematically, nor esthetically fixed, rounded out or existent in itself, but is generally liberating and communicative. Not an occlusion, but an elucidation. Of course, the evolutionary phase has not yet historically reached the point of concentration, but only the foundation. The simple plastic reality newly conquered in place of the conventionally sanctioned clichés of beauty apparently only signifies impoverishment and lenity. It is a conscious sacrifice, a conscious process of clarification in the sense of a liberation of new vital strata of life. Neutral universal forms give their expression to this mental atmosphere. And thus we must interpret the words of the futurist Umberto Boccioni "Siamo i primitivi di una nuova sensibilità" less in the sense of taste, than in that of a changed mental attitude to the world.

(Translated from the German mss. by Eugene Jolas)

TRANSITION AND ITS CONTEMPORARIES

(Some Extracts from Intercontinental Reviews during 1933 and 1934):

...*Transition* poursuit avec une sorte d'héroisme ses recherches d'expression, ses travaux de laboratoire, ses inventions de langues...

La Nouvelle Revue Française.

..."Vertigral" is defined in *Transition's Revolution-of-the-Word* dictionary as "of or pertaining to the tendency of seeking a mystic synthesis in primal language". From this and Jolas' note on "The Primal Personality" it would seem that the whole matter boils itself down to a seeking after language suited to pre- and a-logical thought...

New English Weekly, London.

...Le numéro 22 de *Transition* est consacré au *langage vertigral* et contient plusieurs définitions de ce mot nouveau. En français: La révolution mondiale du langage... en allemand: Der Hunger nach dem Paradies... en anglais: the search for the symbol behind the symbol... Hé quoi! dira-t-on! Faut-il connaître trois langues pour entendre les poèmes de Jolas? Mais remarquons qu'après avoir brisé les cadres logiques, à l'interieur d'une langue, il est parfaitement conséquent de songer à effacer ceux des langues nationales. Et puis, il y a dans cette indifférence quant à l'audience plus ou moins étendue qu'on peut avoir, un courage qui est bien un trait essentiel du poète...

Les Nouvelles Littéraires, Paris.

...In an interesting article in the *New Oxford Outlook* Mr. Gilbert Highet relates the obscurities of such writers as Joyce and Jolas to Rabelais and analyzes the post-war "revolution of the word".

London *Times.*

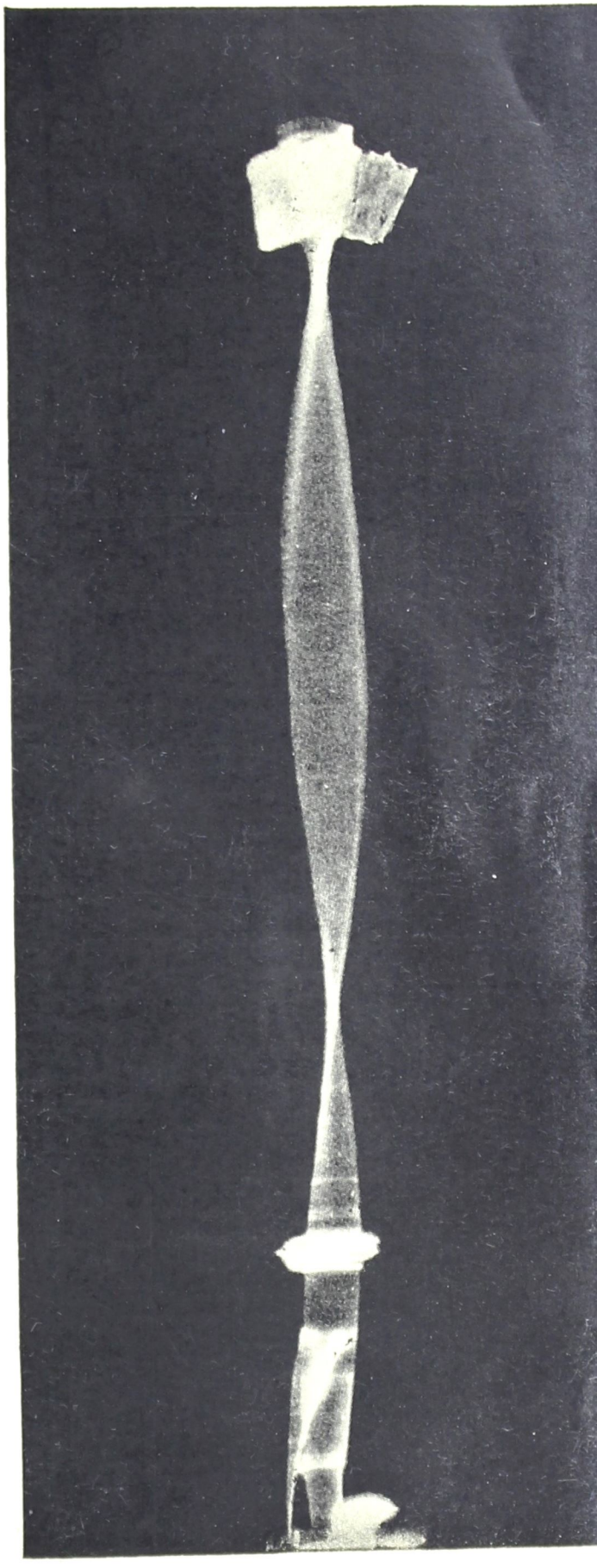
...And I like a dictionary of the revolution of the word from which I learnt that "squarm" by Marius Lyle "means" to "shout with the teeth". I squarm my praise of *Transition.*

Evening Standard, London.

...De plus en plus fort! Les lignes ci-dessous sont extraites d'un poème intitulé *Intrialogue* de M. Eugene Jolas dans *Transition* 22... De l'obscurantisme trilingue? Messieurs, vous nous comblez!...

R. Harlong, *Gringoire,* Paris.

...At any rate, we still have Shakespeare's English; there is indeed reason in setting great store by the "word" — if not in the revolutionary hopes of Mr. Jolas and his friends. With resources of expression that would not have existed if Shakespeare's England had not been very different from his own, Gerard Manley Hopkins wrote



Gabo

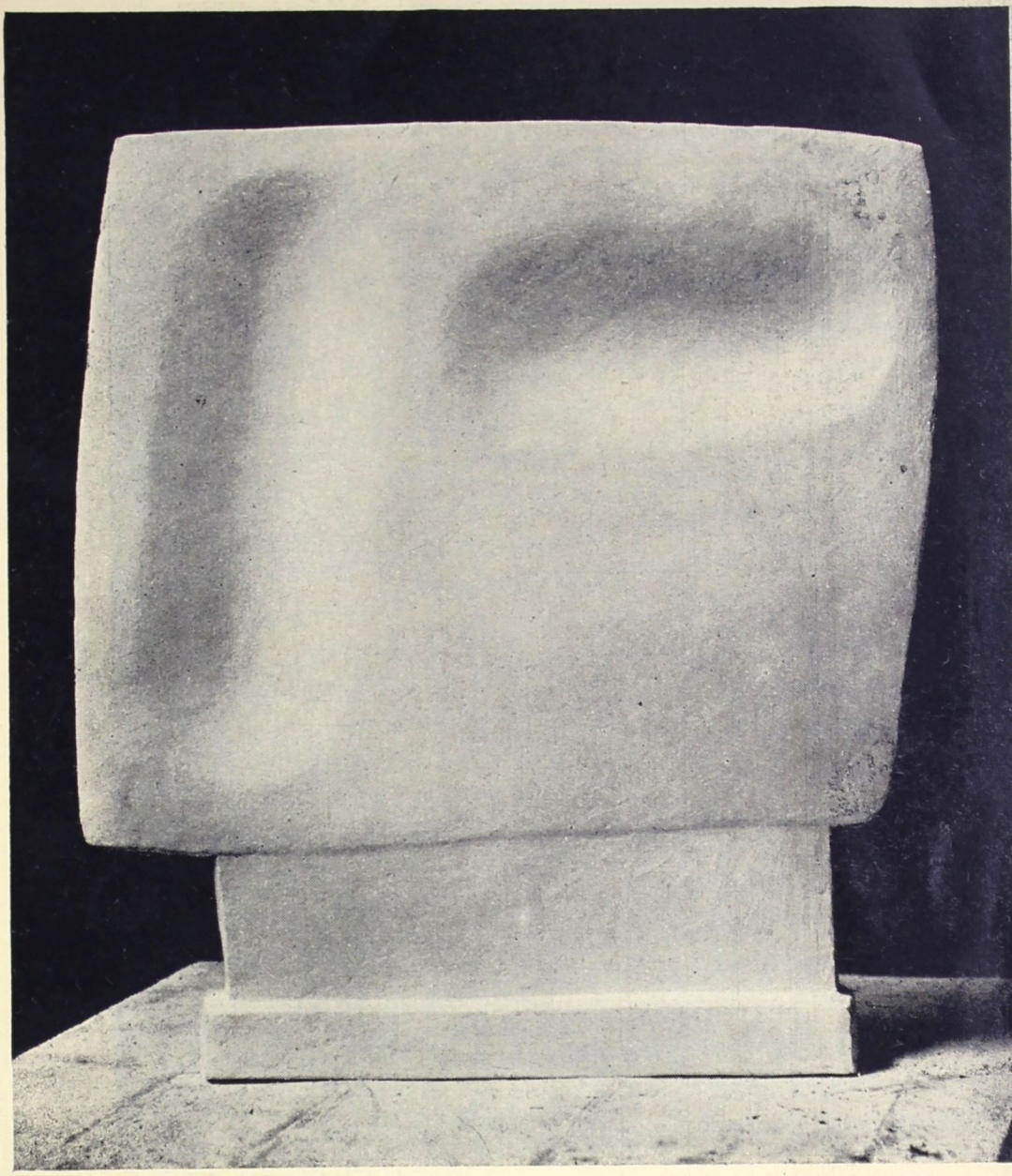
H. Laure

Femme accroupie, 1931 (wo

Umberto Boccioni

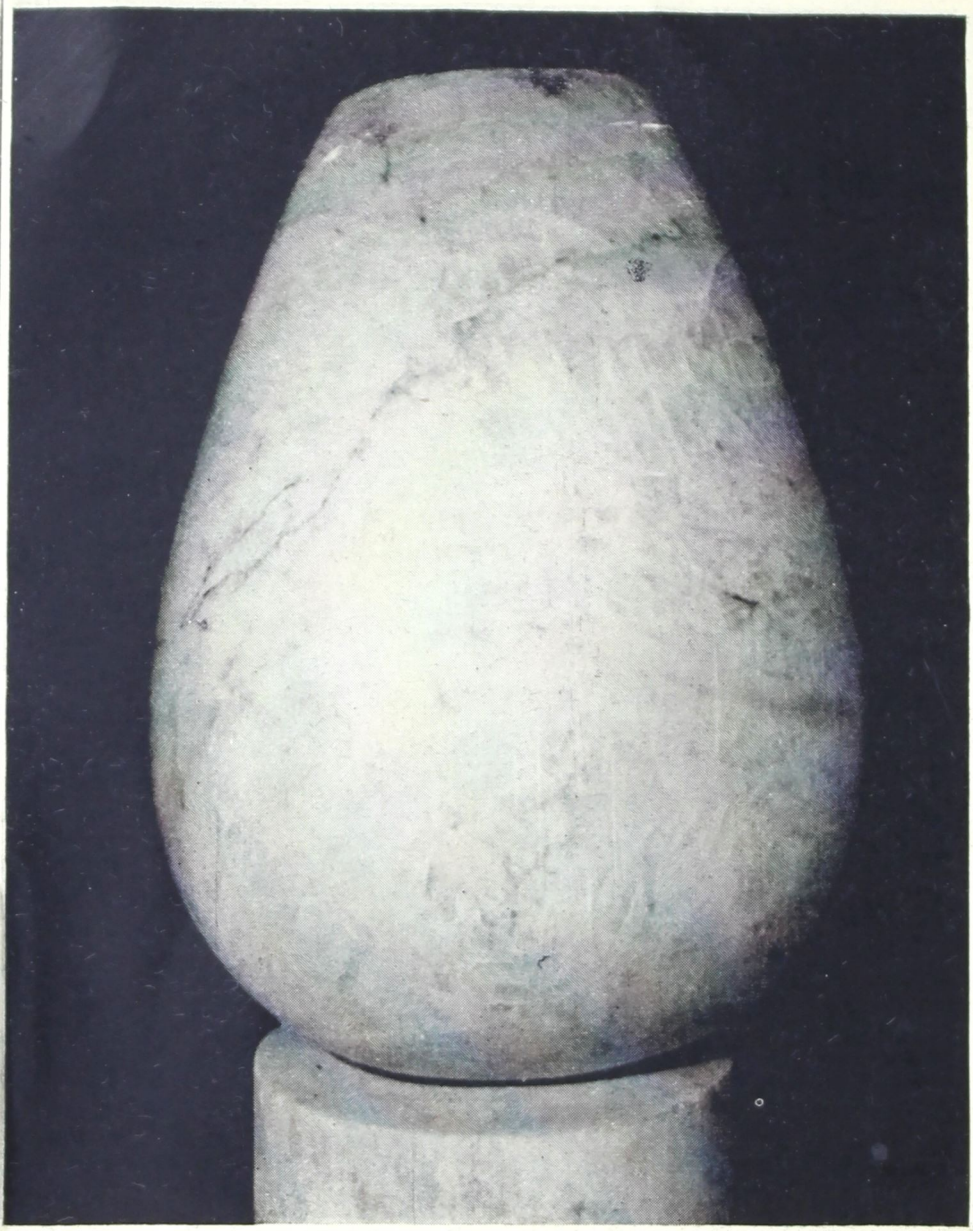
Guilio Gonzales

Le Rêve (Iron



erto Giacometti

qui regarde, 1928 (plaster)



K. Brancu

L'oiselet. 1929 (marb

Hans Arp

Configuration. 1934 (plaster).

ques Lipchitz .
ure 1918 (onyx)

R. Duchamp-Vill

Horse (19

major poetry in the Victorian age. We have poets in our own day, and James Joyce wrote *Ulysses*.
From "Mr. Joyce and the 'Revolution of the Word', by F. R. Leavis in *Scrutiny, London.*

...Since language today has become rationalized and placid, and is no longer able to express, nor wants to express, anything save quotidian normal experiences, the *vertigralist* revolution directs itself principally against language.

Elsaessisches Literaturblatt, Strasbourg.

...Il est impossible que l'art ne soit pas un larcin et que l'écrivain ne parle qu'en son propre nom. La contradiction est déjà dans les termes: l'écrivain *parle* une langue, exploite des mots dont il n'est pas le créateur. Les tentatives de Dada, celles de James Joyce (*Work in Progress*), celles d'Henry Michaux et d'Eugène Jolas — il y en a d'autres depuis le futurisme — ces tentatives poétiques d'inventer un code de traduction, de libérer les mots de leurs enclaves usuelles et significatives, de créer une langue "verte ou cuite" sont justement les symptômes d'un monologue intérieur emprunté à la réalité commune...

Edmond Humeau, *Esprit,* Paris.

...Thus the new *Transition* is following up the *Revolution of the Word* which was announced in the latter numbers of the old... The *vertigralist* poetry leans heavily on the subconscious, and is expressionist rather than impressionist in technique...

Clifford Gessler, in *Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

...I had just been perusing with mingled bewilderment and indignation the latest effort to renew Babel (I refer, of course, to *Transition*)... when I took up M. Burniaux' little volume, *Un Pur*... I repeat: read *Un Pur,* then think of Transition and its votaries...

Benj. M. Woodbridge, in *Books Abroad,* Tulsa, Okla.

Still, *Transition* is surely the most interesting review in Europe today... It fights for the revolution of language and of form... A feast for friends of the creative art of language...

Raymond Buchert, in *Die Nebelkuh.* Strasbourg.

Transition es, por tanto, un organo que concede extraordinaria importancia a la "literatura de la palabra", al "analisis verbal", o empleando sus proprios terminos, a un "laboratory of the word"... No es de extranar que su autor favorito, homenajeado y reiteradamente estudiado, sea el psicoverbalista James Joyce...

Ernest Gimenez Caballero, *Gazeta Literaria,* Madrid.

Transition announces that the words "novel, poetry, verse, poem, ballad, sonnet, short story, essay and anthology" are all abolished from its pages forthwith. All are played out: they cramp *Transition's* style.

London *Star.*

...A new number of that enthrallingly esoteric periodical *Transition* has just reached us. It contains, as usual, a good deal of literary mysticism (e.g. the editor's credo: 'I believe in the dynamics of an inner grammar'). It also contains an instalment of a *Revolution of the Word* dictionary with some portmanteau neologisms which would have pleased Lewis Carroll...

London *Daily Express.*

...*Transition*... the last and biggest magazine published by the exiles...

Malcolm Cowley, in his book *Exile's Return,*
Norton and Co., New York.

...*Transition* is still the most interesting of the experimental magazines published today...

Times Literary Supplement, London.

...Through the creative work which constitutes at least seven-eighth of *Vertigral,* it is evident that the editor has found a common strain flowing through all the important experiments of the last two decades... Yet in *Vertigral* this common element inherited from the former movements has taken quite a new bent. The emphasis which is laid in the current number on the final mystical phase of Hugo Ball's work gives an indication of it... The title of *Vertigral* itself in its rather Joycean compost of "verticalintegral" with a stress on the final syllable calling up the association of the German "Gral" suggests clearly enough an interest in the "hegemony of the inner life over the outer life"... Finally there is Jolas' blunt statement: "Perhaps we are looking for a God..." *Vertigral's* courage promises a lively career in future appearances.

Cincinnati *Enquirer* Cincinnati.

...Paris connaît bien la vaillante revue *Transition*...

Jean Catel, *Mercure de France.*

...In any event, the literary manifestation of *Transition* for several years has aroused comment, has been a target for harsh criticism and warm praise. If for no other achievement it deserves credit thereby...

New York *Herald-Tribune,* Paris.

...The usual embattled theories are flung defiantly at the reader, such as Mr. Jolas' strange illusion that Dadaism was "one of the

greatest movements in modern times", together with a whole crop of new ones...
W. L. Root, in the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* (now defunct).

Mr. Jolas through the medium of *Transition* is collecting about him a group of men who are deliberately desirous of word mastery. Feeling a need of a new stimulus of words, he is doing his uttermost to make new uses of old symbols and to create new ones. His laboratory of the word is a noble experiment, but one that is far more likely to call forth brickbats than laurels at the present time.

One should read *transition* in all fair-mindedness, just as one should read the work of James Joyce without prejudice. Joyce's writings are of star-dust and one must climb the heights to reach the stars. Mr. Jolas is attempting to blaze a trail starward, and he should have the support of all who are interested in the word and in the evolution and in the revolution of the word. "In the beginning was the word," and those who achieve the heights by means of the word, are they not gods?

From "Mr. Jolas and the Revolution of the Word" by William van Wyck, in *The Personalist,* edited by Ralph Tyler Flewelling, University of Southern California.

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by Eugene Jolas

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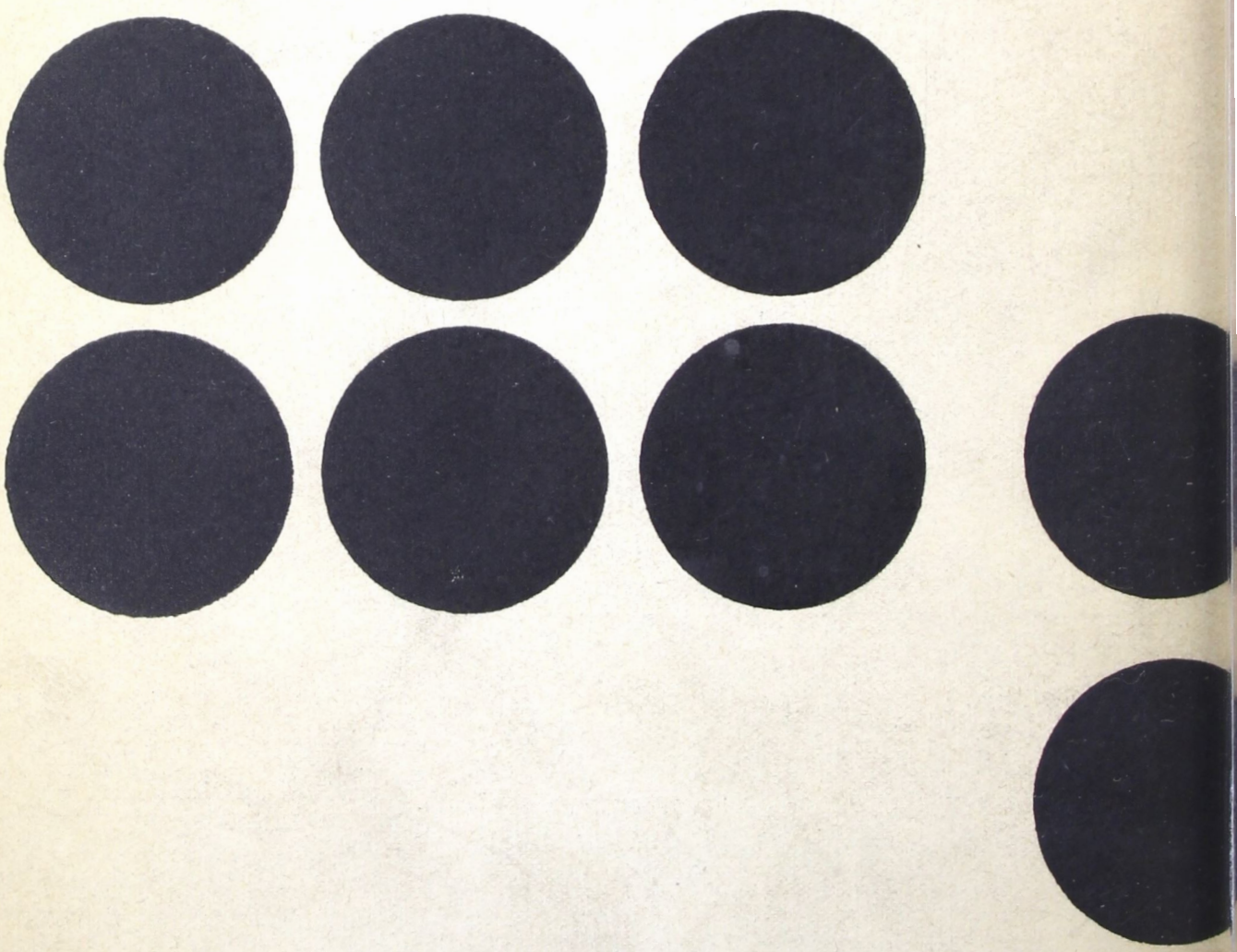

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THE SERVIRE PR

Testimony
against
Gertrude Stein

February 1935

Georges Braque
Eugene Jolas
Maria Jolas
Henri Matisse
André Salmon
Tristan Tzara

Servire Press
The Hague

Testimony against Gertrude Stein

Miss Gertrude Stein's memoirs, published last year under the title of *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*[1]), having brought about a certain amount of controversial comment, Transition has opened its pages to several of those she mentions who, like ourselves, find that the book often lacks accuracy. This fact and the regrettable possibility that many less informed readers might accept Miss Stein's testimony about her contemporaries, make it seem wiser to straighten out those points with which we are familiar before the book has had time to assume the character of historic authenticity.

To MM. Henri Matisse, Tristan Tzara, Georges Braque, André Salmon we are happy to give the opportunity to refute those parts of Miss Stein's book which they consider require it.

These documents invalidate the claim of the Toklas-Stein memorial that Miss Stein was in any way concerned with the shaping of the epoch she attempts to describe. There is a unanimity of opinion that she had no understanding of what really was happening around her, that the mutation of ideas beneath the surface of the more obvious contacts and clashes of personalities during that period escaped her entirely. Her participation in the genesis and development of such movements as Fauvism, Cubism, Dada, Surrealism, Transition etc. was never ideologically intimate and, as M. Matisse states, she has presented the epoch "without taste and without relation to reality".

The *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, in its hollow, tinsel bohemianism and egocentric deformations, may very well become one day the symbol of the decadence that hovers over contemporary literature.

EUGENE JOLAS.

Paris, Feb. 1935.

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[1]) All page numbers refer to the English edition published by John Lane The Bodley Head, London.

Henri Matisse:

(Monsieur Matisse's comments are as follows. The quotations from Miss Stein's book are in small type.)

Page 9 — On the only free space, the doors, were tacked up a few drawings by Picasso and Matisse.

To my knowledge I have at no time had either drawings or reproductions on Gertrude Stein's walls (or doors).

Page 38 — It was the first year of the autumn salon.... There they (Miss Stein and her brother) found Matisse's picture afterwards known as La Femme au Chapeau.... Gertrude Stein liked that picture.... She said she wanted to buy it.... Her brother was less attracted but all the same they agreed and they bought it.... And so this was the story of the buying of La Femme au Chapeau....

Madame Michel Stein, whom Gertrude Stein neglects to mention, was the really intelligently sensitive member of the family. Leo Stein thought very highly of her because she possessed a sensibility which awakened the same thing in himself.
It was Madame Michel Stein and her brother who discussed the advisability of purchasing "La Femme au Chapeau". When the purchase had been made, Leo said to Madame Michel Stein: "I am going to ask you to leave it with me for I must know in detail the reasons for my preferences."
In the end, it was Madame Michel Stein who came into possession of the picture at the time when Leo, who had broken with Gertrude Stein, sold his collection. It is still in her possession.

Page 40 — (Description of Madame Matisse). She was a very straight dark woman with a long face and a firm large loosely hung mouth like a horse. She had an abundance of dark hair. They had with them a daughter of Matisse.... and Madame Matisse, as she once explained in her melodramatic simple way, did more than her duty by this child because having read in her youth a novel in which the heroine had done so and been consequently much loved all her life, had decided her to do so.

Madame Matisse was a very lovely Toulousaine, erect, with a good carriage and the possessor of beautiful dark hair, that grew charmingly, especially at the nape of the neck. She had a pretty throat and very handsome shoulders. She gave the impression, despite the fact that she was timid and reserved, of a person of great kindness, force and gentleness. She was generous and incapable of calculation in her gestures of kindness. She characterizes

the story of the novel having to do with a case of adoption similar to that in my family as pure invention.

Page 41 — Matisse had at this time a small Cézanne.... The Cézanne had been bought with his wife's marriage portion.... The Cézanne was a picture of bathers and a tent....

With regard to the purchase of the Cézanne: there was no tent in the picture, it was a Cézanne with three women bathers and several trees. It was very much worked over so that there was no possibility of mistaking it. The story of its purchase with my wife's dot is invented.

Page 41 — Matisse had come to Paris as a young man to study pharmacy.

I was not studying pharmacy but law. I was not interested in painting at that time. It was during a period of convalescence after an attack of appendicitis, when I was living with my family, that a neighbour suggested painting as a means of passing the time, and it was then that I first began to paint. I was for several years a clerk in a lawyer's office before I decided to take up painting seriously.

Page 42 — The year after his very considerable success at the Salon he spent the winter painting a very large picture of a woman setting a table and on the table was a magnificent dish of fruit.... It was finished at last and sent to the salon where the year before Matisse had had considerable success, and there it was refused. And now Matisse's serious troubles began, his daughter was very ill.... and he had lost all possibility of showing his pictures. He no longer painted at home but in an atelier. It was cheaper so.

The canvas was accepted immediately for the reason that I was a member of the committee, but it was badly hung. I did not begin to paint in an atelier until much later, after I had finished "Le Bonheur de Vivre", for the reason that it was much cheaper to paint at home. But perhaps Miss Stein means that I painted in a public atelier like Colarossi.

Page 43 — Once Vollard came to see him.... Vollard came and said he wanted to see the big picture which had been refused. Matisse showered it to him. He did not look at it.... Matisse and Madame Matisse were both getting very nervous although she did not show it. And this door, said Vollard interestedly to Matisse, where does that lead to, does that lead into a court or does that lead on to a stairway. Into a court, said Matisse. Ah yes, said Vollard. And then he left. The Matisses spent days discussing whether there was anything symbolic in Vollard's question or was it idle curiosity.

The story about the court-yard is hardly possible when one considers that we lived on the sixth floor.

Page 43 — ...The Matisses asked each other and all their friends, why did he ask that question about the door. Well at any rate within the year he had bought the picture at a very low price but he bought it, and he put it away and nobody saw it, and that was the end of that.

Vollard payed fr. 200 for the picture. A few months later he sold it for fr. 1500 to Herr Freudenberg of Berlin. Herr Freudenberg still owns the picture.

Page 43 — Matisse was painting Madame Matisse as a gypsy holding a guitar.... She had a great deal to do and she posed beside and she was very healthy and sleepy. One day she was posing, he was painting, she began to nod and as she nodded the guitar made noises. Stop it, said Matisse, wake up. She woke up, he painted, she nodded and the guitar made noises. Stop it, said Matisse, wake up. She woke up and then in a little while she nodded again the guitar made even more noises. Matisse furious seized the guitar and broke it.

The guitar story gives a very good idea of how Gertrude Stein understood the things she happened to witness either wholly or partially and which it pleases her to affirm with insistence. This incident might have been made funny if it had been told as it happened by a real story-teller such as Vollard, for instance. This is the story. My wife was posing for me in a dark blue toreador costume embroidered in silver. Her toe was resting on a little stool in order to support the knee on which the guitar was resting. This position, which is not very comfortable for anyone who is not a guitar player, gave her cramps in her leg which, added to the long periods of absolute immobility required for posing, caused her to grow impatient. I, on the other hand, was absorbed in my work, quite silent and often intense as a result of the effort I was making. Suddenly my wife gave a quick pluck at the strings: ding, ding. I let this pass without comment. After it had happened several times, I realized that it was getting on my nerves. I told her so with all the gentleness of a person who is holding on to himself. Finally, when my wife repeated the same sign of exasperation as a sort of unconscious form of relaxation, I gave a vigorous kick against the bar of my easel which was oblique and very light weight. The bar broke in two with a loud noise, the easel fell down as also the canvas and the oil cup which splattered everything. At this moment my wife threw the guitar on top of the other things

with a gesture that was as quick as what had gone before. The guitar did not break, but we burst out laughing. This relaxed our nerves and united us in our gayety as we had been united in our tension.

Page 67 — And now once more to return ... to Picasso becoming head of a movement that was later to be known as the cubists. Page 68 — In these early days when he (Picasso) created cubism ...

According to my recollection it was Braque who made the first cubist painting. He brought back from the south a mediterranean landscape that represented a sea-side village seen from above. In order to give more importance to the roofs, which were few, as they would be in a village, in order to let them stand out in the ensemble of the landscape, and at the same time to develop the idea of humanity which they stood for, he had continued the signs that represented the roofs in the drawing on into the sky and had painted them throughout the sky. This is really the first picture constituting the origin of cubism and we considered it as something quite new about which there were many discussions. At the same period, in Braque's atelier, Rue d'Orsel, I saw a big wide canvas that had been started in the same spirit and which represented the seated figure of a young woman.

Pag. 105 — I remember so well one spring day, it was a lovely day and we were to lunch at Clamart with the Matisses. When we got there they were all standing around an enormous packing-case with its top off.

This incident took place Boulevard des Invalides, not in Clamart.

Page 120-121 — (In connection with the government sale of Kahnweiler's property which included a number of important cubist canvases and which had been confiscated during the war.) There had been quite a conscious effort on the part of all the older merchants now that the war was over, to kill cubism. The expert for the sale who was a well known picture dealer, had avowed this as his intention ... Braque had approached the expert and told him that he had neglected his obvious duties. The expert ... had called Braque a Norman pig, Braque had hit him ... Just after it was over Matisse came in and wanted to know what had happened and was happening. Gertrude Stein told him. Matisse said, and it was a Matisse way to say it, Braque a raison, celui-là a volé la France, et on sait bien ce que c'est que voler la France.

Not having seen Miss Stein since the war I could not have made the statement she attributes to me.

(In conclusion Monsieur Matisse says): Gertrude Stein had a senti-

mental attachment for Picasso. With regard to myself, she has satisfied in her book an old rancour which had its origin in the fact that having promised me she would help Juan Gris, who had been caught by the war in Collioure where he was obliged to stay, she did not keep her word, and it was for this reason that I stopped seeing her. I had returned from Collioure after having promised Gris to see several people in Paris who might take an interest in his situation. I met Brenner, an American sculptor, who was also a kind of picture broker, and who, I knew, admired Gris. I informed him of the predicament Gris was in, at the same time broaching the possibility of his helping Gris who was living at Collioure in very modest circumstances. It was understood that if Gertrude Stein would agree to share the responsibility, he, Brenner, would give fr. 150 per month and she the same, which would have sufficed. In return Gris would let them have canvases that would cover the money advances. I saw Gertrude Stein and made the proposition which she accepted immediately. To my stupefaction I learned later through Gris that she had done nothing about it and that as a result he had been obliged to come to Paris to make out as best he could. For this reason, I have never seen Gertrude Stein since the first months of the war. Around 1922-1924 I saw Gris and his wife in Nice. "I have just seen Gertrude Stein at the Hôtel Suisse", he said. "We are spending the evening with her and she invites you too." I replied: "Please thank Gertrude Stein for me, but I am not free this evening." I saw Gris again at Toulon several years later. We did not speak of the past.

I am entirely unaware whether or not she helped him out during his last illness, but I do know very directly that Kahnweiler showed him unsual devotion and that it was he who assumed all the cost of Gris' illness, nor did death interrupt this devotion. It was Kahnweiler who found work for the widow and saw to it that the son, whom he has never lost from sight, was able to make a place for himself. The son is now a chemical engineer of the first order.

If Miss Toklas had spoken of Gertrude Stein's life with the same *sans-gêne* and irresponsibility that she did of the lives of others, her book might have been, by its sincerity, a very interesting human document and probably as picturesque as their own two personalities. Miss Toklas, in other words, Gertrude Stein, has contacted indiscriminately things about which, it seems to me, she has understood nothing. Gertrude Stein's translator doesn't seem to have understood her. Nor does he seem to understand the things he is

talking about and I suppose that Gertrude Stein is not sufficiently acquainted with the French language to have realized this. Her book is composed, like a picture puzzle, of different pieces of different pictures which at first, by their very chaos, give an illusion of the movement of life. But if we attempt to envisage the things she mentions this illusion does not last. In short, it is more like a harlequin's costume the different pieces of which, having been more or less invented by herself, have been sewn together without taste and without relation to reality.

Maria Jolas:

On page 254 Miss Stein says: It was Bravig Imbs who brought Elliot Paul to the house and Elliot Paul brought transition.
We had liked Bravig Imbs but we liked Elliot Paul more. He was very interesting ... He had an element not of mystery but of evanescence, actually little by little he appeared and then as slowly disappeared, and Eugene Jolas and Maria Jolas appeared. These once having appeared, stayed in their appearance.
Page 256 — One day Elliot Paul came in very excitedly, he usually seemed to be feeling a great deal of excitement but neither showed nor expressed it. This time however he did show it and express it. He said he wanted to ask Gertrude Stein's advice. A proposition had been made to him to edit a magazine in Paris and he was hesitating whether he should undertake it. Gertrude Stein was naturally all for it. After all, as she said, we do want to be printed. One writes for oneself and strangers but with no adventurous publishers how can one come in contact with those same strangers.
However, she was very fond of Elliot Paul and did not want him to take too much risk. No risk, said Elliot Paul, the money for it is guaranteed for a number of years. Well then, said Gertrude Stein, one thing is certain no one could be a better editor than you would be. You are not egotistical and you know what you feel.
Transition began and of course it meant a great deal to everybody. Elliot Paul chose, with great care what he wanted to put into transition. He said he was afraid of its becoming too popular. If ever there are more than two thousand subscribers, I quit, he used to say. He liked Made A Mile Away, a description of the pictures that Gertrude Stein has liked and later a novelette of desertion If He Thinks for transition. He had a perfectly definite idea of gradually opening the eyes of the public to the work of the writers that interested him and as I say he chose what he wanted with great care ....
Elliot Paul slowly disappeared and Eugene and Maria Jolas appeared.

Transition grew more bulky. At Gertrude Stein's request transition reprinted Tender Buttons, printed a bibliography of all her work up to date and later printed her opera, Four Saints. For these printings Gertrude Stein was very grateful. In the last numbers of transition nothing of hers appeared, transition died.

What does the reader of these cryptic passages learn about Transition? He learns that it was edited by a great admirer of Miss Stein's, Elliot Paul, that it was luxuriously and anonymously financed and that when it ceased to publish Miss Stein's work it died. But on the other hand, who are these people, Eugene and Maria Jolas who fade cinematographically into the picture as Paul fades out? What did they do once they arrived? Why were they not there from the beginning?

All those who were associated with the genesis of Transition — including Miss Stein — know that Eugene Jolas was its director and intellectual *animateur* from the very beginning. But since she has chosen to distort this fact — can it be through fault of memory? — I feel I should give the story in detail exactly as I told it to Miss Stein in 1931.

In the fall of 1926, the cost of living being cheap in France for Americans, my husband and I discussed the founding of a magazine together, at our own expense. It would mean a sacrifice — fortunately we little realized how great — but we were keen to do it. At that time my husband who had just spent six months in America, was preparing his *Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Américaine* [1]), so that we already had an excellent American list. Also he had previously made friendly contacts with most of the French writers and painters who later appeared in *transition* and due to his organic German contacts, he was entirely familiar with the Expressionist group.

As our plans unfolded it soon became evident that we would need an assistant. Before his trip to America my husband had conducted for two years the Sunday Literary section of the *Paris Chicago Tribune.* Elliot Paul, who was working on the same paper, had succeeded him in this position. Now my husband was back at the Tribune in the position of City Editor and in the early morning hours, after the paper had gone to press, the two men often talked books together and seemed to have much in common. This despite the fact that Paul, through his meagre knowledge of French and unfamiliarity with any other foreign language, was only superficially aware of what was being written in Europe. Among several other possible assistants we finally decided however, to engage Paul. There followed several interviews and it was decided

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[1]) (Kra, Paris, 1928.) The first published translation into French of Miss Stein's writing appeared in this volume.

that we would work towards a first number in the spring. Further it was agreed, in order for Paul to be of real assistance, that he would receive a salary which would permit him to quit the newspaper. It was in December that the actual work got under way. I undertook all the business and general secretarial part and the two men were to be responsible for the editorial part.

With many people to be seen and several difficult translations to be made for the first numbers, the work had to be divided between the three of us, and among other assignments it was decided that Paul, who knew Miss Stein, would ask her for a manuscript. She agreed to give us something and all subsequent questions concerning her proof etc. were left to Paul.

Meanwhile he represented her to us as a sort of female Buddha who lived entirely apart from the world and saw very few people. Being ourselves very busy we were not inclined to force ourselves upon her and accepted Paul's version, thus leaving a free field for false impressions. These impressions Miss Stein has described in the paragraphs of her book quoted above. To me, who was present at numerous editorial discussions, they are often very amusing, as for instance, when she says that Paul "chose with care what he wanted to put into *transition*". I remember heated arguments with regard to the publication of such men as Jouhandeau, Drieu La Rochelle, Breton and his Surrealist friends, to mention only a few, during which Paul at first opposed their inclusion until my husband's usually rather excited analysis brought final agreement and, more than often, later enthusiasm.

In March 1927 we moved to a remote village in the East of France where we had taken a large, very primitive old house with the idea that Paul, who had seemed happy to do so, would join us. For it had become evident that in order to continue we would have to economize. But Paul was only very intermittently with us and his "evanescence", particularly at moments when we faced difficult problems concerning the review, soon became a serious hindrance to any sort of effective cooperation. As the first year wore on we realized that he was definitely not to be counted on for the work we had engaged him for, and this, added to the fact that ideologically he contributed little to the review beyond a certain literary liberalism, decided us to dispense with his active services and give him the rank of an unsalaried contributing editor. His name appeared in this complimentary capacity for the last time in *Transition* no. 16/17, published in June 1929, but after the

first year when, in order to get a fresh start, we abandoned the monthly for a quarterly appearance, his collaboration had been no more than that of numerous other contributors.

In the Spring of 1930 Miss Stein, in an interview with my husband, during which she reproached him with neglecting her reputation for a too warm support of James Joyce said: "When Paul edited *Transition* things were different." "When did Paul edit *Transition*, Miss Stein?" my husband answered.

This was our first realization of the mis-apprehension which had been left intact during long visits to the Rue de Fleurus, and Miss Stein's subsequent refusal to listen to my proffered rectification of what had been told her brought about a coolness between us.

This state of affairs lasted until late in November 1930 when, *Transition* having been suspended for eighteen months, Miss Stein heard rumors that it was to reappear. There followed notes, telephone calls, invitations etc from her until it was agreed that we would publish her in *Transition no. 21*, then in preparation. We even received an autographed copy of her "How to Write", published in November of the same year, with on the fly-leaf, "To Maria and Eugene Jolas with affection and appreciation for what they are and what they do."

It was during this period of comparative entente cordiale that one evening in the Spring of 1931, at her house, I reopened the subject and furnished her with the details I have given here. We compared notes and she shared my surprise. Paul, by then, had completely disappeared from her house as well as our own, with an impartial indifference to certain elementary obligations.

In conclusion it might be well to inform Miss Stein that *Transition* was not conceived by Eugene Jolas as a vehicle for the rehabilitation of her own reputation, although it undoubtedly did do this. Nor was her rôle in its development different from that of many other well-wishing contributors. *Transition* was conceived, and the personal and financial sacrifice gladly accepted, in order to create a meeting place for all those artists on both sides of the Atlantic who were working towards a complete renovation, both spiritual and technical, of the various art forms. Miss Stein seemed to be experimenting courageously, and while my husband was never enthusiastic about her solution of language, still it was a very personal one, and language being one of his chief preoccupations, she obviously belonged with us. Her final capitulation to a Barnumesque publicity none of us could foresee. What we should have foreseen

however, was that she would eventually tolerate no relationship that did not bring with it adulation. This was undoubtedly lacking in our otherwise entirely correct and cordial attitude towards her, so when the moment came to play the mad queen in public, our heads had to come off with the others, despite the very real service we had rendered her.

It is interesting to speculate as to just why Miss Stein should have chosen to create in her book false impressions which she knew to be such. Why has she sought to belittle so many of the artists whose friendship made it possible for her to share in the events of this epoch? The answer is obvious.

Tristan Tzara:

Miss Gertrude Stein has written a book dealing with the memoirs of Miss Alice Toklas. As it happens, the memoirs of Miss Alice Toklas deal with the life of Miss Gertrude Stein. Miss Stein expresses herself through the mouth of Miss Alice Toklas and makes her say that she is a genius. Now since it is Miss Stein herself who uses this childish subterfuge to let herself be told by her "secretary" what she would have liked others, the silent others, to tell her, the principal accent of the book is placed on the documentary side, and thus we witness a considerable display of sordid anecdotes destined to make us believe that Miss Gertrude Stein is in reality a genius.

Far be it from me to throw any doubt upon the fact that Miss Stein is a genius. We have seen plenty of those. Nor that Miss Toklas is convinced of it. To tell the truth, all this would have no importance if it took place in the family circle between two maiden ladies greedy for fame and publicity. But the immense apparatus which has been put in motion in order to arrive at this affirmation finds an obviously noisy echo in the well-known process by which the aforementioned maiden ladies thought they had the right to quote names and tales indiscriminately, thus accounting for the fact that, among others, my name is associated with what they so candidly call their memoirs. It is therefore against my will that I find myself obliged to intervene in a private matter of which the Misses Alice Toklas and Gertrude Stein are at once the sole protagonists and beneficiaries. They tell us the infinite pains they took to lure to their house, where their collection of canvases constituted an irresistible bait, people who might be useful to them in publishing an article in this or that review. I have

no objection to their revealing the secrets of their literary kitchen, if they feel inclined to do so. It can all be used, even the left-overs. Everything I have done is proof of the disgust I have for this type of activity. I therefore have the right to ask on what grounds my name is mixed up with a story about which the least we might say is that the superficial and burlesque character of the persons quoted is such as to discredit certain humanly important enterprises which Miss Stein, who understood nothing, contacted in the final analysis only thanks to the weight of her pocket-book.

If the exploitation of man by man has found its shameful expression in the conduct of business, we have, up to now, rarely seen the application of this principle to the domain of art in the unexpected form of the exploitation of ideas. The memoirs of Miss Toklas furnish us with an opportunity to appreciate how far the limits of indecency can be pushed.

Underneath the "baby" style, which is pleasant enough when it is a question of simpering at the interstices of envy, it is easy to discern such a really coarse spirit, accustomed to the artifices of the lowest literary prostitution, that I cannot believe it necessary for me to insist on the presence of a clinical case of megalomania. This in itself, would not be extraordinary if, through the curiosity it has excited, it did not give the measure of the poverty of what we are accustomed to call today "intellectual life". It is necessary to point out, however, that in the realm where lie and pretention meet, the depraved morals of bourgeois society are now opposed by the strong loathing which is felt by a few rare beings who have posited the problem of man's destiny and dignity with a gravity that is very different from the attitude which approaches it under the form of certain politely esthetic games.

Georges Braque:

Miss Stein understood nothing of what went on around her. I have no intention of entering into a discussion with her, since it is obvious that she never knew French really well and that was always a barrier. But she has entirely misunderstood cubism which she sees simply in terms of personalities.

In the early days of cubism, Pablo Picasso and I were engaged in what we felt was a search for the anonymous personality. We were inclined to efface our own personalities in order to find originality. Thus it often happened that amateurs mistook Picasso's paintings for mine and mine for Picasso's. This was a matter of

indifference to us because we were primarily interested in our work and in the new problem it presented.
Miss Stein obviously saw everything from the outside and never the real struggle we were engaged in. For one who poses as an authority on the epoch it is safe to say that she never went beyond the stage of the tourist.
Among other fallacies, she insists that Marie Laurencin and I "painted each other's portraits". I have never painted Marie Laurencin's portrait.
But while she was gossiping about the little things that happened it is a pity that she should have neglected to tell further details of her visit to me during the war. I was convalescing when she and Miss Toklas arrived in their Red Cross Ford. They looked extremely strange in their boy-scout uniforms with their green veils and Colonial helmets. When we arrived at Avignon, on the Place Clémenceau, their funny get-up so excited the curiosity of the passers-by that a large crowd gathered around us and the comments were quite humorous. The police arrived and insisted on examining our papers. They were in order alright, but for myself, I felt very uncomfortable.
We in Paris always heard that Miss Stein was a writer, but I don't think any of us had ever read her work until *Transition* began to make her known in France. Now that we have seen her book, *nous sommes fixés.*

André Salmon:

The scandalous part of the book took us somewhat by surprise. After all we were all young at that time and had no thought of possible later echoes of our actions. I am not angry but I think Gertrude Stein went too far when she made all these things public. Furthermore, there is great confusion of dates, places and persons in her book.
For instance, the story of the Rousseau banquet is very badly told. There is no respect for details, as we might have had the right to expect from Gertrude Stein since she enjoyed our friendly confidence, and the way she recounts this banquet is very flighty, to say the least. I am all the more astounded for I had thought, along with all our friends, that she had really understood things. It is evident that she understood nothing, except in a superficial way.
Her description of my drunkenness on this occasion is entirely false.

Madame Fernande Olivier, in her book "Picasso and his friends", tells it much better: "Salmon pretended delirium tremens in order to frighten the American ladies present." It was exactly that. Guillaume Apollinaire and I had spent the afternoon together writing the poems that were read. The banquet was not given just for the fun of it either, as Miss Stein seems to have thought, but because we sincerely admired Rousseau. The spectacular features of it were intentional and after the joke of drunkenness I simply went back to my own studio in order to make it seem more plausible. It is evident that Miss Stein understood little of the tendency we all had, Apollinaire, Max Jacob, myself and the others, to frequently play a rather burlesque rôle. We made continual fun of everything. When we dined together, for instance, Jacob would often pretend that he was a small clerk, and our conversations in a style that was half slang half peasant amused everybody in the restaurant. We invented an artificial world with countless jokes, rites and expressions that were quite unintelligible to others. Obviously she did not understand very well the rather peculiar French we used to speak. Furthermore, we saw "the Stein's", as we used to call her and Miss Toklas, very rarely, and I was at her house only once.

It is true that Apollinaire recited one of his poems at the Rousseau banquet but it was not he who sang a song afterwards. It is also true that I recited a poem in honor of Rousseau but I did not climb onto the table, as Miss Stein would have had me do. It would be better to refer the reader to the above mentioned book by Madame Fernande Olivier which tells the story of the Rousseau banquet with much more charm and veracity.

Miss Stein's account of the formation of cubism is entirely false. I was constantly with Picasso and the other painters involved and I know that Picasso, who was nothing of a doctrinaire, soon lost interest in it and left its further development to others.

Miss Stein often mentions people whom she never knew very well, and so irresponsibly, in fact, that the reader is astounded. Monsieur Princet, for instance, was not at all as she described him, but a man of real distinction. Germaine Pichot was not Spanish but a native of Montmartre. Vaillant, who is spoken of with a certain disdain, was a man entirely without pretentions but who had many excellent qualities. Apollinaire did not use the familiar "tu" with any and everybody. After all!

And what confusion! What incomprehension of an epoch! Fortunately there are others who have described it better.

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